This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

2704 f. 46

Warren sc

EDWARD MOORE ESQ.

London Published Sept.r 1780 by Longman & Rees Paternoster Row

THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

VOL. XXVI.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, J. Nichols & Son, R. Baldwin, F. & C. Rivington, W. Otridge & Son, W. J. & J. Richardson, A. Strahan, R. Faulder, G. & W. Nicol, T. Payne, G. Robinson, W. Lowndes, Wilkie & Robinson, Scatcherd & Letterman, J. Walker, Cuthell & Martin, Vernor, Hood, & Sharpe, R. Lea, Darton & Harvey, J. Nunn, Lackington & Co., Clarke & Son, G. Kearsley, C. Law, J. White, Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Orme, Cadell & Davies, Lane & Newman, H. D. Symonds, J. Barker, Wynne & Co., Pote & Co., J. Carpenter, W. Miller, J. & A. Arch, S. Bagster, T. Boosey, R. Pheney, R. Flover, J. Murray, R. Highley, Black, Parry, & Kingsbury, J. Harding, R. H. Evans, J. Mawman, J. Booker, J. Asperne, J. Harris, Williams & Smith, H. Ebers, *and* W. Creech, Edinburgh.

1808.

Printed by Luke Hansard & Sons,
near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

THE WORLD.

——Facta est immensi copia Mundi.—Ovid.

N° 1——52.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XXVI.

ORIGINAL Dedications—Historical and Biogra-
No. phical Preface.
1. History of Gonzales de Castro—Modesty of Young Men of Fashion—of Quacks—the Author's Advertisement—Design of the Paper ---------- MOORE.
2. Bashfulness of the Moderns—Fable of Modesty and Assurance ---------- ———
3. Inconveniencies of borrowing Money ———
4. Story of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson ---------- ———
5. The same concluded ---------- ———
6. Progress made towards Nature in the Theatres ---------- WALPOLE.
7. Offensive Manners of Whist-players — Fretters and Growlers ---------- MOORE.
8. Recommendation of Theodore, King of Corsica, to the Liberality of the Public ---------- WALPOLE.
9. Personal Satire—Progress of Wit—Pantomimes ---------- MOORE.
10. On the Change of the Style ---------- WALPOLE.
11. Happiness, an Allegory ---------- MOORE.
12. On the Taste or Whim for Chinese Architecture and Furniture ---- W. WHITEHEAD.
13. Letters of Advice to the Author ---- MOORE.
14. On the Composition of Letters ---- WALPOLE.
15. Absurd Taste in Gardening—'Squire Mushroom's villa ---------- COVENTRYE.
16. Scene of Domestic Happiness ---------- MOORE.

No.
17. Account of the Races and Manner of Newmarket - - - - - - - - - - EARL OF BATH.
18. A Country Gentleman's Tour to Paris with his Family - - - - - - - - CHESTERFIELD.
19. On the Ignorance and Indecency of modern Romance Writers - - W. WHITEHEAD.
20. Uses of Learning - - - - - - - - - - - MOORE.
21. Letters on the WORLD—a London Sunday—Fashionable Undress - - - ———
22. School Discipline recommended as a Cure for Rambling - - - - - - - - UNKNOWN.
23. Shameful Practice of exhibiting Lunaticks in Bedlam—Proposals for a new Bedlam for Men of Spirit about Town - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - MOORE.
24. on Nostrums and Specifics—Short Writing - - - - - - - - - - - - - CHESTERFIELD.
25. Danger of reading Romances - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

No
35. Letter from Nic Limbertongue, a Lover of Secrets - - - - - - - - - - MOORE.
36. On mispending the Summer in Cards and Drinking - - - - - - - - - - J. DUNCOMBE.
37. Mary Truman's Account of the Miseries of Dependence - - - SIR C. H. WILLIAMS.
38. On an expensive Taste in Furniture - PARRATT.
39. Substance of Nic Limbertongue's Letters—Letter from an undressed Lady - MOORE.
40. Infelicities of Marriage, owing to the Husband's not giving way to the Wife - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ———
41. Letter from an Old Maid—on the Miseries of a Woman of Fashion in the Country - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ———
42. Varieties of good Sort of Men - - - - - ———
43. Punning Letter—on the Jew Bill—Indelicacy of Pantomimes - - - - - - - - ———
44. Pride, the Source of every Guilt and Misery - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - UNKNOWN.
45. Essay on Posts - - - - - - - - - - - - - ROBERTS.
46. Letters on the Art of not knowing People - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - MOORE.
47. Courage of Sir Josiah Pumpkin—remarkable Duel in Moorfields, EARL OF CORKE.
48. On Affectation—the Quality of Brentford - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - MOORE.
49. Ironical Recommendation of the present Times - - - - - - - - - - - CHESTERFIELD.
50. Various Reasons for coming to London—Anecdotes of Pope - - - - CAMBRIDGE.
51. On Variety of Acquaintances—Inattention to their Qualifications - - - ———
52. Amanda's Story of her Seduction - - - MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE second edition of the World was published in Six Volumes; *to each of which was prefixed a Dedication. In all subsequent editions it was republished in four; and three of the Dedications prefixed to the last Volume. They are here reprinted together, as hath been done with the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian.*

THE

WORLD.

ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

I. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

THAT I presume to dedicate the first volume of The WORLD to Your Lordship, will I hope be forgiven me. It is not enough that I can flatter myself with having been frequently honoured with your correspondence; I would insinuate it to the public, that under the sanction of your Lordship's name, I may hope for a more favourable reception from my readers.

If it should be expected upon this occasion, that I should point out which papers are your Lordship's, and which my own, I must beg to be excused; for while, like the Cuckoo in the fable, I am mixing my note with the Nightingale's, I cannot resist the vanity of crying out, *How sweetly we Birds sing!*

If I knew of any great or amiable qualification that your Lordship did not really possess, I would (according to the usual custom of dedications) bestow it freely: but till I am otherwise instructed, I shall rest satisfied with paying my most grateful acknowledgments to your Lordship, and with subscribing myself,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Obliged, and

Most Obedient Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

II. TO THE HONOURABLE HORACE WALPOLE, Esq.

SIR,

I TAKE the liberty of prefixing your name to a volume of the WORLD, as it gives me an opportunity, not only of making you my acknowledgments for the essays you have honoured me with, but also of informing the public to whom I have been obliged.

That you may read this address without a blush, it shall have no flattery in it. To confess the truth, I mean to compliment myself; and I know not how to do it more effectually, than by thus signifying to my readers, that in the conduct of this work, I have not been thought unworthy of your correspondence. *I am,* SIR,

Your most obedient, humble servant,
ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

III. TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq.

SIR,

As you have been so partial to these Papers, as to think them in some degree serviceable to Morality, or at least to those inferior duties of life, which the French call *les petites morales;* and as you have shewn the sincerity of this opinion, by the support you have given to them, I beg leave to prefix your name to this third volume, and to subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your obliged, and most faithful
humble servant,
ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

IV. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF CORKE.

MY LORD,

It is usual in churches, when an organ, an altar-piece, or some other valuable ornament, is given by the bounty of any particular person, to set forth in very conspicuous characters the name of the benefactor. In imitation of this custom, I take the liberty of prefixing your Lordship's name to a volume of the World, that I may signify to the public by whose bounty it has been ornamented.

But your Lordship is not the only one of your family to whom the World has been indebted; and it is with great pleasure that I embrace this occasion of making my acknowledgments to the Earl of Corke, as it gives me an opportunity at the same time of confessing my obligations to Mr. Boyle.

I will not offend your Lordship with the common flattery of dedications, having always observed that praise is least pleasing, where it is most due: a consideration that obliges me to add no more, than that I am,

MY LORD,
Your LORDSHIP'*s obliged,*
most humble,
and most obedient servant,
ADAM FITZ-AD

V. TO

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

One of the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations.

SIR,

To promote the circulation of these small volumes, by limiting their number to no more than six, it was thought adviseable to put a stop to the paper of the WORLD, at a time when the demand for it greatly exceeded my expectation, and while it was the only fashionable vehicle, in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public. To extend this circulation (for I confess myself a self-interested person) I have separately addressed the first five volumes to those of my correspondents whose pieces are the most numerous, and whose names and characters do me the greatest honour. It will not therefore, I hope, displease you, if among these favourite names you happen to discover your own; it being impossible for me to say any thing more to the advantage of this work, than that many of the essays in it were written by Mr. JENYNS.

I am SIR,
Your most obliged
and most obedient
humble servant,
ADAM FITZ-ADAM

VI. To Mr. MOORE.

DEAR SIR,

In the list of those whom I am proud to call my assistants in this work, and to the principal of whom, as far as they are come to my knowledge, I have dedicated the former volumes of it, to have omitted you, my best and sincerest friend, would have been strange and unpardonable. It would have been strange, as you are sensible how high a regard I have always paid to whatever came from your hand; and unpardonable, as I am convinced you never sat down to write me a paper but from motives of pure love and affection. It is true, and I scorn to flatter even in a dedication, I have not always regarded your papers with that degree of admiration which some other of my correspondents commanded from me; yet so partial have I been to your talents and abilities, that you must own I have never, through the whole course of the work, refused any one of your lucubrations: insomuch that I greatly fear my readers may now-and-then have reason to reproach me with having suffered my friendship to blind my judgment.

But let Malice and Envy say their pleasure, I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the favour of your assistance in the long contention I have had with the vices and follies of the world; and that it was frequently owing to your ironical smile, that I have been enabled to raise the laugh of raillery in favour of virtue and good manners. I confess indeed, and you will not be angry that to yourself I avow it, the immortality I have reason to hope for,

arises from the conjunction of many higher names than yours, which I have had the honour to associate with me in this favoured undertaking. And here I feel my vanity struggling to get loose, and indulge itself in the pleasing theme. The name of FITZ-ADAM shall be carried down to latest posterity with those of his age, the most admired for their genius, their learning, their wit and humour. But I check myself.—I dare not engage in the task of saying what ought to be said on this occasion, and therefore beg leave to hide my inability in silence.

You will pardon, sir, this short digression, though not made in your favour; and be assured, notwithstanding all I have said, and whatevever I may think of you as a writer, as a man I bear you a true affection, take a very interested part in all your concerns, and should you ever meet with that reward from the public, which I think your merits have long deserved, I hope you are satisfied that no one will more truly rejoice in your good fortune than,

DEAR SIR,

Your most affectionate friend,
and humble servant,
ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

PREFACE

TO

THE WORLD.

THE work, on the history of which we now enter, differs from all its predecessors in its neral style, and in the interest it creates, although the tendency may ultimately be the me. We have here no philosophy of morals, indignant censure of the grosser vices, no itical disquisitions; and, in general, scarcely y thing serious. Irony is the predominant ature; a figure of rhetoric, and an expression contempt, which requires delicacy in order be successful, and pure intention in order to e safe. It does not appear, however, in itself be more dangerous than any other species f wit; and, in this country at least, if we except the political poets, there are few instances f very flagrant abuse. As employed in this aper, it is employed for purposes to execute hich, in the opinion of the writers, other ethods had been tried without success. The uthors of the WORLD affected to consider the ollies of their day as beneath their serious notice, and therefore tried what good might be

done by turning them into ridicule, under the mask of defence or apology; and thus ingeniously demonstrated that every defence of what is in itself absurd and wrong must either partake of the ridiculous, or be intolerable, and repugnant to common sense and reason. With such intentions, notwithstanding their apparent good-humour, they may perhaps, in the apprehension of many readers, appear more severe censors of the foibles of the age than any who have gone before them.

The design, as professed in the first paper, was to ridicule with novelty and good-humour the fashions, foibles, vices, and absurdities of that part of the human species which calls itself THE WORLD; and this the principal writers were enabled to execute with facility, from the knowledge incident to their rank in life, the elevated sphere in which they moved, their intercourse with a part of society not easily accessible to authors in general, and the good sense which prevented them from being blinded by the glare, or enslaved by the authority of fashion.

But although the continued use of irony may not be dangerous, they appear to have experienced that it is often liable to misconstruction. One of the most ingenious contributors*, who took a very lively interest in the success of the work, has delivered his opinion on this subject with shrewdness and candour. As

* RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq. who died while the *first edition* of this work was in the press.

an excuse for not having given a serious turn to the generality of these Essays, he observes, that papers of pleasantry, enforcing some lesser duty, or reprehending some fashionable folly, will be of more real use, than the finest writing, or the most virtuous moral, which few or none will be at pains to read through; and he adds, most probably with a view to the ADVENTURER and RAMBLER, that the demand for moral Essays, "of which many excellent ones have been produced, had of late fallen very short of their acknowledged merit."

But, after contending more amply for the plan adopted in these papers, he candidly allows, that there is a danger lest the habit of levity should tend to the admission of any thing contrary to the design of such a work. In writings of humour, figures are sometimes used of so delicate a nature, that it shall often happen that some people will see things in a direct contrary sense to what the author and the majority of readers understand them. To such the most innocent irony may appear irreligion or wickedness. But in the misapprehension of this figure, it is not always the reader that is to blame. A great deal of irony may seem very clear to the writer, which may not be so properly managed as to be safely trusted to the various capacities and apprehensions of all sorts of readers. In such cases, the conductor of a paper will be liable to various kinds of censure,

though, in reality, nothing can be proved against him but want of judgment*.

The justice of the latter part of these remarks will appear very obvious to those who have ever been engaged in periodical writing; and who, in addressing their inferiors, are sometimes apt to forget that they are their inferiors; and, in chastising folly, do not always foresee the possibility that they may be read by the foolish. Yet the above apology, if it was so meant, for a periodical paper *entirely* ironical, will not perhaps be thought sufficient, when we consider that it was a wide departure from the custom of its predecessors, which were models not only of excellence, but of success with the public. Variety, in this species of writing, had been found by long experience to be the chief claim on popular attention; and, perhaps, in the opinion of a very considerable and valuable part of mankind, it is not the most pleasing character we can give, when we say of an author that he is never serious. The progress of a paper like this, should resemble that of the human mind—it should have its times of reflection as well as of ridicule, since there are follies which ought to excite indignation as well as laughter.

With respect to what is said of "the demand for moral essays falling off," the precise fact cannot now be ascertained. But the allusion, I conceive, was made to the publication of them in single sheets; for the RAMBLER, which was more remarkable than any other paper for uni-

* No. 104.

formity of serious discussion, was at least as successful in volumes as any of its contemporaries, except the ADVENTURER; and the greater popularity of the ADVENTURER may be fairly attributed to its variety, to the *seria mixta jocis*, which seems the natural order, but which is wanting in the WORLD. The latter, indeed, contains a few serious papers, but they are of very inferior merit, and contribute nothing to the literary character of the work, which rests entirely on its fund of ridicule. This, although it renders it less useful to the young and illiterate, will yet recommend it to those who understand the full force of irony, which, it must be confessed, has seldom been employed with more taste, delicacy or elegance. The double dissimulation, or dissembling of dissimulation, necessary in this species of ridicule is admirably preserved, while the disguise is always of sufficient thinness to discover the real purpose.

The WORLD was projected by Mr. EDWARD MOORE, in conjunction with Mr. ROBERT DODSLEY, who fixed upon the name; and, by defraying the expence, and rewarding Mr. MOORE, became, and for many years continued to be, the sole proprietor of the work.

Mr. EDWARD MOORE was born at Abingdon, in Berkshire, March 22, 1711-12. He was the third son of the Rev. THOMAS MOORE, a dissenting-minister of that place. On his father's death, which happened when he was only ten years of age, his education was superintended

by his uncle, the Rev. JOHN MOORE, who kept an academy at Bridgewater, and he was afterwards removed to the school of East Orchard, in Dorsetshire*.

He was originally bred a linen-draper with a Mr. GIBSON of that trade in London, and when he left this master, he resided some years in Ireland, as factor to a Mr. JOHNSON, a merchant in London. On his return, he entered into partnership in the linen-trade with an Irish gentleman; but the connexion not being very successful was soon dissolved, and about this time his attachment to study, and probably a consciousness that he had some claim to literary reputation, induced him to become an author by profession. Like the majority of his contemporaries, he began with poetical attempts which gained him considerable fame, as in verse he had a very happy and pleasing manner. His "Fables for the Female Sex," first published in 1744, seem, not only in the freedom and ease of the versification, but also in the forcibleness of the moral and poignancy of satire, to approach nearer to the manner of GAY, than any of the numerous imitations of that author, which have been attempted since the publication of his Fables. In his "Trial "of Selim, the Persian," which was a compliment to Lord LYTTELTON, he showed himself a perfect master of the most elegant kind of

* These facts and dates were communicated by Mr. TOULMIN to Dr. ANDERSON.

panegyric, that which is couched under the appearance of accusation.

He wrote likewise for the stage; and here his success has been generally considered as inferior to his merit. His FOUNDLING, a comedy, appeared in 1748, but was decried from a fancied resemblance to the Conscious Lovers, to which, however, the author of the Biographia Dramatica is inclined to prefer it, as the intricacy of the plot is much more natural, the characters of a more sprightly turn, and drawn in genera from higher life. His GIL BLAS, also a comedy, is considered, by the same author, as less deserving of critical approbation, yet it would be difficult to find more lively dialogue, or more of that bustle and life which keep up the attention of an audience in our times. But the GAMESTER, a tragedy, first acted in 1753, is entitled to the highest praise for its moral tendency, as well as its dramatic excellence. Its being written in prose was, indeed, an innovation to which some objected, and others thought the *distress was too deep*. Of late years, however, it has been revived with the greatest success, for which it is undoubtedly, in some measure, indebted to the unrivalled powers of Mrs. SIDDONS, who has deepened the distress, without, it is to be feared, removing the cause.

In a letter now before me to Dr. WARTON, dated Feb. 17, 1753, the author gives the following account of the success of this play:— "I wrote to you this day se'nnight, with an account of the Gamester to the fourth night,

I think I may say the tables are turned, for the play from that night has had a new character: and it is at present as much the fashion to speak very highly of it in fashionable companies, as it was at first to condemn it. I am just come from the theatre, and though it is the tenth night, the house is as full as it can hold. But poor GARRICK is ill, through too much fatigue; so that the play is to be interrupted till he is recovered. I wish I could tell you that the profits of it have answered my expectations; but I believe 400 pounds will be about the sum I shall clear by it."

Mr. MOORE, May 17, 1750, married a lady of the name of HAMILTON, daughter of Mr. CHARLES HAMILTON, table-decker to the princesses, who had herself a poetical turn, and has been said to have assisted him in part of his writings. This lady, some time after her husband's death, obtained the place of necessary-woman in the QUEEN's private apartments, and died a few years ago *.

In 1756 he published his poetical and dramatic works, by subscription, in an elegant quarto volume, dedicated to the DUKE of

* In 1749 she addressed some verses to a female friend, of which Mr. MOORE's name, by a small change to *More* was the burthen. The last stanza runs thus:

"You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest o'er me?
His name you may guess, for I told it before,
It begins with an M, but I dare not say More."

The whole may be seen in the Magazines of the time.

NEWCASTLE, the brother of his early patron Mr. PELHAM. The subscribers were numerous, and included many persons of the highest rank and most eminent talents, but he did not long enjoy the advantages of their liberality. He died of an inflammation on his lungs, the consequence of a fever improperly treated, Feb. 28, 1757. He left one son of the same name, who had a place in the Salt Office, but went afterwards into the naval service, and died at sea in 1773.

Mr. MOORE's abilities, his modest demeanour, and inoffensive manners, and his moral conduct, which is said to have been unexceptionable, recommended him to the men of genius and learning of the age, and procured him the patronage of Lord LYTTELTON. Dr. JOHNSON, after mentioning that Mr. MOORE courted the favour of this nobleman by an apologetical poem, called "The Trial of Selim," adds, that his Lordship paid him with "kind words, which, as is common, raised great hopes, that at last were disappointed." But this is not the whole truth. Lord LYTTELTON did for MOORE what few patrons have done for authors; he engaged his friends to assist him in the way which a man not wholly dependent would perhaps prefer. Mr. DODSLEY stipulated to pay MOORE three guineas for every paper of the WORLD, which he should write, or might be sent for publication, and was approved of. Lord LYTTELTON, to render this bargain effectual, and an easy source of emolument to MOORE, solicited the

assistance of such men as are not often found willing to contribute the labours of the pen, men of high rank in the state, and men of fame and fashion, who cheerfully undertook to supply the paper, while MOORE reaped the emolument, and perhaps for a time enjoyed the reputation of the whole. But when it came to be known, as the information would soon be circulated in whispers*, that such men as the Earls of CHESTERFIELD, BATH, and CORK, Messrs. WALPOLE, CAMBRIDGE, and JENYNS, were leagued in a scheme of authorship to amuse the town, and that the WORLD was "the bow of ULYSSES, in which it was the fashion for men of rank and genius to try their strength†," we may easily suppose that it would excite the curiosity of the public in an uncommon degree.

The first paper was published Jan. 24, 1753; it was consequently contemporary with the ADVENTURER, which began Nov. 7, 1752, but as the WORLD was published only once a week, it outlived the ADVENTURER nearly two years, during which time it ran its course also with the CONNOISSEUR. It was on the same size and type, and at the same price with the RAMBLER and ADVENTURER, but the sale, in numbers, was superior to either. In No. 111,

* Lord Orford speaks of two of Lord Chesterfield's papers in his Letters to Bentley, Works, vol. v. p. 344; and I am possessed of a copy of Lord Chesterfield's papers, very splendidly bound in Morrocco, a present from his Lordship to Dr Chauncey.

† DUNCOMBE.

Lord CHESTERFIELD states, that the number sold weekly was two thousand, which number, he adds, "exceeds the largest that was ever printed even of the SPECTATORS." In No. 49, he hints that "not above *three* thousand were sold." The sale was probably not regular, and would be greater on the days when rumour announced his Lordship as the writer. The *usual* number printed was 2500, as stated in the above letter from Mr. MOORE to Dr. WARTON.

Notwithstanding the able assistance of his right honourable friends, Mr. MOORE wrote sixty-one of these papers, and the second letter in No. 130. In his first paper, he declines prefixing mottos, principally, "because the follies he intends to treat of, and the characters he means to exhibit, are such as the Greeks and Romans were entirely unacquainted with." But this excuse would have been as applicable to the SPECTATOR as to the WORLD: it is probable he had not much intimacy with classical learning, and it is certain that the mottos which were sent were never rejected*. His style is easy and unaffected, and always appropriate to his subjects, which have great variety. If he had not more knowledge of the world than some of his predecessors, he could at least employ it very agreeably. He had professed that the paper should contain *novelty* of ridicule,

* Some time after this, when he projected a Magazine, he told the Wartons, in confidence, that "he wanted a dull plodding fellow of one of the Universities, who understood Latin and Greek." Wooll's Life of Warton.

and it must be allowed that he seldom betrays the servile copyist, when treating of those subjects which had been handled by others. The few narratives he gives are pleasing and instructive, particularly the description of domestic happiness in No. 16, which in the original edition he had nearly spoiled by the introduction of so improbable a circumstance as a chariot. In Nos. 31 and 186, the almost ludicrous distresses of a credulous clergyman, which remind us, in some degree, of Parson Adams, are related with characteristic simplicity. The circumstance of the post-chaise might have been suggested by a similar story in "GREVILLE'S Maxims and Reflections," published about this time.

MOORE excelled principally in assuming the serious manner for the purposes of ridicule, or of raising idle curiosity, as in No. 144; his irony, also, is admirably concealed, as in Nos. 139 and 145: the plot of the latter, if it may be so termed, is very artfully managed. However trite his subject, he enlivens it by original turns of thought. Some of the papers are mere exercises of humour, which have no direct moral in view, and for this he in one place offers an apology, or at least acknowledges that he aimed at no higher purpose than entertainment.

In the last paper, the conclusion of the work is made to depend on a fictitious accident which is supposed to have happened to the author, and occasioned his death. When the

papers were collected in volumes, Mr. MOORE superintended the publication, and actually died while this last paper was in the press: a circumstance somewhat singular, when we look at the contents of it, and which induces us to wish that death may be less frequently included among the topics of wit.

It has been the general opinion, for the honour of rank, that the papers written by men of that description in this work, are far superior to those of MOORE, or of any of his assistants of "low degree." Whatever may be in this, it cannot be denied, that the first in point of genius, taste, and elegance, are those we owe to the pen of

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, a name so well known that it is unnecessary in this place to detail the circumstances of his long and active life. A laudable spirit of ambition led him early to cultivate talents that were calculated to adorn society, and give dignity to the highest stations. That in one memorable instance he perverted these talents, has been again and again repeated, with just indignation, in every vehicle of public instruction; and his biographer has shrunk from the defence of his conduct in this instance, while he adverts to it with respectful delicacy. It is, indeed, utterly incapable of apology, and is, perhaps, as little to the credit of his understanding as of his morals, for it is not very clear that he comprehended the nature or utility of his own plan. He calls it the art of pleasing, or

the acquisition of the graces. He speaks of it as a something above the common advantages of genius, virtue, or reputation, as if any thing consistent with honour or honesty could not be obtained by these.

That this nobleman, however, had a respect for pure morality and decorous manners, is sufficiently attested by the papers he contributed to the work before us. He was now at an advanced period of life. Few men had seen more of the world, or knew better how to expose the vices and follies which are sanctioned by high practice and fashion; and it is worthy of remark, that when he wrote in FOG'S JOURNAL*, and other papers established for political purposes, his lucubrations almost always turned on subjects of morals, manners, or taste.

His services in this paper were purely voluntary, but a circumstance occurred to his first contribution which had nearly disgusted him from sending a second. He sent his paper to the publisher without any notice from whence it came: it underwent a very slight inspection, and was at least delayed, if not rejected, on account of its length. Fortunately Lord LYTTELTON saw it at Mr. DODSLEY'S, and knew the hand. MOORE, when informed of this discovery, read the manuscript more attentively, discovered its beauties, and thought proper not only to publish it directly, but to introduce it with an apology for the delay, and a compliment to the author. It is not, however, greatly

* See preface to the GUARDIAN, p. 48.

to the credit of MOORE's discernment, that he did not at once see how little such a paper could suffer by a comparison with any which preceded it.

His Lordship then continued his correspondence occasionally, and wrote in all twenty-three papers, certainly equal, if not superior, in brilliancy of wit and novelty of thought, to the most popular productions of this kind. Of these, Nos. 49, 90, 91, 98, 105, and 151, are perhaps unrivalled, both for matter and manner. No. 148, on civility and good-breeding, contains the outline of the purer part of his celebrated system. Of this paper, Dr. MATY gives the following anecdote. Lord CHESTERFIELD being at Bath, shewed one of his last WORLDS to his friend General IRWINE, who dined with him almost every day. The General, in the course of conversation, mentioned good-breeding, when distinguished from mere civility, as a subject that deserved to be treated by him. His Lordship at first declined it, but on his friend's insisting, and urging the singular propriety of its being undertaken by a man who was so perfect a master of the thing, he suddenly called for pen and ink, and wrote this excellent piece off-hand, as he did all the others, without any rasure or interlineation. This paper, ever after, went by the name of General IRWINE's paper*.

As it is always a matter of curiosity as well as

* MATY's Life of Lord Chesterfield, prefixed to his Miscellaneous Works.

utility to know how two persons of eminent, but very different talents, treat the same subject, No. 96, on passionate men, may be pointed out to be read with No. 11, of the RAMBLER.

Nos. 100 and 101 are connected with a small portion of literary history, of which it may be necessary to take some notice, although it can never be without regret that literary animosities are recollected or recorded. These papers were supposed to have been written to conciliate Dr. JOHNSON, then about to publish his dictionary, whom Lord CHESTERFIELD was conscious he had offended. The nature of this offence was for many years reported in various ways, but from Mr. BOSWELL's account it appears there was no particular incident which produced a quarrel, and that his Lordship's continued neglect provoked Dr. JOHNSON to decline his patronage; and when his Lordship now endeavoured to befriend his *magnum opus*, he wrote that celebrated letter, which, whatever may be thought of the provocation, must ever be considered as a model of dignified resentment. What effect it produced on Lord CHESTERFIELD is doubtful. He certainly felt that it was necessary to offer some defence to his private friends; and it may be supposed, that he who was a friend to authors of much inferior merit, must have regretted that he had, by whatever appearance of neglect, dissolved a connection that might have been mutually honourable. Whether the "respectable Hottentot," in his letters *to his son*, he meant for Dr. JOHNSON, is not

quite so certain as it was once supposed. Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, Lord HAILES, a contemporary in the WORLD, maintained, that it was intended for the portrait of a late noble Lord, distinguished for abstruse science. There are, however, *traits* in it applicable to Dr. JOHNSON, but not that of unmannerly *eating*, unless his Lordship took it upon report, for Dr. JOHNSON declared to Mr. BOSWELL that "Lord CHESTERFIELD never saw him eat in his life*." The late EARL of ORFORD, in his account of Lord CHESTERFIELD, adverts to this affair in language not very consistent with liberality or truth, and he is not happy in what he perhaps thought a principal excellence, his comparison of the *bear* and the *dancing-master*. JOHNSON would have submitted to the *bear*, if Lord CHESTERFIELD had been content with no higher merit than that of a *dancing-master*.

The next author, in point of merit, as well as quantity of contribution, was RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq. whose papers are entitled to the highest praise for taste, wit, and moral tendency. These he wrote for the benevolent purpose of serving Mr. MOORE, and without any expectation of seeing his name affixed to them. They were mostly off-hand compositions, which, from a mind fertile, well-informed, and elegant, is, perhaps, no great abatement of their excel-

* I have been sometimes inclined to think that Lord Chesterfield's portrait, thus variously applied, was intended for Walter Harte, his son's tutor, whom he could not name with any propriety, while his son was under his care.

lence. It is said, that when Mr. MOORE solicited leave of Mr. CAMBRIDGE to dedicate one of the volumes to him, he permitted it, upon condition that he should himself write the dedication. It was accordingly prefixed to the third volume of the second edition, and affords no inconsiderable proof of its author's modest and unobtrusive disposition. Mr. MOORE was introduced to this gentleman by Lord LYTTELTON, and found in him a kind friend and a potent auxiliary.

Of the twenty-one papers written by Mr. CAMBRIDGE, No. 54, on hearers, and its sequel, No. 56, No. 55, a proposal for an extinguisher, No. 72, and No. 107, may be selected as excellent specimens of easy and playful humour; but No. 76, on the character of an improver, is certainly not inferior, in original and pointed satire, to the choicest specimen that can be produced from the most popular of our ESSAYISTS. No. 119, on the absurd taste in gardening, and No. 103, the history of a turtle feast, are also replete with strokes of good-natured raillery. In all his papers, Mr. CAMBRIDGE has demonstrated that the subjects proper for a work of this kind are inexhaustible, and that every age may be made to grow some singularity for the use of the wit and the satirist. Notwithstanding the Editor's professed intention of not prefixing mottos to the WORLD, Mr. CAMBRIDGE uniformly adheres to the ancient custom, and his intimate acquaintance with the

Roman classics enabled him to select these with great felicity of application.

Since the death of this amiable man, a splendid edition of his works has been published by his son; who has prefixed a very elegant and affectionate tribute to the memory of his father. From this we learn, that he was born in London, February 14, 1717. He was descended from a family, that had been for several generations established in Gloucestershire: his father, being a younger brother, was bred to business as a Turkey merchant, and resided chiefly in London until the time of his death, which happened not long after the birth of his son, who, upon this event, was left to the care of his mother, and of her brother THOMAS OWEN, Esq. a gentleman who had retired from the profession of the law to Britwell Place, in Buckinghamshire, and who, having no children, adopted his nephew as his future representative.

Mr. CAMBRIDGE was sent early to Eton, where, among his principal friends and associates, were Mr. BRYANT, Mr. GRAY, Mr. WEST, Mr. ALDWORTH NEVILLE, Lord SANDWICH, Honourable HORACE WALPOLE, Doctor BARNARD, afterwards Master and Provost of Eton, Doctor COOKE, the late Dean of Ely, besides many others, who became known in the world as men of taste and learning; with most of whom he formed a friendship which lasted through their respective lives.—Mr. CAMBRIDGE's attention to school exercises was not very assiduous; but the quickness of

his parts enabled him to acquire, in a short time, and without much labour, what to others was tedious and difficult; and although the foremost in all juvenile sports, he found leisure to read several of the Greek and Roman historians, and to study the ancient dramatic writers and poets, in whose writings he found what was congenial to his own turn of mind, and fondness for observing and delineating the peculiarities of human character. He was regarded as a pattern of order and good behaviour; while his sweetness of temper, and constant desire to accommodate himself to others, gained him the love of all.

From Eton he was removed, in 1734, to Saint John's College, Oxford; where no day was passed without some acquisition of knowledge, either in literature, mechanics, the polite arts, or other useful improvements. He left Oxford before he was of sufficient standing for a degree; and in 1737 became a member of the honourable society of Lincoln's Inn. Here he contracted an acquaintance and friendship with ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq. the Honourable CHARLES YORKE, Mr. WRAY, an eminent antiquary, and one of the writers in the Athenian Letters, and with THOMAS EDWARDS, Esq. the well-known author of the Canons of Criticism.

In the beginning of the year 1741, he married the daughter of GEORGE TRENCHARD, Esq. of Woolverton, in Dorsetshire, son to Sir JOHN TRENCHARD, Secretary of State

to King William. Upon his marriage, Mr. CAMBRIDGE settled for seven or eight years at his family seat of Whitminster, in Gloucestershire, the scenery around which he improved with great taste; and where, at his leisure hours, he formed the plan, collected the materials, and wrote the whole of his mock-heroic poem, the "Scribleriad."—About the year 1748, the death of Mr. OWEN put him in possession of that gentleman's property, which, though not very extensive, was an acceptable addition to the small income upon which he had hitherto lived, and by his uncle's desire, he added the name of OWEN to his own. Soon after this event, in 1751, he purchased a house at Twickenham, where he resided upwards of fifty years. He now published the "Scribleriad," a mock-heroic poem, designed to ridicule and expose false taste and false science, which was much read and admired, and fixed the author's character as a critic and a scholar. Several of his smaller pieces were published soon after, which brought their author into further notice and estimation: of these the most celebrated were, "The Elegy written in an Empty Assembly Room," the "Fakeer," and the "Borough Hunter." But what most contributed to establish his reputation for humour, and a just insight into character, united with an extensive acquaintance with living manners, were his Essays, published in the periodical paper, entitled "The WORLD."

Among the many political objects which

pressed hard on the public attention towards the end of the reign of George II., none appeared to Mr. CAMBRIDGE of greater magnitude than the state of our Asiatic colonies. He was among the few, who saw in its true light the rapid extension of our possessions in India; and viewed with sufficient foresight, the importance of such an acquisition of territory, both in a commercial and political view. Finding how little this subject was in general understood, partly from the distance of the country, and still more from the dissimilarity of its whole system of government, religion, and manners, from our own, he conceived that it would be an interesting and useful undertaking, to give a general history of the rise and progress of the British power in India. This work was intended to commence with the establishment of the first European settlement in that country, and to be brought down to the period of its publication: but perceiving a general impatience for some authentic information relative to the events that had recently happened upon the coast of Coromandel, and thinking it important that the bold and artful attempts of France to wrest these possessions out of our hands, should be more generally known and attentively watched, he determined to postpone his original plan, and publish, without delay, such an account of the recent transactions in that part of India, as would be most instructive, and serve to confute the gross misrepresentations made by the French, relative to

those affairs. Colonel LAWRENCE's narrative, and other authentic papers, being offered to him for this purpose, he began with all expedition to arrange his materials in the best and most intelligible form, adding an introduction and preface of his own, with such maps and plates as were necessary to illustrate the subject: and in a very short time afterwards, the "History of the War upon the Coast of Coromandel," 4to. made its appearance.

On the publication of this work, in 1761 he resumed the intention of proceeding in his larger undertaking, having already obtained permission of the East India Company, to have access to such of their papers as might be requisite. He had also a promise of Mr. ORME's papers: but that gentleman happening to return from India at this juncture, with an intention to publish himself the history which afterwards appeared, Mr. CAMBRIDGE considered that his own work would now be in a great measure superfluous, and therefore relinquished the further prosecution of his plan. In the mean time, his "History of the War, &c." was very favourably received, and proved highly interesting, not only in this country, where it was reprinted in a smaller size without the plates, but in Ireland, and also in France; where a French translation, printed at Amsterdam, found a very general circulation, and was esteemed the fairest and most correct representation of the French proceedings in India. It is now, indeed, in little re-

quest, the later accounts of India having made its republication unnecessary.

From this time, Mr. CAMBRIDGE appears to have occasionally amused himself with smaller poetical pieces; but principally was engaged in that mixture of social life, and philosophic retirement, which constitutes true felicity, and which enabled him to attain a good old age, with fewer privations and infirmities than most men. It was his rare lot to be happy in himself, happy in his family, and happy in his friends. Among the latter, he could enumerate most of the men of rank and genius of the last age; and he survived all the friends and companions of his early and mature years, if we except Mr. BRYANT. He was, however, considerably advanced in his eighty-third year before he was sensible, to any considerable degree, of the infirmities of age; but a difficulty of hearing, which had for some time gradually increased, now rendered conversation troublesome, and frequently disappointing to him. His sight also began to fail, which deprived him of the enjoyment of his fine library. During a subsequent increase of feebleness, and with the discouraging prospect of still greater suffering, which he saw before him, his exemplary patience, and constant care to spare the feelings of his family, were eminently conspicuous; nor did the distressing infirmities, inseparably attendant on extreme debility, ever produce a murmur of complaint, or even a hasty or un-

guarded expression. It is somewhat singular, and may be regarded as a proof of an unusually strong frame, that no symptom of disease took place; all the organs of life continued to execute their respective functions; until nature, being wholly exhausted, he expired, without a sigh, on the 17th September 1802, leaving a widow, since dead, two sons, and a daughter.

The late EARL of ORFORD, better known by the name of HORACE WALPOLE, contributed some papers to the WORLD, which have strong characteristics of his favourite manner and studies. He was the youngest son of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, the first EARL of ORFORD, and born in the year 1716. In his early years he cultivated the *belles lettres* with great success, and in his travels laid the foundation of that knowledge of foreign literature and history which he was ever desirous of displaying. Although the son of a powerful minister, and probably destined for public life, he had less relish for that than for the calmer pursuits of taste and learning. He sat long in parliament, but was not highly distinguished as a speaker, unless on one memorable occasion, when, with great spirit, elegance, and filial piety, he addressed the house of commons in vindication of his father.

Mr. WALPOLE devoted the greatest part of his time and fortune to the embellishment of his singular and well-known villa at Strawberry-hill, and *employed his intervals* in composing many

works which have long been favourites with the public, although they are of very opposite merits. He was alternately a poet, an historian, a politician, an antiquary, and a writer of dramas and romances. Of all his works his own opinion appeared to be humble, but he was pertinacious in maintaining what he had asserted, and being possessed of keen powers of controversy, he betrayed all the irascibility of the author, while he affected to be considered only as a gentleman writing for his amusement. In his latter days he determined to vindicate his claims to literary rank, and employed himself in preparing for the press that splendid and complete edition of his works, which was published the year after his death, and was bought up with avidity, as an important addition to every library.

Of his poetry, no very high character has been formed; yet, like his prose, it often surprizes by unexpected flashes of wit, and epigrammatic turns of expression and illustration, in which he evidently delighted. His "Mysterious Mother" is, indeed, of very superior merit, and has occasioned a general regret that he should have chosen a subject so unfit for public performance or private perusal. The "Castle of Otranto" is his only original work in prose which displays great powers. It passed through many editions, and received new popularity when the story was dramatised in 1782 by Captain JEPHSON. It ought not to be less a favourite now, when a passion for the marvellous seems to prevail like an epidemic with the writers and readers of romance.

Of his compilations, the most useful is, "The Anecdotes of Painting and Engraving." This was avowedly formed from materials left by VERTUE, but it is also evident that the arrangement, the principles, the taste, and every thing not technical, is Mr. WALPOLE's. It is a just complaint that he did not continue to improve and enlarge what had been so well received, what will ever be a standard book, and has, probably in no inconsiderable degree, led to the advancement of the arts in this country.

One of the predominant features in Mr. WALPOLE's character was a veneration for birth and rank, to which he certainly had pretensions in the long list of his ancestors, although among them, we find few distinguished benefactors to their country. This passion, however, which in his political career, he joined with principles that have not been thought connected with it, led him to a search after those illustrious examples in whom birth and rank have been allied with genius. His industry soon produced the pleasing and useful compilation, entitled, "A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," which, although greatly enlarged in the edition published with his works, has been thought meagre by those who did not consider that he professed to give a catalogue only. To what size and importance might it not have swelled, had he given the lives of the authors on the scale usually allowed in biographical compilations? In this work, the chief excellence is in his *characters*: they are admirable as portraits,

and, like portraits, they have some of the faults as well as beauties of the most celebrated masters.

The letters to General CONWAY and his other friends, which he left for publication with his works, have been highly esteemed. They exhibit his taste, his disposition, his friendship, and all his peculiarities to the greatest advantage. It cannot be doubted that he valued those compositions, as he had kept copies of them for so many years, with a view to publication; and as he was always of opinion that the English made a very poor figure in letter-writing, it is not unfair to suppose that he might wish to remove this reproach, with what success, it is not necessary here to inquire. It must be observed, however, that his wit has many marks of effort and labour, that it recurs too often, and that he is too often disposed to treat serious subjects with unbecoming levity. If he was not an infidel, he was at least a sneerer, and while in one place he almost predicts the revolution in France, and in another execrates the atrocities with which it was accompanied, he seems inconscious that his own principles were not very remote from those which precipitated the destruction of the altar.

But although WALPOLE, like POPE, prepared those letters for publication, to give the public a very high idea of the excellence of his private character, the truth of his friendship, and his humility, other letters from him, which have since been published, and which he did

not prepare for the press, have obliged the writer of the present article to retract the opinion he once formed. The evidence of his insincerity, of his vanity, and duplicity towards those whom he most highly flattered, is too full and clear to admit of any hesitation in pronouncing that these degrading meannesses belonged to him in no common degree *.

Mr. WALPOLE had reached his 74th year, when the title of EARL of ORFORD came to him by the death of his nephew, but he scarcely ever used it, and never took his seat in the house of peers. He died March 2, 1797, aged eighty.

He wrote nine papers in the WORLD, which excel in keen satire and shrewd remark. His researches as an antiquary enabled him to furnish whimsical comparisons between ancient and modern manners. Of No. 160 (which, however, as well as No. 28, is objectionable on the score of indelicacy) he gives the following anecdote in one of his letters to General CONWAY; "My lady A. flatters me extremely about my WORLD, but it has brought me into a peck of troubles. In short, the good-natured town have been pleased to lend me a meaning, and call my Lord Bute *Sir Eustace*. I need not say how ill the story tallies to what they apply it; but I do vow to you, that so far from once entering into my imagination, my only

* The reader may find one very gross instance of his treacherous correspondence by consulting STEWART's Life of DR. ROBERTSON.

apprehension was, that I should be suspected of flattery for the compliment to the princess in the former part. It is the more cruel, because you know it is just the thing in the world on which one must not defend one's self. If I might, I can prove that the paper was writ last Easter, long before this history was ever mentioned, and flung by, because I did not like it. I mentioned it one night to my lady Hervey, which was the occasion of its being printed *.

In No. 103, is a short character of *Boncœur*. "When Boncœur shivers on yon dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raise reluctant plantations, and yet professes that only some of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry season, he is not polite, he is more, he is kind." —*Boncœur* here was NORBORNE BERKELEY†, whose horse sinking up to his middle in Woburn-park, he would not allow that it was any thing more than a little damp. The "acquaintance of mine" was the author himself, and the last story of a highwayman happened almost literally to Mrs. CAVENDISH‡.

Mr. WALPOLE's last paper, or WORLD EXTRAORDINARY, contains a highly-laboured compliment to Mr. HENRY FOX, afterwards Lord HOLLAND, which has no connection

* ORFORD's WORKS, vol. v. p. 46.

† Of STOKE GIFFORD, Esq. who claimed the Barony of Botetourt, and had his claims allowed in 1765. In 1768 he went out as Governor of Virginia.

‡ ORFORD's WORKS, vol. v. p. 305.

with the general purpose of the work, but was admitted, at the author's request, as an answer to No. 207, in which, under borrowed characters, a ministerial revolution is described, unfavourable to Mr. Fox.

For five papers in this work of very superior merit, we are indebted to SOAME JENYNS, Esq. who, at the time of writing these, held the office and rank of one of the Lords Commissioners of the Board for Trade and Plantations.

Mr. JENYNS was born at 12 o'clock at night, in Great Ormond street, London, in the year 1703-4. The day of his birth he could not ascertain; and, considering himself at liberty to choose his birth day, he fixed it on New Year's Day. His father, Sir ROGER JENYNS, Knt. was descended from the ancient and respectable family of the JENYNSES, of Churchill, in Somersetshire. His mother was one of the daughters of Sir PETER SOAME, of Hayden, in Essex, Bart. Under her care he was educated, until it became proper to consign him to the instruction of regular tutors. The Rev. Mr. HILL, and after him the Rev. STEPHEN WHITE, were introduced into the family for this purpose; and, under their tuition, he made such progress as enabled him, when he entered as a fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, to cultivate the higher studies with success and distinction.

In this college, where he lived nearly three years, his behaviour was most orderly and regular, his application diligent, and his conformity

to the discipline of the college consequently easy. He was often heard to say, that he accounted the days he had lived there amongst those which were the happiest in his life; a declaration which would be more frequently made, if our universities were considered in their just character, as places where the opportunities of study are easy and ample, and where no cares or anxieties can enter, but what have for their object improvement or emulation.

From the time he left Cambridge, his residence in winter was in London, and in the summer in the country with his father's family, as long as he lived. Soon after his father's death, at the general election in 1742, he was unanimously chosen one of the representatives for the county of Cambridge, from which time he sat in parliament until the year 1780. During these thirty-eight years, he represented either the county or the borough of Cambridge, except only for four years, when, on the call of a new parliament in 1754, he was returned for the borough of Dunwich, in Suffolk; but on Lord DUPPLIN's going up to the House of Lords, Mr. JENYNS vacated his seat for Dunwich, and became again representative for the borough of Cambridge. In parliament he seldom spoke, although it was allowed that few men could comprehend the force of argument, or employ it with more advantage; but he was conscious he did not possess those requisites for public speaking which are necessary to command the attention of that assembly.

In the year 1755, his late Majesty appointed him one of the Lords Commissioners of the Board for Trade and Plantations, at which he continued to sit until an alteration was made in its constitution by parliament in 1780, and the business of it transferred to the great officers of state, and those who are on the list of his Majesty's most honourable privy-council. At this time the present EARL of CARLISLE, Mr. WILLIAM EDEN, afterwards LORD AUCKLAND, and EDWARD GIBBON, Esq. the celebrated historian, were members of this Board, and RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq. was secretary.

Mr. JENYNS was twice married, first to MARY, the natural daughter of COLONEL SOAME, of Dereham, in Norfolk, from whom he separated on account of an unhappy disagreement. On her death, he married ELIZABETH, daughter of HENRY GREY, Esq. of Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, who survived him. He died of a fever, after a few days illness, Dec. 18, 1787, at his house in Tilney-street, Audley-square, leaving no issue.

His promising talents were distinguished in early life by sprightly essays and poetical effusions, and many of the latter form a conspicuous part of DODSLEY's collection. His first publication of the serious kind was "An Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil," which made its appearance in 1757. This important and complex question, it is allowed, he treated in a new manner, but it did not prove much more satisfactory than preceding attempts. It

produced, however, a critical dissertation or review, of unrivalled excellence, from the pen of Dr. JOHNSON. It may, indeed, be fairly questioned, whether this is not the very first of Dr. JOHNSON's compositions for strength of argument, keenness of reply, and brilliancy of wit. It forms, with great propriety, a part of his collected works; they who have not read it, may be said to want one most incontestible evidence of his genius. That Mr. JENYNS felt the force of this powerful refutation may be easily supposed, but it were to be wished he had not expressed that feeling by a paltry epitaph on Dr. JOHNSON, which has been reprinted in his works, and surely might have been suppressed without injury to his memory.

In 1761 he published two volumes 12mo. containing some political essays and a collection of poems. In 1767 he gave his opinion on a question at that time of great importance, and indeed hitherto unresolved as to any practical purpose, "The causes and consequences of the high price of provisions." In this pamphlet there were some acknowledged truths, but his views of the subject were not thought sufficiently comprehensive.

His most celebrated performance, "A view of the internal Evidence of the Christian Religion," appeared in 1776. Few publications have been more generally read and approved than this, yet his intentions were by some misrepresented and by others mistaken. The truth appears to have been, that at one time of his

life he had read himself into infidelity, of which the public was reminded, and he had now studied himself back to Christianity, which was not so generally known. He certainly however, was sincere, however mistaken in some of the arguments he produced, the improper tendency of which were ably pointed out in the answers of Dr. MACLAINE, Mr. TAYLOR, and others.

And here it is observable, that in his return to Christianity, he seems to have accomplished the wish, and taken the advice, of his potent antagonist Dr. JOHNSON, who, after transcribing a beautiful passage from the "Origin of Evil," adds, "I would not willingly detract from the beauty of this paragraph: and in gratitude to him who has so well inculcated such important truths, I will venture to admonish him, since the chief comfort of the old is the recollection of the past, so to employ his time and his thoughts, that when the imbecility of age shall come upon him, he may be able to recreate its languors by the remembrance of hours spent, not in presumptuous decisions, but modest inquiries, not in dogmatical limitations of Omnipotence, but in humble acquiescence and fervent adoration. Old age will shew him, that much of the book now before us has no other use than to perplex the scrupulous, and to shake the weak, to encourage impious presumption, or stimulate idle curiosity."

His next work, however, "Disquisitions on several Subjects," published in 1782, was not altogether free from paradoxical and singular

opinions, especially of the political kind, but many parts of this little book gave proofs of strong intellectual powers.

His biographer, Mr. COLE, has delineated his character as a man, in the most favourable light. As an author, Mr. BURKE said, he was one of those who wrote the purest English; that is, the most simple and aboriginal language, the least qualified with foreign impregnation. He had a critical judgment, an elegant taste, and a rich vein of wit and humour; of the last-mentioned quality, his papers in the WORLD are no inconsiderable proofs.

His first paper, No. 125, is chiefly valuable as a general sketch of the prevailing luxury and affectations of the age, and may be considered as a historical memoir of the "origin of those evils." Nos. 153 and 178 are humourous and well-drawn portraits of two *country gentlemen*, whose amusements and understandings formerly classed them as a distinct species of human beings. The conclusion of No. 153 has a stroke not unworthy of ADDISON.—"My friend said, that I must not positively go, till after to-morrow; for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, some of whom were facetious companions, and sung well. This determined me to set out that very evening; which I did with much satisfaction, and made all possible haste, in search of *silence* and *solitude*, to my lodgings, next door to a *brazier's*, at *Charing Cross*." No. 157, on the conduct of masters and servants, is to be distinguished for

the justice of its observations: but in No. 163 we have an excellent mixture of the serious and humourous, in a vindication of the transmigration of souls. This he afterwards expanded in one of his essays, and appears at that time to have been a believer in the doctrine, which certainly secures the law of retaliation beyond all others, and which all who deplore the cruelties inflicted on the innocent and helpless, will probably wish to be true.

Five papers of very considerable merit and novelty, Nos. 27, 67, 167, 172, and 193, were written by J. TILSON, Esq. This gentleman, if I am not misinformed, was the son of CHRISTOPHER TILSON, Esq. one of the chief clerks of the Treasury, who died Aug. 25, 1740, having enjoyed that situation fifty-eight years. His son JAMES, our author, was Consul at Cadiz, where he died about the year 1760. No. 27 is a pleasant ridicule on the fashionable gaming-houses in St. James's and St. George's parishes under the name of Monasteries. Nos. 167 and, 172 contain an excellent allegory, illustrative of happiness.

Five papers, chiefly of the serious kind, were contributed by Mr. EDWARD LOVEYBOND, the author of some poetical pieces of approved merit. He was the son of a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood of Hampton*. Of his education little is known, but his writings shew that he had not neglected to improve his

* Preface to his poems.

talents. A collection of his poetry was published by his brother. The "Tears of Old May Day," in No. 82 of the WORLD, is esteemed one of his best compositions. Nos. 93 and 84 display some just notions of the danger of extremes, and the impediments to conversation. In Nos. 132 and 134 he opposes the common erroneous notions on the subject of Providence with considerable force of argument, and concludes with some ironical remarks, not ill applied.

No. 12, on the absurd whim for Chinese architecture and furniture, which prevailed much at that time, and of which there are still some remains in the vicinity of the metropolis; No. 19, on the ignorance of novel-writers, a subject too copious for one paper; and No. 58, on the calamities incident to male beauty, were the production of Mr. W. WHITEHEAD, whose life was written by his friend the late Mr. MASON, with a minute detail of his literary progress. His principal devotion was paid to the Muses. The papers he wrote for the WORLD are, we believe, his only attempts in prose. He held the office of Laureat from 1757 to his death in 1785, when he was succeeded by Mr. T. WARTON. As a poet he is generally allowed to rank very high among the moderns. Of his dramatic works, the "Roman Father" and the "School for Lovers" were the most successful.

No. 79, on the mischiefs arising from putting romances into the hands of young ladies; No. 156, on insensibles; and No. 202, on regi-

mentals, were written by RICHARD BERENGER, Esq. who was for many years Gentleman of the Horse to his Majesty, and published in 1771 "The History and Art of Horsemanship," in two volumes quarto, illustrated with plates. Of the *art* the writer of this preface has little knowledge, but the history, of which the first volume consists, displays much research and acquaintance with the classics, and with writers of remote antiquity. The Canto on Shakspeare's Birth-day, in No. 179, is ascribed to him in DODSLEY'S collection, where it was reprinted, and where are other pieces by the same hand. Mr. BERENGER was a gentleman of shining accomplishments and taste. It is he, I suspect, whom Dr. JOHNSON "once named as the standard of true elegance *. He died, September 9, 1782.

The absurd taste for Chinese architecture and ornaments is pursued in No. 117 by Mr. MARRIOTT, to whom we are also indebted for the excellent vision of Parnassus in No. 121, and some humourous remarks on the *genteel mania* in No. 199. This gentleman was for many years better known as Sir JAMES MARRIOTT, Knt. L. L. D. judge of the High Court of Admiralty, which he resigned a few years ago, and master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, which he held from the year 1764, until his death, March 21, 1808, a few months before I had an opportunity to acknowledge the politeneſs with

* THRALE'S Anecdotes, p. 156.

which he permitted me to mention his name
the author of these papers, and furnished a fe
corrections, which are noticed at the end
this Preface. Sir JAMES twice represented th
borough of *Sudbury*. He is the author
some poems in DODSLEY's collection, and
two law tracts.

The adventures of the *Pumpkin* family, ze
lous to defend their honour, in Nos. 47 and 6
which were intended to render the comm
pretences of duellists ridiculous, were written
JOHN EARL of CORK and ORRERY. No. 16
partly serious and partly jocose, on the mischi
of a too compliant disposition in a young ma
is also ascribed to this nobleman in DODSLE
list; and LORD ORFORD, in his "Royal a
Noble Authors," adds No. 185, the whimsi
complaint of a husband whose wife is too mu
devoted to her father. The character of JO
EARL of CORK, if it does not rise to great e
cellence, does not suffer much by a comparis
with his ancestors, who had rendered themsel
illustrious by bravery, genius, and wisdom.
a general taste for literature, or in the poli
studies, says his biographer, he was by no mea
inferior to his ancestors. The EARL of ORFOR
who is not profuse in panegyric, allows th
"though not the brightest of his race, he w
ambitious of not degenerating; and united
the virtues of his family their love of scien
and of literature." In enumerating his wor
LORD ORFORD mentions his "Life of Swi
as a valuable present to the world. Mr. Du

COMBE celebrates his love for truth, and his piety. His "Life of Swift," however, has been severely attacked, on the score of veracity; yet, upon a mature comparison of the other lives of that extraordinary character, it seems to carry conviction by strong internal evidence of truth. Dr. JOHNSON has furnished us with a singular trait in the character of this nobleman, of which they who know the world will know the value. "My friend, the late Earl of Cork, had a great desire to maintain the literary character of his family: he was a genteel man, but did not keep up the dignity of his rank. *He was so generally civil, that nobody thanked him for it*". The EARL of CORK took a more active part in the CONNOISSEUR, as will be noticed in the preface to that work.

To his son, Mr. HAMILTON BOYLE, afterwards EARL of CORK and ORRERY, who died in 1764, we owe No. 60, on the absurdity of giving vails to servants, and No. 170, on ostentatious charity; two papers which, says the editor of the Biographia, are drawn up with vivacity, elegance, and humour, and are a full proof that if this young nobleman's life had been continued, it would have been in his power to have added new literary honour to his illustrious name and family.

It may not be improper to notice here, as one instance of the public services rendered by the labours of the ESSAYISTS, that in consequence

* BOSWELL'S Life of JOHNSON.

of their exposing the absurdity and inconvenience of vails, that practice was soon abolished by general consent. To the same influence it was owing, that the barbarous custom of exposing the lunatics in Bedlam for money was prohibited. It is wonderful how long certain practices contrary to sense and humanity are continued. Many persons now living may remember when the objects in the Magdalen hospital were exposed to the eyes of the audience in the chapel during the whole time of divine service. Some years hence these things will not be believed.

Another nobleman yet remains, the writer indeed of only a single paper *, the celebrated WILLIAM PULTENEY, earl of Bath, to whom, when Mr. PULTENEY, the second volume of the GUARDIAN was dedicated. During his long opposition to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, he wrote many pamphlets and papers in MIST's and FOGG's Journals, and in the CRAFTSMAN, and is the reputed author of some poetical pieces on temporary subjects. Lord ORFORD justly characterizes him as "an author, whose writings will be better known by his name, than his name will be by his writings, though his prose had much effect, and his verses were easy and graceful." His paper in the WORLD, No. 17, on horse-racing and on the manners of Newmarket, has

* This paper is assigned to Lord BATH on the authority of Lord ORFORD in his "Royal and Noble Authors," and of the late R. O. CAMBRIDGE, esq. obligingly communicated to me by his son, the Rev. G. CAMBRIDGE.

some humour, and too much truth; nor ought it to be forgot that he wrote this lively paper in his seventy-first year. His character as a statesman has lately been exhibited with equal fidelity and candour by Mr. COXE, in his "Memoirs of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE."

The meditation among the books in No. 140, the classes of writers on glass in No. 147, and the proposed tax upon good things, in No. 204, specimens of easy and natural humour, came from the pen of Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, of Hailes, bart. one of the senators of the college of justice in Scotland, a man of pre-eminent talents and virtues, and who as a judge, a scholar, a christian, and a citizen, excelled in the respective duties and attributes of these characters, and at his death was "praised, wept and honoured" by every friend to wisdom and goodness.

This amiable and learned man was born at Edinburgh, October 28, N. S. 1726, of an illustrious family, and received his early education at Eton School, from whence he went to the University of Utrecht, where he remained until after the rebellion in 1746. He was called to the bar at Edinburgh, Feb. 23, 1748, was appointed one of the judges of the court of Session, March 6, 1766, and in May 1776, one of the lords commissioners of justiciary, by the title of Lord HAILES, the name by which he is generally known among the learned in Europe. He was not only conspicuous as an able and upright judge, and a sound lawyer, but was also

eminent as a profound and accurate scholar: he was minutely versed in classical learning, the belles lettres, and, what is seldom joined with these, in historical antiquities, particularly in those relating to his own country, to the study of which he was led by his profession. Indefatigable in the prosecution of these branches, his time was devoted to the promotion of useful learning, piety, and virtue. In all his works, which are very numerous*, he discovers uncommon accuracy, taste, and research. His most celebrated work is "The Annals of Scotland." He was also one of those who repelled GIBBON's attack on christianity, by "An Inquiry into the Secondary Causes which Mr. GIBBON has assigned for the rapid Progress of Christianity, 4to. 1786." To the Gentleman's Magazine, the Biographia Britannica, and to every literary publication of eminence, he was an useful contributor, and assisted most of the eminent scholars and historians of the time in their researches. His knowledge of literary history was very extensive, and was imparted with a frankness which enhanced the value of the favour. He was for some years the correspondent of Dr. JOHNSON, to whose inspection he submitted much of his "Annals" in manuscript. He had early formed a high opinion of the author of the RAMBLER, and considered him as one of the best moral writers England had produced. JOHNSON, praised him as "a man of worth, a

* The only complete list of these I have seen is in the *European Magazine* for September 1793.

scholar, and a wit." His minute accuracy, and acuteness in detecting error, were in unison with JOHNSON's love of truth. "The exactness of his dates," said he on one occasion, "raises my wonder. He seems to have the closeness of HENAULT, without his constraint," and this opinion he takes a pleasure in repeating in a subsequent letter to Mr. BOSWELL; "Be so kind as to return Lord HAILES my most respectful thanks for his first volume: his accuracy strikes me with wonder; his narrative is far superior to that of HENAULT, as I have formerly mentioned."—"Lord HAILES's Annals of Scotland have not that pointed form which is the taste of this age; but it is a book which will always sell, it has such a stability of dates, such a certainty of facts, and such a punctuality of citation. I never before read Scotch history with certainty*."

Lest this notice of Lord HAILES should seem disproportioned to his share in the WORLD, it must be added that in advanced life, he contributed to the MIRROR, the letter signed *Adrius* in No. 21, *Eutrapelus* in No. 46, *Ed. Umphraville* in No. 56, *Eutrapelus* in No. 62, and the whole of Nos. 75, 86, 97 and 98. In vivacity and point these papers appear to me to excel what he wrote in the WORLD.

* I am happy to find the excellence of Lord HAILES's character, which I was taught to revere from my earliest years, confirmed by an elegant eulogium in Lord WOODHOUSELEE's Life of Lord HAINES, lately published. I know not to what it is owing that Lord HAILES has not met with a biographer equally capable of doing justice to his various talents.

Lord HAILES's answer to GIBBON was the last work he sent from the press, except a few biographical sketches of eminent Scotchmen, designed as specimens of a *Biographia Scoticana*, a work for which he was admirably qualified by the extent and accuracy of his literary and biographical knowledge; but the infirmities of age were now increasing upon him, and put an end to his useful and virtuous life, Nov. 29, 1792.

No. 36, on the folly of mispending the summer in cards and drinking, and the allegory of prosperity and adversity, in No. 84, are said, in Mr. DODSLEY's list, to have been written by Mr. DUNCOMBE; but the allegory was written by WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, the poetical and miscellaneous writer, and brother-in-law of HUGHES, and the editor of his poems, who died in 1769. His son, the Rev. JOHN DUNCOMBE, of Canterbury, also a poetical and miscellaneous writer, was the author of No. 36. He died June 21, 1785. Very ample memoirs of the DUNCOMBES, father and son, are given in the last edition of the Biographia from materials furnished by Mr. NICHOLS. The Rev. JOHN DUNCOMBE was the author of some letters in the CONNOISSEUR, which will be noticed hereafter.

No. 38, in ridicule of an expensive taste in furniture, and No. 74, on the manner of passing the night in the vulgar and fashionable world, with an ode to night, were written by a Mr. PARRATT, the author of some poems in DODSLEY's collection, where he is called PARROTT.

An ingenious letter on female dress and painting, in No. 78, and another in No. 86, on the improvement to be derived from the study of flowers, were written by the Rev. THOMAS COLE, who was some time curate or assistant preacher at St. Paul's Covent Garden, and published in 1761 Six Discourses on Luxury, Infidelity, and Enthusiasm. He wrote also some poems in DODSLEY's collection, and in 1795 published, "The Life of Hubert, a narrative, descriptive, and didactic poem." He died June 7, 1796.

The remaining writers in the WORLD were single paper men, but some of them of considerable distinction in other departments of literary, or of public life.

No. 15, containing some strictures on the absurd novelties introduced in gardening, and a humourous description of *Squire Mushroom's* villa, was written by Mr. FRANCIS COVENTRYE, minister of the donative or curacy of Edgware, author of "Pompey the Little," *Penshurst*, and other poems in DODSLEY's collection. His Pompey is a slight composition, but contains some well-drawn characters, which once made part of a comedy which he shewed to GRAY, the celebrated poet. He died of the small-pox about the year 1759*.

No. 26 was the production of Mr. afterwards Dr. JOSEPH WARTON. † He had already be-

* NICHOLS's Anecdotes of Bowyer.

† See Pref. Hist. and Biog. to the ADVENTURER.

gan to write in the ADVENTURER, but his friendship for MOORE led him to send this paper.

In the letter from MOORE to Dr. WARTON, already quoted, he says, "I need not tell you how the *World* goes. I suppose you have heard from DODSLEY that he prints 2500 weekly. When will you have leisure, and when will you have inclination to lend me a little assistance? Or, in the school phrase, to lend me a little sense? I believe this is not the most elegant epistle that ever was written; but you will excuse it, I hope, when I tell you that I am writing in a corner of a room where there are two card-tables, and where there is as much noise as at the first night of a new play. But to my request. A critical paper or two will be of great service to me; for though I am in great reputation, I am rather more complimented for my manner than matter. With a little of your help I may be able to do great things."

The paper sent in consequence of this application contains many judicious observations on simplicity, but why a writer of his acknowledged taste should characterize gothic architecture by *meanness of manner* is wholly unaccountable.

In No. 32, criticism is treated with considerable humour as a species of disease, by the ingenious and worthy Mr. ROBERT DODSLEY, a man who has deservedly obtained a niche in the last edition of the Biographia. It was he who suggested the name WORLD for these

papers, and, what is yet more to his honour, he was the projector of Dr. JOHNSON's Dictionary, as well as of many other literary undertakings of considerable merit. DODSLEY had a large acquaintance, and was so much respected, that all his friends, whatever their rank, were happy to promote his schemes, not by recommendation only, but by active services.

No. 37 is introduced by the editor as a letter of "so much nature and simplicity," that rather than curtail it, he thought proper to add another half sheet to the paper, and it certainly merited this distinction. It is not only the longest, but in many respects one of the best papers in the collection. It exposes a too common species of barbarity, with a mixture of gaiety and feeling which is irresistible. It was written by the celebrated Sir CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, K. B. formerly the English minister at the courts of Berlin and St. Petersburgh, and is the only prose work that came from his pen. His poems, which are numerous, are more remarkable for ease and vivacity, than for delicacy or original genius; but a few only were published. Mr. COXE has done ample justice to his political character in his late splendid "Tour through Monmouthshire."

A very humourous letter on posts was written by Mr. WILLIAM HAYWARD ROBERTS, at that time a student of King's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded B. A. 1757, M. A. 1760, and S. T. P. 1773. At this last period he was one of the fellows of Eton College, and

on the death of Dr. BARNARD, he was appointed provost of that seminary, Dec. 1781. He was also Chaplain to his Majesty and Rector of Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire. He published a poetical Essay on the Existence of God, 1771, and in 1775 reprinted it with other poems, in an octavo volume. The same year appeared his "Judah Restored," a poem in six books, 2 vols. 12mo. His poetry indicates considerable powers, yet is most admired for its pious and moral strain. Although using rhyme in his lesser pieces, in his larger works he affected to disdain

> ——"that iron chain
> Forg'd by the hand of some rude Goth, which cramps
> Reluctant genius, and with many a fold
> Fast binds him to the ground*."

Dr. ROBERTS died at Eton, Dec. 5, 1791. In 1794 a posthumous work was published by his son, the Rev. W. ROBERTS, A. M. fellow of Eton College, entitled "Corrections of various Passages in the English Version of the Old Testament, upon the Authority of Ancient Manuscripts and Ancient Versions."

No. 83, on the manufactory of thunder and lightning, a paper which has more various and delicately concealed strokes of irony than almost any paper not of ADDISON'S composition, was written by Mr. WILLIAM WHITAKER, a serjeant at law, and a Welch judge, who is still

* *His poetical* epistle to ANSTY, author of the Bath Guide.

remembered by many as a man of a most facetious turn. He lived the latter part of his life at Chertsey. Of his public life, I only know that he stood candidate against Mr. WILKES at the memorable election for Middlesex in 1769, and received the suffrages of five persons.

No. 159, a proposal to erect an hoſpital for decayed actors, is assigned in Mr. DODSLEY's list to J. G. COOPER, Esq.; and No. 110, a letter on those persons who live "nobody knows how," is assigned to J. G. COOPER, jun.; but, if I am not misinformed, they were both written by JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq. the author of "The Life of Socrates," and "Letters on Taste." The former of these works is now little known, but the "Letters on Taste" were for a considerable time a popular book. He was from affectation, or sincerity one of the Shaftesbury school of philosophy; and the anecdote related by Dr. JOHNSON, and confirmed by the late Dr. GISBORNE, one of his Majesty's physicians, is an evidence how easily some kinds of philosophy pass into poetry:—"Mr. FITZHERBERT found him one morning, apparently, in such violent agitation, on account of the indisposition of his son, as to seem beyond the power of comfort. At length, however, he exclaimed, "I'll write an Elegy." Mr. FITZHERBERT being satisfied by this of the sincerity of his emotions, slyly said, "Had you not better take a post-chaise and go to see him?" He had before this exhibited a singular specimen

of sentimental grief, in a long Latin epitaph on his first son, who died the day after his birth. His poems have very considerable merit, particularly "The Epistles to Aristippus," and "The Father's Advice to his Son." This translation of GRESSET's "Ver Vert" is generally esteemed the best.

No. 131, on the happy state of the world, if every man filled the post for which he was qualified, was written by Mr. THOMAS MULSO, a brother of Mrs. CHAPONE. He published in 1768 "Calistus, or the Man of Fashion, and "Sophronius, or the Country Gentleman, in Dialogues," and died Feb. 7, 1799, aged 78.

No. 155, a humourous letter from a parish clerk, complaining of the inconvenience arising from false reports of deaths in the newspapers, is the production of Mr. JAMES RIDLEY, author of the "Tales of the Genii," the "History of James Lovegrove, Esq." of a periodical paper of much whim called "The SCHEMER," first printed in the London Chronicle, and since collected into a volume; and of some other literary performances. He was the eldest son of Dr. GLOSTER* RIDLEY, the biographer of his great ancestor Dr. NICOLAS RIDLEY, bishop of London, and martyr. Mr. JAMES RIDLEY died Feb. 24, 1765, aged 29. He was

* It is worthy of remark, says Mr. GRANGER, that Dr. RIDLEY derived his Christian name from his being born on board the Glocester Indiaman, as his mother was returning from the East Indies.

consequently only nineteen when he wrote this paper. Mr. DUNCOMBE has left a very honourable testimony to his character. "So generous a heart, such an intimate knowledge of the powers and workings of nature, so serious and earnest a desire to serve God and mankind, with a cheerful spirit and address in conveying his instructions, make his loss as great to the public as it was to his family and friends *."

No. 184 is a sketch of public and private vices, enlivened by ringing the changes on an expression made use of by Sir John Falstaff, that "it is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation." This construction of wit has been often since adopted to give smartness and currency to an acknowledged truth or maxim. It is perhaps what musicians would term a *rondeau* on a familiar and popular subject. The writer was a Mr. GATAKER, a surgeon of considerable eminence, and the author of some professional works, published between the years 1754 and 1761. He was surgeon to his Majesty's household at the time of his death Nov. 17, 1768.

Mr. HERRING, Rector of Great Mongeham, Kent, wrote No. 122, on the distresses of a physician without patronage. This gentleman died, at an advanced age, Sept. 22, 1802. Mr. MOYLE wrote No. 166, on false honour, and Mr. BURGESS, No. 198, an excellent paper on the difficulty of getting rid of one's-self. Of these

* DUNCOMBE's Letters, vol. ii. p. 293. note.

gentlemen, I have not been able to procure an information. The Ode to sculpture in No. 20 was written by JAMES SCOTT, D. D.

Forty-one of these papers were written b persons unknown to Mr. DODSLEY when h made out his list, or who desired that the names might be concealed. That of Lor CHESTERFIELD was long concealed under th mark of four stars, and his share was not gen rally known until the publication of his misce laneous works. But his papers are not include in the forty-one just mentioned, the authors which it is impossible now to discover. Son of them will certainly bear a comparison wit the best papers in the work, as No. 62, 63, 6 66. 135. 150. 175. 177. 190 and 208, but th rest seldom rise above mediocrity. It has ofte been asked why Lord LYTTELTON did n assist in a work which he so zealously patr nized. Some assistance might reasonably hav been expected from the author of the Persia Letters.

The WORLD was concluded by MOOR Dec. 3, 1756, No. 209, and Lord ORFORD, already noticed, added a "World Extraord nary." The second edition was printed in si volumes, with a dedication to each, and a ver few corrections and alterations. All the subs quent editions were contracted into four v lumes, and a list of the authors' names given the conclusion of the fourth. It has been fr quently reprinted, and will probably always *a favourite*, for its materials are not of a perish *able kind*. The manners of fashionable life a

t so mutable in their *principles*, as is com-
only supposed; and those who practise them
ay at least boast that they have stronger
umina than to yield to the attacks of wit or
orals.

Page xl.

These corrections suggested by Sir J. MARRIOTT are,

Vol. 28, p. 73, *r.* accessary—p. 74, l. 16, *for* every thing" *r.* " all his effects."

Vol. 29. p. 223.

After N. B. *r.* " As *the Genteel* is so necessary part of an elevated character.

Page 60, for L. T. *r.* I. T.

THE

WORLD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1753.

' dulcius est, bene quam munì tatenere
ı doctrina sapientum templa serena;
icere unde queas alios, passimque videre
re, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.
ıre ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
eis atque dies niti præstante labore
ummas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.

LUCRET.

ne village of Aronche, in the province of
ıdura (says an old Spanish author) lived
s de Castro, who from the age of twelve to
› was deaf, dumb, and blind. His cheerful
ion to so deplorable a misfortune, and the
me itself, so endeared him to the village, that
hip the holy Virgin, and to love and serve
s, were considered as duties of the same
nce; and to neglect the latter was to offend
ner.

happened one day, as he was sitting at his
ıd offering up his mental prayers to St. Jago,
e found himself, on a sudden, restored to
›rivileges he had lost. The news ran quickly
ı the village, and old and young, rich and

poor, the busy and the idle, thronged round him with congratulations.

'But as if the blessings of this life were only given us for afflictions, he began in a few weeks to lose the relish of his enjoyments, and to repine at the possession of those faculties, which served only to discover to him the follies and disorders of his neighbours, and to teach him that the intent of speech was too often to deceive.

'Though the inhabitants of Aronche were as honest as other villagers, yet Gonzales, who had formed his ideas of men and things from their natures and uses, grew offended at their manners. He saw the avarice of age, the prodigality of youth, the quarrels of brothers, the treachery of friends, the frauds of lovers, the insolence of the rich, the knavery of the poor, and the depravity of all. These, as he saw and heard, he spoke of with complaint; and endeavoured by the gentlest admonitions to excite men to goodness.'—

From this place the story is torn out to the last paragraph; which says, 'That he lived to a comfortless old age, despised and hated by his neighbours for pretending to be wiser and better than themselves; and that he breathed out his soul in these memorable words, that *He who would enjoy many friends, and live happy in the world, should be deaf, dumb, and blind to the follies and vices of it.*'

If candour, humility, and an earnest desire of instruction and amendment, were not the distinguishing characteristics of the present times, this simple story had silenced me as an author. But when every day's experience shews me, that our young gentlemen of fashion are lamenting at every tavern the frailties of their natures, and confessing to one another whose daughters they have ruined, and whose wives they have corrupted; not by way

of boasting, as some have ignorantly imagined, but to be reproved and amended by their penitential companions: when I observe too, from an almost-blameable degree of modesty, they accuse themselves of more vices than they have constitutions to commit; I am led by a kind of impulse to this work; which is intended to be a public repository for the real frailties of these young gentlemen, in order to relieve them from the necessity of such private confessions.

The present times are no less favourable to me in another very material circumstance. It was the opinion of our ancestors, that there are few things more difficult, or that required greater skill and address, than the speaking properly of one's self. But if by speaking properly be meant speaking successfully, the art is now as well known among us as that of printing or of making gunpowder.

Whoever is acquainted with the writings of those eminent practitioners in physick, who make their appearance either in hand-bills, or in the weekly or daily papers, will see clearly that there is a certain and invariable method of speaking of one's self to every body's satisfaction. I shall therefore introduce my own importance to the public, as near as I can, in the manner and words of those gentlemen; not doubting of the same credit, and the same advantages.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To be spoke with every Thursday *at Tully's head in Pall-mall,* ADAM FITZ-ADAM; *who after forty years travel through all the parts of the known and unknown world; after having investigated all sciences, acquired all languages, and entered into the deepest recesses of nature and the passions, is, at last, for the emolument and glory of his native country, returned to England; where he undertakes* to cure all the diseases

of the human mind. He cures lying, cheating, swearing, drinking, gaming, avarice, and ambition in the men; and envy, slander, coquetry, prudery, vanity, wantonness, and inconstancy in the women. He undertakes, by a safe, pleasant, and speedy method, to get husbands for young maids, and good-humour for old ones. He instructs wives, after the easiest and newest fashion, in the art of pleasing, and widows in the art of mourning. He gives common sense to philosophers, candour to disputants, modesty to critics, decency to men of fashion, and frugality to tradesmen. For further particulars inquire at the place above-mentioned, or of any of the kings and princes in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

N.B. *The doctor performs his operations by lenitives and alteratives; never applying corrosives, but when inveterate ill habits have rendered gentler methods ineffectual.*

Having thus satisfied the public of my amazing abilities, and having, no doubt, raised its curiosity to an extraordinary height, I shall descend, all at once, from my doctorial dignity, to address myself to my readers as the author of a weekly paper of amusement, called THE WORLD.

My design in this paper is to ridicule, with novelty and good-humour, the fashions, follies, vices, and absurdities of that part of the human species which calls itself the WORLD, and to trace it through all its business, pleasures, and amusements. But though my subjects will chiefly confine me to the town, I do not mean never to make excursions into the country; on the contrary, when the profits of these lucubrations have enabled me to set up a one-horse chair, I shall take frequent occasions of inviting my reader to a seat in it, and of driving him to scenes of pure air, tranquillity, and innocence, from *smoke*, hurry, and intrigue.

There are only two subjects which, as matters stand at present, I shall absolutely disclaim touching upon; and these are religion and politics. The former of them seems to be so universally practised, and the latter so generally understood, that to enforce the one, or to explain the other, would be to offend the whole body of my readers. To say truth, I have serious reasons for avoiding the first of these subjects. A weak advocate may ruin a good cause. And if religion can be defended by no better arguments than some I have lately seen in the public papers and magazines, the wisest way is to say nothing about it. In relation to politics, I shall only observe, that the minister is not yet so thoroughly acquainted with my abilities as to trust me with his secrets. The moment he throws aside his reserve, I shall throw aside mine, and make the public as wise as myself.

My readers will, I hope, excuse me, if hereafter they should find me very sparing of mottos to these essays. I know very well that a little Latin or Greek, to those who understand no language but English, is both satisfactory and entertaining. It gives an air of dignity to a paper, and is a convincing proof that the author is a person of profound learning and erudition. But in the opinion of those who are in the secret of such mottos, the custom is, as Shakspeare says, more honoured in the breach than the observance; a motto being generally chosen after the essay is written, and hardly ever having affinity to it through two pages together But the truth is, I have a stronger reason for declining this custom: it is, that the follies I intend frequently to treat of, and the characters I shall from time to time exhibit to my readers, will be such as the Greeks and Romans were entirely unacquainted with,

It may perhaps be expected, before I dismiss this paper, that I should take a little notice of my ingenious brother authors, who are obliging the public with their daily and periodical labours. With all these gentlemen I desire to live in peace, friendship, and good neighbourhood; or if any one of them shall think proper to declare war against me unprovoked, I hope he will not insist upon my taking farther notice of him, than only to say, as the old serjeant did to his ensign who was beating him, *I beseech your honour not to hurt yourself.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE WITS.

Whereas it is expected that the title of this paper will occasion certain quips, cranks, and conceits at the Bedford and other coffee-houses in this town: this is therefore to give notice, that the words, this is a sad world, a vain world, a dull world, a wretched world, a trifling world, an ignorant world, a damned world; or that I hate the world, am weary of the world, sick of the world, or phrases to the same effect, applied to this paper, shall be voted, by all that hear them to be without wit, humour, or pleasantry, and be treated accordingly.

No. 2. THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1753.

It is an observation of Lord Bacon, 'That the fame of Cicero, Seneca, and the younger Pliny, had scarce lasted to this day, or at least not so fresh, if it had not been joined with some vanity and boasting in themselves: for boasting (continues that great writer) seems to be like varnish, that not only makes wood shine, but last.'

How greatly are the moderns obliged to lord

Bacon for giving another reason for the success of the ancients, than superiority of merit! These gentlemen have taken care, it seems, to lay on their varnish so extremely thick, that common wood has been mistaken for ebony, and ebony for enamel.

But if the ancients owe all their reputation to their skill in varnishing, as no doubt they do, it appears very wonderful, that while the art remains, it should be so totally neglected by modern authors; especially when they experience every day, that for want of this covering, the critics, in the shape of worms, have eat into their wood, and crumbled it to powder.

But to treat this matter plainly, and without a figure; it is most certainly owing to the bashfulness of the moderns that their works are not held in higher estimation than those of the ancients. And this, I think, will be as apparent as any other truth, if we consider for a moment the nature and office of the people called critics. It is the nature of these people to be exceedingly dull; and it is their office to pronounce decisively upon the merit and demerit of all works whatsoever. Thus, chusing themselves into the said office, and happening to set out without taste, talents, or judgment, they have no way of guessing at the excellency of an author, but from what the said author has been graciously pleased to say of it himself: and as most of the moderns are afraid of communicating to the public all that passes in their hearts on that subject, the critics, mistaking their reserve for a confession of weakness, have pronounced sentence upon their works, that they are good for nothing. Nor is it matter of wonder that they proceed in this method: for by what rule of reason should a man expect the good word of another who has nothing to say in favour of himself?

To avoid therefore the censure of the critics, and

to engage their approbation, I take this early opportunity of assuring them that I have the pleasure of standing extremely high in my own opinion; and if I do not think proper to say with Horace,

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice,

or with Ovid,

Jamque opus incepi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

it is because I chuse to temper vanity with humility; having sometimes found that a man may be too arrogant, as well as too humble; though it must always be acknowledged that in affairs of enterprize, which require strength, genius, or activity, assurance will succeed where modesty will fail.

To set forth the utility of blending these two virtues, and to exemplify in a particular instance the superiority of assurance, as I began my first paper with a tale, I shall end this with a fable.

MODESTY, the daughter of Knowledge, and ASSURANCE, the offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the road; and as both had a long way to go, and had experienced, from former hardships, that they were alike unqualified to pursue their journey alone, they agreed, notwithstanding the opposition in their natures, to lay aside all animosities, and, for their mutual advantage, to travel together. It was in a country where there were no inns for entertainment; so that to their own address, and to the hospitality of the inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for provision and lodging.

ASSURANCE had never failed getting admittance to the houses of the great; but it had frequently been her misfortune to be turned out of doors, at a time when she was promising herself an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down to rest upon. MODESTY had been excluded from all such houses

and compelled to take shelter in the cottages of the poor; where, though she had leave to continue as long as she pleased, a truss of straw had been her usual bed, and roots or the coarsest provision her constant repast. But as both, by this accidental meeting, were become friends and fellow travellers, they entertained hopes of assisting each other, and of shortening the way by dividing the cares of it.

ASSURANCE, who was dressed lightly in a summer silk and short petticoats, and who had something commanding in her voice and presence, found the same easy access as before to the castles and palaces upon the way; while MODESTY, who followed her in a russet gown, speaking low, and casting her eyes upon the ground, was as usual pushed back by the porter at the gate, till introduced by her companion; whose fashionable appearance, and familiar address got admission for both.

And now, by the endeavours of each to support the other, their difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the favourites of all companies, and the parties of their pleasures, festivals, and amusements. The sallies of ASSURANCE were continually checked by the delicacy of MODESTY, and the blushes of MODESTY were frequently relieved by the vivacity of ASSURANCE; who, though she was sometimes detected at her old pranks, which always put her companion out of countenance, was yet so awed by her presence, as to stop short of offence.

Thus in the company of MODESTY, ASSURANCE gained that reception and esteem which she had vainly hoped for in her absence; while MODESTY, by means of her new acquaintance, kept the best company, feasted upon delicacies, and slept in the chambers of state. ASSURANCE, indeed, had in one particular the ascendancy over her companion; for if *any one asked* MODESTY whose daughter she

was, she blushed and made no answer; while ASSURANCE took the advantage of her silence, and imposed herself upon the world as the offspring of Knowledge.

In this manner did the travellers pursue their journey; ASSURANCE taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologizing for the rusticity of her companion; while MODESTY went foremost through the villages and hamlets, and excused the odd behaviour of ASSURANCE, by presenting her as a courtier.

It happened one day, after having measured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a hasty swell had washed away the bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the bank, casting their eyes upon the opposite shore, they saw at a little distance a magnificent castle, and a crowd of people inviting them to come over. ASSURANCE, who stopt at nothing, throwing aside the covering from her limbs, plunged almost naked into the stream, and swam safely to the other side. MODESTY, offended at the indecency of her companion, and diffident of her own strength, would have declined the danger; but being urged by ASSURANCE, and derided for her cowardice by the people on the other side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her depth, and oppressed by her fears, as well as entangled by her cloaths, which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and was driven by the current none knows whither. It is said, indeed, that she was afterwards taken up alive by a fisherman upon the English coast, and that shortly she will be brought to the metropolis, and shewn to the curious of both sexes with the *surprising* ORONUTO SAVAGE, and the *wonderful* PANTHER-MARE.

ASSURANCE, not in the least daunted, pursue

her journey alone; and though not altogether so successfully as with her companion, yet having learnt in particular companies, and upon particular occasions, to assume the air and manner of Modesty, she was received kindly at every house; and at last arriving at the end of her travels, she became a very great lady, and rose to be first maid of honour to the queen of the country.

No. 3. THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1753.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

If I had inclination and ability to do the cruelest thing upon earth to the man I hated, I would lay him under the necessity of borrowing money of a friend.

You are to know, sir, that I am curate of a parish within ten miles of town, at forty pounds per annum; that I am five-and-thirty years old, and that I have a wife and two children. My father, who was a clergyman of some note in the country, unfortunately died soon after I came from college, and left me master of seventeen hundred pounds. With this sum, which I thought a very great one, I came up to town, took lodgings in Leicester-Fields, put a narrow lace upon my frock, learnt to dance of Denoyer, bought my shoes of Tull, my sword of Becket, my hat of Wagner, and my snuff-box of Deard. In short, I entered into the spirit of taste, and was looked upon as a fashionable young fellow. I do not mean that I was really so, according to the town-acceptation of the term; for I had as great an aversion to infidelity, libertinism, gaming, and drunkenness, as the most unfashionable man alive. All

that my enemies, or, what is more, all that m
friends can say against me, is, that in my dress
rather imitated the coxcomb than the sloven; that
preferred good company to reading the fathers; tha
I liked a dinner at the tavern better than one at
private house; that I was oftener at the play than a
evening prayers; that I uſually went from the pla
to the tavern again; and that in five years time
spent every shilling of my fortune. They may als
add, if they please, as the climax of my follies, tha
when I was worth nothing myself, I married th
most amiable woman in the world, without a penn
to her fortune, only becauſe we loved each other t
distraction, and were miſerable asunder.

To the whole of this charge I plead guilty; an
have most heartily repented of every article of
except the last: I am, indeed, a little apprehensiv
that my wife is my predominant passion, and that
shall carry it with me to the grave.

I had contracted an intimacy at college with
young fellow, whose taste, age, and inclinations wer
exactly suited to my own. Nor did this intimac
end with our studies; we renewed it in town; an
as our fortunes were pretty equal, and both of
our own masters, we lodged in the same hous
dressed in the same manner, followed the same d
versions, spent all we had, and were ruined togethe
My friend, whose genius was more enterprizing tha
mine, steered his course to the West Indies, while
entered into holy orders at home, and was ordain
to the curacy above-mentioned.

At the end of two years I married, as I told y
before; and being a wit as well as a parson, I made
shift by pamphlets, poems, sermons, and surplice fe
to increase my income to about a hundred a year.

I think I shall pay a compliment to my wife
œconomy, when I assure you, that notwithstandi

the narrowness of our fortune, we did not run out above ten pounds a year: for if it be considered that we had both been used to company and good living; that the largest part of our income was precarious, and consequently if we starved ourselves we were not sure of laying up; that as an author I was vain, and as a parson ambitious; always imagining that my wit would introduce me to the minister, or my orthodoxy to the bishop; and exclusive of these circumstances, if it be also considered that we were generous in our natures, and charitable to the poor, it will be rather a wonder that we spent so little.

It is now five years and a quarter since our marriage; in all which time I have been running in debt without a possibility of helping it. Last Christmas I took a survey of my circumstances, and had the mortification to find that I was fifty-one pounds fifteen shillings worse than nothing. The uneasiness I felt upon this discovery determined me to sit down and write a tragedy. I soon found a fable to my mind, and was making a considerable progress in the work, when I received intelligence that my old friend and companion was just returned from Jamaica, where he had married a planter's widow of immense fortune, buried her, and farmed out the estate she had left him for two thousand pounds a year upon the exchange of London.

I rejoiced heartily at this news, and took the first opportunity of paying my congratulations upon so happy an occasion. As I was dressed for this visit in very clean canonicals, my friend, who, possibly, had connected the idea of a good living with a good cassock, received me with the utmost complaisance and good-humour; and after having testified his joy at seeing me, desired to be informed of my fortune and preferment. I gave him a particular account of all that *had happened* to me since our separation;

and concluded with a very blunt request, t would lend me fifty guineas to pay my debt and to make me the happiest curate within t of mortality.

As there was something curious in my frie swer to this request, I shall give it to you w word, as near as I can remember it; marki whole speech in italics, that my own intern may not be mistaken.

Fifty guineas! And so you have run yourself fifty-two pounds ten shillings! Within a very tri *Ay, ay, I mean so. Fifty guineas is the sum yo and perhaps you would think it hard if I refuse ing it.* I should indeed. *I knew you would me see* (going to the escritoire). *Can you ch a hundred pound note?* Who I, sir? You surpr *Here, John!* (enters John) *get change for a pound note: I want to lend this gentleman some —Or—no, no; I shan't want you* (Exit Joh *believe I have forty guineas in my pocket. Y get the other ten somewhere else. One, two, Ay, there are just forty guineas. And pray, si do you intend to pay me?* I had rather be e sir, from taking any; I did not expect to be tified. *Extravagance, sir, is the sure road t fication. I must deal plainly with you. He th his money has a right to deal plainly. You be world with about two thousand pounds in your* Seventeen hundred, sir. *And these seventeen pounds, I think, lasted you about five years.* sir. *Five times three are fifteen. Ay, you live rate of about three hundred and fifty pounds After this, as you tell me yourself, you turned and because forty pounds a year was an immen you very prudently fell in love and married a Do you think, sir, that if I had intended to m beggar, I should have spent my fortune as I di

sir; I married a woman of fortune, great fortune; and so might you—What hindered you? But I say nothing against your wife. I hope you are both heartily sorry that you ever saw one another's faces. Are your children boys or girls? Girls, sir. *And I suppose I am to portion them? But I must tell you once for all, sir, that this is the last sum you must expect from Me. I have proportioned my expences to my estate, and will not be made uneasy by the extravagance of any man living. I have two thousand a year, and I spend two thousand. If you have but forty, I see no occasion for your spending more than forty. I have a sincere regard for you, and I think my actions have proved it; but a gentleman, who knows you very well, told me yesterday, that you were an expensive, thoughtless, extravagant young fellow.*

I know not to what length my friend would have extended his harangue; but as I had already heard enough, I laid the forty guineas upon the table, and, like lady Townly in the play, taking a great gulp, and swallowing a wrong word or two, left the room without speaking a syllable.

I have now laid aside my tragedy, and am writing a comedy, called, The FRIEND. I do not know that I have wit enough for such a performance; but if it be damned, it is no more than the author (though a parson) will consent to be, if ever he makes a second attempt to borrow money of a friend.

Your taking proper notice of this letter will oblige

Your humble servant and admirer,

T. H.

To gratify my correspondent, I have published his letter in the manner I received it. But I must entreat the next time I have the favour of hearing from him, that he will contrive to be a little more new in his *subject*: for I am fully persuaded, that

ninety-nine out of every hundred, as well clergy laity, who have borrowed money of their frien have been treated exactly in the same manner.

No. 4. THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1753.

To the entertainment of my fair readers, and recommend to them an old-fashioned virtue, call prudence, I shall devote this and a following pap If the story I am going to tell them should deser their approbation, they are to thank the husba and wife from whom I had it; and who are desiro this day, of being the readers of their own adve tures.

An eminent merchant in the city, whose re name I shall conceal under that of Wilson, w married to a lady of considerable fortune and mo merit. They lived happily together for some yea with nothing to disturb them but the want of ch dren. The husband, who saw himself richer eve day, grew impatient for an heir; and as time rath lessened than increased the hopes of one, he beca by degrees indifferent, and at last averse to his wi This change in his affection was the heaviest affli tion to her; yet so gentle was her disposition, th she reproached him only with her tears; and seldo with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage mo her unable to restrain them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophe that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away p from the heart of a husband. Mr. Wilson will p don me if I rank him, at that time, among th philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in t country, at a small distance from town, whither usually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he cal *it*) the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she pssed away a twelvemonth; seldom seeing him but when business required his attendance at home, and never sleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he saw her oftener, and began to speak to her with tenderness and compassion.

One morning, after he had taken an obliging leave of her, to pass the day at his country lodging, she paid a visit to a friend at the other end of the town; and stopping in her way home at a thread-shop in a bye-street near St. James's, she saw Mr. Wilson crossing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel house over against her, which was opened by a servant in livery, and immediately shut, without a word being spoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had an acquaintance in that street, a little alarmed her, she inquired of the shop-woman if she knew the gentleman who lived in the opposite house. 'You have just seen him go in, madam,' replied the woman. 'His name is Roberts, and a mighty good gentleman, they say, he is. His lady'——At those words Mrs. Wilson changed colour, and interrupting her—— 'His lady, madam!——I thought that——Will you give me a glass of water? This walk has so tired me——Pray give me a glass of water——I am quite faint with fatigue.' The good woman of the shop ran herself for the water, and by the additional help of some hartshorn that was at hand, Mrs. Wilson became, in appearance, tolerably composed. She then looked over the threads she wanted, and having desired a coach might be sent for, 'I believe,' said she, 'you were quite frightened to see me look so pale; but I had walked a great way, and should certainly have fainted if I had not stepped into your shop.—But you were

talking of the gentleman over the way— I fancie
I knew him; but his name is Roberts, you sa
Is he a married man, pray?' 'The happiest in th
world, madam (returned the thread-woman) he
wonderfully fond of children, and to his great jo
his lady is now lying-in of her first child, which
to be christened this evening; and as fine a bo
they say it is, as ever was seen.' At this moment
and as good fortune would have it, for the saving
second dose of hartshorn, the coach that was sen
for came to the door: into which Mrs. Wilson im
mediately stept, after hesitating an apology for th
trouble she had given; and in which coach we sha
leave her to return home, in an agony of gri
which herself has told me she was never able to d
scribe.

The readers of this little history have been in
formed that Mr. Wilson had a country lodging, t
which he was supposed to retire almost every even
ing since his disagreement with his wife; but in fac
it was to his house near St. James's that he con
stantly went. He had indeed hired the lodging
above-mentioned, but from another motive tha
merely to shun his wife. The occasion was this:

As he was sauntering one day through the bird
cage walk in the park, he saw a young woman sittin
alone upon one of the benches, who, though plainly
was neatly dressed, and whose air and manner dis
tinguished her from the lower class of women. H
drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw
in her countenance, which innocence and beauty
adorned, the most composed melancholy that ca
be imagined. He stood looking at her for some
time; which she at last perceiving, started from he
seat in some confusion, and endeavoured to avoi
him. The fear of losing her gave him courage t
speak to her. He begged pardon for disturbing he

and excused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is observed by a very wise author whose name and book I forget, that a woman's heart is never so brim-full of affliction, but a little flattery will insinuate itself into a corner of it; and as Wilson was a handsome fellow, with an easy address, the lady was soon persuaded to replace herself upon the bench, and to admit him at her side. Wilson, who was really heart-struck, made her a thousand protestations of esteem and friendship; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or services could contribute to her happiness, and vowing never to leave her, till she made him acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued; and after a deep sigh and a stream of tears, the lady began thus:

'If, sir, you are the gentleman your appearance speaks you to be, I shall thank Heaven that I have found you. I am the unfortunate widow of an officer who was killed at Dettingen. As he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother's consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me, as he is gone for ever from me, I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to England (for I was the constant follower of his fortunes) I obtained, with some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern's widow, and took lodgings at Chelsea.

'In this retirement I wrote to my mother, acquainting her with my loss and poverty, and desiring her forgiveness for my disobedience; but the cruel answer I received from her determined me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

'I lived upon this slender allowance with all *imaginable thrift*, till an old officer, a friend of

my husband, discovered me at church, and ma me a visit. To this gentleman's bounty I ha long been indebted for an annuity of twenty poun in quarterly payments. As he was punctual in th payments, which were always made me the morni they became due, and yesterday being quarter-d I wondered I neither saw him nor heard from hi Early this morning I walked from Chelsea to quire for him at his lodgings in Pall-mall; but h shall I tell you, sir, the news I learnt there?—T friend! this generous and disinterested friend! w killed yesterday in a duel in Hyde-park.' She st here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and th proceeded. 'I was so stunned at this intelligen that I knew not whither to go. Chance m than choice brought me to this place; where i have found a benefactor—and indeed, sir, I ha need of one—I shall call it the happiest accident my life.'

The widow ended her story, which was litera true, in so engaging and interesting a manner th Wilson was gone an age in love in a few minut He thanked her for the confidence she had pla in him, and swore never to desert her. He th requested the honour of attending her home, which she readily consented, walking with him Buckingham-gate, where a coach was called, whi conveyed them to Chelsea. Wilson dined with h that day, and took lodgings in the same house, cu ing himself Roberts, and a single man. These w the lodgings I have mentioned before; where, unbounded generosity and constant assiduities, triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this f widow.

I shall stop a moment here, to caution those v *tuous* widows who are my readers, against too ha *a dislielief of* this event. If they please to consi

the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow that in a world near six thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to go on with my story.

The effects of this intimacy were soon visible in the lady's shape; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Wilson. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the house near St. James's, where Mrs. Wilson had seen him enter, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay-in.

No. 5. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1753.

[*Conclusion of the Story of* Mrs. Wilson.]

I RETURN now to Mrs. Wilson, whom we left in a hackney-coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy. It was happy for her that her constitution was good, and her resolution equal to it; for she has often told me that she passed the night of that day in a condition little better than madness.

In the morning her husband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and finding that business would detain him in the city for some hours, she determined, whatever distress it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to his mistress, and to wait there till she saw him. For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called, and in her handsomest undress,

and with the most composed countenance, she drove directly to the house. She inquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being answered no, but that he dined at home, she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company; adding, that as she came a great way, and had business with Mr. Roberts, she should be glad to wait for him in his lady's appartment. The servant ran immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned with a message from his mistress, that she would be glad to see her.

Mrs. Wilson confesses that at this moment, notwithstanding the resolution she had taken, her spirits totally forsook her, and that she followed the servant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering on what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herself into a chair, from which she instantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole house was alarmed upon this occasion, and every one busied in assisting the stranger; but most of all the mistress, who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who, perhaps, had other thoughts to disturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was; but seeing herself supported by her rival, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who, in the tenderest distress was inquiring how she did, she felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now that she exerted all the courage she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her

(when the servants were withdrawn) to begin as follows.

'I am indeed, madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are a lovely woman, and deserve to be happy in the best of husbands. I have a husband too; but his affections are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr. Roberts, though unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit; and not finding him at home, I begged admittance to his lady, whom I longed to see and to converse with.' 'Me, madam!' answered Mrs. Roberts, with some emotion, 'had you heard any thing of me?' 'That you were such as I have found you, madam,' replied the stranger, and had made Mr. Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I see him, madam? I shall love him for his father's sake.' 'His father, madam! returned the mistress of the house, his father, did you say? I am mistaken then; I thought you had been a stranger to him.' 'To his person, I own, said Mrs. Wilson, but not to his character; and therefore I shall be fond of the little creature. If it is not too much trouble, madam, I beg to be obliged.'

The importunity of this request, the fainting at first, and the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the most alarming fears. She had, however, the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch without witnesses the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs. Wilson took it in her arms, and bursting into tears, said, 'Tis a sweet boy, madam; would I had such a boy! Had he been mine, I had been happy!' With these words, and in an agony of grief and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child, and returned it to its mother.

It was happy for that lady that she had an excuse to leave the room. She had seen and heard what made her shudder for herself; and it was not till some minutes, after having delivered the infant to its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both seated themselves again, and a melancholy silence followed for some time. At last Mrs. Roberts began thus.

'You are unhappy, madam, that you have no child; I pray heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I conjure you, by the goodness that appears in you, to acquaint me with your story. Perhaps it concerns Me; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it does. But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live or die, I will be just to you.'

Mrs. Wilson was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her husband into the room, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his mistress with the utmost cheerfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to a spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once rivetted to his, which so increased his confusion, that Mrs. Wilson, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as follows: 'I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprised at seeing a perfect stranger in your house; but my business is with the master of it; and if you will oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will add to the civilities which your lady has entertained me with.'

Wilson, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return; and, quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered into this parlour, than

the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in these words.

'How I have discovered your secret, or how the discovery has tormented me, I need not tell you. It is enough for you to know that I am miserable for ever. My business with you is short; I have only a question to ask, and to take a final leave of you in this world. Tell me truly then, as you shall answer it hereafter, if you have seduced this lady under false appearances, or have fallen into guilt by the temptations of a wanton?' 'I shall answer you presently,' said Wilson; 'but first I have a question for you. Am I discovered to her? And does she know it is my wife I am now speaking to?' 'No, upon my honour,' she replied; 'her looks were so amiable, and her behaviour to me so gentle, that I had no heart to distress her. If she has guessed at what I am, it was only from the concern she saw me in, which I could not hide from her.' You have acted nobly then, returned Wilson, and have opened my eyes at last to see and to admire you. And now, if you have patience to hear me, you shall know all.

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened, to receive him as a husband. ——— 'She must consent,' cried Mrs. Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; 'she must consent. You are her husband, and may command it. For me, madam,' continued she, turning to Mrs. Wilson, 'he shall never see me more. I have injured you through ignorance, but will attone *for it to* the utmost. He is your hus-

band, madam, and you must receive him. I have listened to what has passed, and am now here to join my entreaties with his, that you may be happy for ever.'

To relate all that was said upon this occasion would be to extend my story to another paper. Wilson was all submission and acknowledgment; the wife cried and doubted, and the widow vowed an eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for, and her child, at the requeſt of Mrs. Wilson, taken home to her own house; where at the end of a year she was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present him with a sister, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and, two years after, was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his firſt proposals to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and is now with his sister upon one of these visits. Mr. Wilson is perfectly happy in his wife, and has sent me, in his own hand, this moral to his story;

'That though prudence and generosity may not always be sufficient to hold the heart of a husband, yet a conſtant perseverance in them will, one time or other, most certainly regain it.'

No. 6. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1753.

Totum mundum agit histrio.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

As you have chosen the whole world for your province, one may reasonably suppose, that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the theatre. Most of your predecessors have bestowed their favourite pains upon it: the learned and the critics (generally two very distinct denominations of men) have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern stage. I shall not undertake to decide a question which seems to me so impossible to be determined, as which have most merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read; or such as we every day see acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and customs. The only preference that I shall pretend to give to the modern stage over Greece and Rome, relates to the subject of the present letter: I mean the daily progress we make towards nature. This will startle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether Juliet's nurse be a more natural gossip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the representation of either persons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to those excellent exhibitions of the animal or inanimate part of the creation, which are furnished by the worthy philosophers Rich and Garrick; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor; and having *perceived that* art was become so perfect

that it was necessary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a cascade of real water.

I know there are persons of a systematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element, but merely because they are pleased with the novelty of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you that the town is charmed with a genuine cascade upon the stage, and was in raptures last year with one of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice: the world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never sated with show, is sick of fiction. I foresee the time approaching, when delusion will not be suffered in any part of the drama: the inimitable Serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous Ostrich in the Sorcerer, shall be replaced by real monsters from Afric. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly escaped being damned, on my lady Maxim's observing very judiciously, *that the brick-kiln was horridly executed, and did not smell at all like one.*

When this entire castigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do justice to one of the first reformers of the stage, Mr. Cibber, who attempted to introduce a taste for real nature in his Cæsar in Egypt, and treated the audience with real—not swans indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very personable geese. The inventor, like other original geniuses, was treated ill by a barbarous age: yet I can venture to affirm, that a stricter adherence to reality would have saved even those times from being shocked by absurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myself remember, how, much about that æra, the great Senesino, representing Alexander at the siege of Oxydracæ, so far forgot himself in the *heat of* conquest, as to stick his sword in one of the

pasteboard stones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach; a puerility so renowned a general could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and stone.

Will you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another passage that happened in his youth, and to the same excellent performer? He was stepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading short (as he was more attentive to the accompanyment of the orchestra than to the breadth of the shore) he fell prostrate, and lay for some time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his side. In the present state of things, the worst that could have happened to him, would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, especially in the sight of a British audience!

If you will allow me to wander a little from the stage, I shall observe that this pursuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one should least expect to meet it, in our fashions. The fair part of the creation are shedding all covering of the head, displaying their unveiled charming tresses, and if I may say so, are daily moulting the rest of their clothes. What lovely fall of shoulders, what ivory necks, what snowy breasts in all the pride of nature, are continually divested of art and ornament?

In gardening, the same love of nature prevails. Clipt hedges, avenues, regular platforms, strait canals have been for some time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to *make it as formal as his cravat.* Kent, the friend

of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation; but like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinsel and trumpery, with the true zeal of a founder of a sect, he pushed his discipline to the deformity of holiness; not content with banishing symmetry and regularity, he imitated nature even in her blemishes, and planted dead trees and mole-hills, in opposition to parterres and quincunxes.

The last branch of our fashions into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts; a subject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this paper, as I see them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plumbs and creams have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon-china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees whole meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the whole table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or seas of silver tissue; and at length the whole system of Ovid's metamorphosis succeeded to all the transformations which Chloe and other great professors had introduced into the science of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toymen and china-shops were the only fashionable purveyors of the last stage of polite entertainments. Women of the first quality came home from Chenevix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their housekeeper. At last even these puerile puppet-shows are *sinking* into disuse, and more manly ways of *concluding* our repasts are established. Gigantic figure-

succeeded to pigmies. And if the present taste continues, Rysbrack and other neglected statuaries, who might have adorned Grecian saloons, though not Grecian desserts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated confectioner (so the architects of our desserts still humbly call themselves) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée: '*Imaginez vous*, said he, *que mi lord n'a pas voulu faire oter le plafond!*'

I shall mention but two instances of glorious magnificence and taste in desserts, in which foreigners have surpassed every thing yet performed in this sumptuous island. The former was a duke of Wirtenberg, who so long ago as the year thirty-four, gave a dessert, in which was a representation of mount Ætna, which vomited out real fire-works over the heads of the company, during the whole entertainment. The other was the intendant of Gascony, who, on the late birth of the duke of Burgundy, among other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moving by clock-work, of the whole labour of the Dauphiness, and the happy birth of an heir to their monarchy.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
JULIO.

No. 7. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1753.

THERE are certain follies and impertinences, *which people of good* sense and good nature are

every day guilty of, and which are only considered by them as things of course, and of too little consequence for palliation or apology.

Whoever is a frequenter of public assemblies, or joins in a party at cards in private families, will give evidence to the truth of this complaint. I am, for my own part, a lover of the game of Whist, and should oftener be seen in those places where it is played for trifles, if I was not offended at the manners of my friends. How common is it with some people, at the conclusion of every unsuccessful hand of cards, to burst forth into sallies of fretful complaints of their own amazing ill-fortune, and the constant and invariable success of their antagonists! They have such excellent memories as to be able to recount every game they have lost for six months successively, and yet are so extremely forgetful at the same time, as not to recollect a single game that they have won. Or if you put them in mind of any extraordinary success that you have been witness to, they acknowledge it with reluctance, and assure you upon their honours, that in a whole twelvemonth's play, they never rose winners but that once.

But if these GROWLERS (a name which I shall always call the men of this class by) would content themselves with giving repeated histories of their own ill-fortunes, without making invidious remarks upon the successes of others, the evil would not be so great. Indeed, I am apt to impute it to their fears, that they stop short of the grossest affronts; for I have seen in their faces such rancour and inveteracy, that nothing but a lively apprehension of consequences could have restrained their tongues.

Happy would it be for the ladies if they had the same consequences to apprehend; for, I am sorry to say it, I have met with females—I will not be

GROWLERS: the word is too harsh for them; let me call them FRETTERS, who with the prettiest faces, and the liveliest wit imaginable, have condescended to be the jest and disturbance of the whole company.

In fashionable life, indeed, where every one is acting behind the mask of good breeding, and where nature is never seen to peep out but upon very extraordinary occasions, frequent convulsions of the features, flushings succeeded by paleness, twistings of the body, fits of the fidgets, and complaints of immoderate heat, are the only symptoms of ill-fortune. But if we travel eastward from St. James's, and visit the territories of my good lord-mayor, we shall see nature stript of her masquerade, and hear gentlemen and ladies speaking the language of the heart.

For the entertainment of polite life, and because polite life is sometimes a little in want of entertainment, I shall set down a conversation that passed a few nights ago, at an Assemblée in Thames-street; between two FRETTERS at a Whist-table; one of which had a beautiful daughter of eighteen years of age, leaning upon her mother's chair.

'Five trumps, two honours, and lose four by cards? But I believe, madam, you never lost a game in the whole course of your life.'

'Now and then, madam.'

'Not in the memory of your daughter, I believe: and miss is not so extremely young neither. Clubs are trumps—Well! if ever I play again!——You are three by cards, madam—'

'And two by honours. I had them in my own hand.'

'I beg your pardon, madam; I had really forgot whose deal it was. But I thought the cloven-footed gentleman had left off teaching. Pray, mar

dam, will he expect more than one's soul for half a dozen lessons?'

'You are pleased to be severe, madam; but you know I am not easily put out of temper. What's the trump?'

I was extremely pleased with the cool behaviour of this lady, and could not help whispering to her daughter, 'You have a sweet-tempered mamma, miss. How happy would it be if every lady of her acquaintance was so amiably disposed!' I observed that miss blushed and looked down; but I was ignorant of the reason, till all at once her mamma's good fortune changed, and her adversary, by holding the four honours in her own hand, and by the assistance of her partner, won the game at a deal.

'And now, madam,' cried the patient lady, 'is it you or I who have bargained with the devil? I declare it upon my honour, I never won a game against you in my life. Indeed, I should wonder if I had, unless there had been a curtain between you and your partner. But one has a fine time on't indeed! to be always losing, and yet always to be baited for winning; I defy any one to say, that I ever rose a winner in my born days. There was last summer at Tunbridge! Did any human creature see me so much as win a game? And ask Mr. A, and Sir Richard B, and dean C, and lord and lady D, and all the company at Bath this winter, if I did not lose two or three guineas every night at half-crown Whist, for two months together. But I did not fret and talk of the devil, madam; no, madam; nor did I trouble the company with my losings, nor play the after-game, nor say provoking things ——No, madam; I leave such behaviour to ladies that——'

'Lord! my dear, how you heat yourself! You

are absolutely in a passion. Come, let us cut for partners.'

Which they immediately did; and happening to get together, and to win the next game, they were the best company, and the civileſt people I ever saw.

Many of my readers may be too ready to conceive an ill opinion of these ladies; but I have the pleasure of assuring them, from undoubted authority, that they are in all other respects very excellent people, and so remarkable for patience and good-humour, that one of them has been known to lose her husband, and both of them their reputations, without the least emotion or concern.

To be serious on this occasion; I have many acquaintance of both sexes, who, though really good-natured and worthy people, are violating every day the laws of decency and politeness by these outrageous sallies of petulance and impertinence.

I know of no other reason for a man's troubling his friends with the history of his misfortunes, but either to receive comfort from their pity, or advantage from their charity. If the GROWLER will tell me that he reaps either of these benefits by disturbing all about him; if he will assure me of his having raised compassion in a single breast, or that he has once induced his adversary to change hands with him out of charity, I shall allow that he acts upon principles of prudence, and that he is not a most teazing, ridiculous, and contemptible animal.

I would not be underſtood to hint at gaming in this paper. I am glad to find that destructive passion attacked from the stage, and wish success to the attempt. Nor do I condemn the custom of playing at cards for small sums, in those whose tempers and circumſtances are unhurt by what they lose. On the contrary, I look upon cards as an innocent and

useful amusement; calculated to interrupt the fo mal conversations and private cabals of large con panies, and to give a man something to do who h nothing to say. My design at present is to signi to these GROWLERS and FRETTERS, that they a public as well as private nuisances; and to cautic all quiet and civilized persons against cutting in wi them at the same tables, or replying to their con plaints but by a laugh of contempt.

I shall conclude this paper with acquainting m readers, that, in imitation of the great Mr. Hoyle, am preparing a book for the press, entitled Rules BEHAVIOUR for the game of Whist; shewing, throug an almost-infinite variety of good and bad hands, i what degree the muscles of the face are to be con tracted or extended; and how often a lady may b permitted to change colour, or a gentleman to bit his lips, in the course of the game. To which wil be added, for the benefit of all cool and dispassionat players, an exact calculation of the odds against GROWLERS and FRETTERS.

No. 8. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1753.

Date obolum Belisario.

A PHILOSOPHER, as I am, who contemplates the world with serious reflection, will be struck with nothing in it more than its vicissitudes. If he has lived any time, he must have had ample opportunities of exercising his meditations on the vanity of all sublunary conditions. The changes of empires, the fall of ministers, the exaltation of obscure persons, and the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the first passages in history

which made an impression upon me in my youth was the fate of Dionysius, who, from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach school at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cause of his ruin (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppression, and to be taught to know one's self) I could not help feeling that sort of superstitious pity which always attends royalty in distress. Who ever perused the stories of Edward the second, Richard the second, or Charles the first, but forgot their excesses, and sighed for their catastrophe? In this free-spirited island there are not more hands ready to punish tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common case: we are Romans in resisting oppression, very women in lamenting oppressors!

If (and I think it cannot be contested) there is generosity in these sensations, ought we not doubly to feel such emotions, in cases where regal virtue is become the sport of fortune? This island ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majesty, as it has been the scourge of offending majesty. And while every throne of arbitrary power is an asylum for the martyrs of so bad a cause, Britain ought to shelter such princes as have been victims for liberty—whenever so great a curiosity is seen, as a prince contending on the honest side.

How must I blush then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch! now actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the common prisons of this city! A monarch, whose courage raised him to a throne, not by a succession of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free! This prince is THEODORE, king of Corsica! A man, whose claim to royalty is as indisputable, as the most ancient

titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his subjects; the only kind of title, allowed in the excellent Gothic constitutions, from whence we derive our own; the same kind of title, which endears the present Royal Family to Englishmen; and the only kind of title, against which, perhaps, no objection can lie

This prince (on whose history I shall not at present enlarge) after having bravely exposed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his subjects, miscarried, as Cato, and other patriot heroes did before him. For many years he struggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy or solicitation of succours could attempt, to recover his crown. At last, when he had discharged his duty to his subjects and himself, he chose this country for his retirement, not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious ease, but to enjoy the participation of those blessings, which he had so vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corsicans. Here for some months he bore with more philosophic dignity the loss of his crown than Charles the fifth, Casimir of Poland, or any of those visionaries, who wantonly resigned theirs, to partake the sluggish indolence, and at length the disquiets, of a cloister. THEODORE, though resigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy, which almost lifted our James the second to the supreme honour of monkish sainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his courtiers at St. Germain, he wished for a speedy peace between France and Great Britain, '*for then*, said he, *we shall get English horses easily.*'

The veracity of an historian obliges me not to disguise the situation of his Corsican majesty's revenue, which has reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King's-Bench; and so cruelly has fortune exercised her rigours upon him, that last session of

parliament he was examined before a committee of the house of commons, on the hardships to which the prisoners in that gaol had been subject. Yet let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites or mistresses. His diet was philosophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: yet his butcher, his landlady, and his taylor, could not continue to supply an establishment, which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no excises, no lotteries to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.

A nation so generous, so renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cause of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this distressed king, to grant him its protection and compassion. If political reasons forbid the open espousal of his cause, pity commands the assistance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at present that our gallant youths should offer themselves as volunteers in his service, nor do I expect to have a small fleet fitted out at the expence of particular persons to convey him and his hopes to Corsica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen, in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majesty to accept of such a supply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raising a free gift, a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age; nor would Asiatic monarchs have blushed to receive a tribute from genius and art. Let it be said, that the same humane and polite age raised a monument to *Shakspeare*, a fortune for Milton's

grand-daughter, and a subsidy for a captive king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute their parts. That incomparable actor who so exquisitely touches the passions and distresses of self-dethroned Lear (a play which from some similitude of circumstances, I should recommend for the benefit) will, I dare say, willingly exert his irresistible talents in behalf of fallen majesty, and be a competitor with Louis le grand for the fame which results from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's-Bench as renowned for Garrick's generosity to king THEODORE, as the Savoy is for Edward the third's treatment of king John of France.

In the meantime, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint my readers, that a subscription for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican majesty, is opened at Tully's head in Pall-mall, where all the Generous and the Fair are desired to pay in their contributions to Robert Dodsley, who is appointed high-treasurer and grand librarian of the island of Corsica for life —posts, which give me leave to say, Mr. Dodsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles.

A bookseller of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have been lord-treasurer to a king.

I am under some apprehensions that the intended subscription will not be so universal as for the honour of my country I wish it. I foresee that the partizans of indefeasible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed but small and inconsiderable: yet as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I shall recom-

mend one short argument to their consideration; I think I may say, to their conviction. Let them but consider, that though THEODORE had such a flaw (in their estimation) in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet as the Genoese had been the sovereigns of Corsica, these gentlemen of monarchic principles will be obliged, if they condemn king THEODORE's cause, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics which I leave to be solved by the disciples of the exploded sir Robert Filmer: at the same time declaring by my censorial authority all persons to be Jacobites, who neglect to bring in their free gift for the use of his majesty of Corsica: and I particularly charge and command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of king William, to see my orders duly executed; and I recommend to them to set an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch, whose cause I have espoused, and whose deliverance, I hope, I have not attempted in vain.

N. B. Two pieces of king THEODORE's coin, struck during his reign, are in the hands of the high treasurer aforesaid, and will be shewn by the proper officers of the exchequer of Corsica, during the time the subscription continues open at Tully's head abovementioned. They are very great curiosities, and not to be met with in the most celebrated collections of this kingdom.

No. 9. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1753.

'I AM that unfortunate man, madam,' was the saying of a gentleman, who stopt and made a low bow

to a lady in the park, as she was calling to he by the name of Cuckold.

What a deal of good might be expected these essays, if every man who should happ read his own character in them, would as ho acknowledge it as this gentleman! But it is th fortune of general satire, that few persons will it to themselves, while they have the comf thinking that it will fit others as well. It is fore, I am afraid, only furnishing bad peopl scandal against their neighbours: for every flatters himself that he has the art of playin fool or knave so very secretly, that, though h plainly how all else are employed, no mortal ca the cunning to find him out.

Thus a gentleman told me yesterday, 'Th was very glad to see a particular acquaintance exposed in the third number of the WORLD. parson who wrote that letter,' continued he, determined to speak plainly; for the charac my friend was so strongly marked, that it w possible to mistake it.' He then proceeded form me that he had read Seneca, by obse 'That there should be no mixture of severit reproof in the obligations we confer; on the trary, if there should be only occasion for the g admonition, it ought to be deferred to anothe son; for men, added he, are much more apt member injuries than benefits; and it is eno they forgive an obligation that has the nature offence.'

My reader may, possibly, be surprised, w tell him, that the man who could commit to m those maxims of Seneca, and who could rej see such a character exposed as the curate's in my third paper, is an old batchelor with an of three thousand pounds a year, and fifty the

in ready money; who never was known to lend a guinea in his life, without making the borrower more miserable by the benefit than he had been before by his wants. But it is the peculiar talent of this gentleman to wound himself by proxy, or (in the sportsman's phrase) to knock himself down by the recoiling of his own gun. I remember he told me some time ago, after having harangued very learnedly upon the detestable sin of avarice, 'That the common people of a certain county in England were the moſt covetous and brutal in the whole world. I will give you an instance,' says he. 'About three years ago, by a very odd accident, I fell into a well in that county, and was absolutely within a few minutes of perishing, before I could prevail on an unconscionable dog of a labourer, who happened to be within hearing of my cries, to help me out for half a crown. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon a crown for above a quarter of an hour; and I verily believe he would not have abated me a single farthing, if he had not seen me at the laſt gasp, and determined to die rather than submit to his extortion.'

But to return to my subject. If there are objections to general satire, something may also be said against personal abuse; which, though it is a kind of writing that requires a smaller portion of parts, and is sure of having almost as many admirers as readers, is nevertheless subject to great difficulties; it being absolutely necessary, that the author who undertakes it should have no feeling of certain evils, common to humanity, which are known by the names of pain and shame. In other words, he must be insensible to a good kicking, and have no memory of it afterwards. Now though a great many authors have found it an easy matter to arrive at this excellence, with me the task would be

attended with great labour and difficulty; as it my misfortune to have contracted, either by the pr judice of education, or by some other means, an i vincible aversion to pain and dishonour. I am ver sensible that I may hurt myself as a writer by th confession; but it was never any pleasure of mine raise expectations with a design to disappoint then and though it should lose me the major part of m readers, I hereby declare, that I never will indul them with any personal abuse; nor will I so muc as attack any of those fine gentlemen, or fine ladie who have the honour of being single in any o character, be it ever so ridiculous.

But if I had every requisite for this kind of wri ing, there are certain people in town, whom it wou be ingratitude in me to attack. The masters both the theatres are my good friends; for whic reason I forbear to say, that half the comedies their catalogue ought to be damned for wickedne and indecency. But I not only keep this to myse but have also been at great trouble and pains to su press a passage bearing very hard against them, in book, which will speedily be published, called t PROGRESS OF WIT. The author of this book, wh luckily for the theatres, happens to be a particul friend of mine, is a very great joker; and, as I oft tell him, does a vast deal of mischief, without seen ing to intend it. The passage which I prevailed wi him to suppress, stood at the beginning of the thi teenth chapter of his book, and was exactly as fo lows:

'As it was now clear to all people of fashion th men had no souls, the business of life was pleasu and amusement; and he that could beſt administ to these two, was the most useful member of s ciety. From hence arose those numerous places resort and recreation which men of narrow a

splenetic minds have called the pests of the public. The most considerable of which places, and which are at this day in the highest reputation, were the BAGNIOS and the THEATRES. The BAGNIOS were constantly under the direction of discreet and venerable matrons, who had passed their youth in the practice of those exercises which they were now teaching to their daughters: while the management of the THEATRES was the province of the men.—The natural connection between these houses made it convenient that they should be erected in the neighbourhood of each other; and indeed the harmony subsisting between them has inclined many people to think that the profits of both were divided equally by each. But I have always considered them as only playing into one another's hands, without any nearer affinity than that of the schools of Westminster and Eton, to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. At the PLAY-HOUSE young gentlemen and ladies were instructed by an Etheridge, a Wycherley, a Congreve, and a Vanbrugh, in the rudiments of that science, which they were to perfect at the BAGNIO, under a Needham, a Haywood, a Haddock, and a Roberts.'

Thus much had my friend, in his PROGRESS OF WIT, thought proper to observe upon the looseness of the stage. But as the whole passage is suppressed, the managers will have nothing to fear from the publication of that performance.

It were to be wished, indeed, that those gentlemen would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and resolve at once to entertain the town only with PANTOMIME. That great advantages would accrue from it, is beyond dispute; people of taste and fashion having already given sufficient proof that they think it the highest entertainment the stage is capable of affording: the most in-

nocent, we are sure it is; for where nothing is said, and nothing meant, very little harm can be done. Mr. Garrick, perhaps may start a few objections to this proposal; but with those universal talents, which he so happily possesses, it is not to be doubted but he will, in time, be able to handle the wooden-sword with as much dignity and dexterity as his brother Lun. He will also reap another advantage from this kind of acting; as he will have fewer enemies by being the finest Harlequin of the age, than he has at present, by being the greatest Actor of any age or country.

To the Public.

Whereas some gentlemen have doubted whether the subscription for the use of king Theodore *was really intended to be carried on, I am ordered to acquaint the public, that Mr.* Fitz-Adam *was not only in earnest in promoting such a contribution, but has already received some noble benefactions for that purpose; and he will take care to apply the subsidy in the most uncorrupt manner to the uses for which it was designed, and to the honour and dignity of the crown of* Corsica.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

No. 19. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1753.

The great men, who introduced the reformation into these kingdoms, were so sensible of the necessity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by some external objects, by somewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of visionary saints, they took due care to de-

find the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preserved the holy festivals, which had been consecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the church, and at once paid proper observance to the memory of the good, and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice and mourn at the discretion of the almanack.

In so enlightened an age as the present, I shall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the observation of certain festivals is something more than a mere political institution. I cannot, however, help thinking that even nature itself concurs to confirm my sentiment. Philosophers and free-thinkers tell us that a general system was laid down at first, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any subsequent events, or to favour and authorize any human institutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great disgust of many worthy persons, who urged how great the harmony was, in the old establishment, between the holidays and their attributes (if I may call them so) and what a confusion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for instance, was not to be celebrated when stubble geese are in their highest perfection; it was replied, that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were suffered to go on, they would in a certain number of years produce such a variation, that we should be mourning for good king Charles on a false thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our ancestors used to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich-park, in honour of Whitsuntide; and at length be choosing king and queen for Twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London prentice at Bartholomew fair.

Cogent as these reasons may seem, yet I think I

can confute them from the testimony of a standing miracle, which not having submitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be said to put a supernatural negative on the wisdom of this world. My readers, no doubt, are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful thorn of Glastonbury, which, though hitherto regarded as a trunk of popish imposture, has notably exerted itself as the most protestant plant in the universe. It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by pope Gregory the thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have with a proper spirit of opposition adhered to the old calculation of the emperor Julius Cæsar, who was by no means a papist. Near two years ago the popish calendar was brought in (I hope by persons well affected!) certain it is that the Glastonbury thorn has preserved its inflexibility, and observes its old anniversary. Many thousand spectators visited it on the parliamentary Christmas-day.——Not a bud was there to be seen! ——On the true nativity it was covered with blossoms. One must be an infidel indeed to spurn at such authority. Had I been consulted, (and mathematical studies have not been the most inconsiderable of my speculations), instead of turning the calendar topsy-turvey, by fantastic calculations, I should have proposed to regulate the year by the infallible Somersetshire thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Christmas-day, which should always have been kept as the Glastonbury thorn should blow.

Many inconveniences, to be sure, would follow from this system; but as holy things ought to be the first consideration of a religious nation, the inconveniences should be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Christmas-day; and consequently, the apprehension of the year's becoming

inverted by sticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the course of the sun varies, astronomers may find out some way to adjust that: but it is preposterous, not to say presumptuous, to be celebrating Christmas-day, when the Glastonbury thorn, which certainly must know times and seasons better than an almanack-maker, declares it to be heresy.

Nor is Christmas-day the only jubilee which will be morally disturbed by this innovation. There is another anniversary of no less celebrity among Englishmen, equally marked by a marvellous concomitance of circumstances, and which I venture to prognosticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the present system. The day I mean is the first of April. The oldest tradition affirms that such an infatuation attends the first day of that month, as no foresight can escape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is successful on that day out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; usurers have lent their money on bad security; experienced matrons have married very disappointing young fellows; mathematicians have missed the longitude; alchymists the philosopher's stone; and politicians preferment, on that day.

What confusion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are disappointed of their peculiar holiday! This country was formerly disturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Easter; and no wise man will tell me that it is not as reasonable to fall out for the observance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits arising from a regulated calendar make amends for an occasion of new sects? How many warm men may resent an attempt to play them off on a false first of April, who would have submitted to the custom of being made fools on the old computation? If our clergy come to be divided about Folly's anniversary, we may well ex-

pect all the mischiefs attendant on religious wars and we shall have reason to wish that the Glastonbury thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Christmas.

There are many other inconveniences, which might lament very emphatically, but none of weigh enough to be compared with those I have mentioned I shall only hint at a whole system overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no provision that I have heard of, made by the legislature to remedy it. Yet in a nation which bestows such ample rewards on new-year and birth-day odes, it is astonishing that the late act of parliament should have overlooked that useful branch of our poetry which consists in couplets, saws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and seasons. Why was not a new set of distichs provided by the late reformers? Or at least a clause inserted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat, or some beneficial genius, to prepare and new-cast the established rhimes for public use? Were our astronomers so ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would serve for their new-fangled calendar? Could they imagine that St. Swithin would accommodate his rainy planet to the convenience of their calculations? Who that hears the following verses, but must grieve for the shepherd and husbandman, who may have all their prognostics confounded, and be at a loss to know beforehand the fate of their markets? Ancient sages sung,

If St. Paul *be fair and clear,*
Then will betide a happy year;
But if it either snow or rain,
Then will be dear all kind of grain:
And if the wind doth blow aloft,
Then wars will vex the realm full oft.

I have declared against meddling with politics

and therefore shall say nothing of the important hints contained in the last lines: yet if certain ill-boding appearances abroad should have an ugly end, I cannot help saying that I shall ascribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled asleep by resting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended conversion of St. Paul; whereas it was very blustering on that festival according to the good old account, as I honestly, though vainly, endeavoured to convince a great minister of state, whom I do not think proper to mention.

But to return to April-fool-day: I must beg my readers and admirers to be very particular in their observations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will transmit to me or my secretary, Mr. Dodsley, a faithful and attested account of the hap that befides them or their acquaintance on each of those days; how often and in what manner they make or are made fools; how they miscarry in attempts to surprize, or baffle any snares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the balance of folly lies greatly on the side of the old first of April; nay, I much question whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the false April-fool-day. I should take it very kind, if any of my friends, who may happen to be sharpers, would try their success on the fictitious festival; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myself that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to discountenance good old practices and venerable superstitions.

No. 11. THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1753.

If we are to believe, universally, that virtue leads directly to happiness, and vice to punishment in this

world, I am afraid we shall form very erroneous opinions of the people we converse with; as every melancholy face will appear to be produced by a bad heart, and every chearful face by a good one. But it will be no discouragement to virtue to say, that the reverse of this is much oftener the case; nay, so obstinate am I in this opinion, that I seldom see a countenance of sincere and settled grief, without concluding it to be the effect of some eminent degree of virtue.

If sickness and bodily pain were, indeed, all the misfortunes incident to our natures, it might be said, with some colour of truth, that virtue was generally its own immediate reward; as every one will allow, that temperance and abstemiousness lead more directly to health and ease than riot and debauchery. But while we have affections that steal us from our own happiness, to involve us in the misery of those about us, they who have the best hearts will be oftenest made uneasy.

The good man considers the whole human race as his own family; and as such a person, in a world like this, is liable to more disappointments than one who has only himself to care for, his troubles and mortifications will assuredly be greater.

The friends of virtue should therefore be cautious of promising what they are not sure will be performed; lest by a failure in the end, they bring discredit upon the means. It will be always sufficient to say of virtue, that its reward is certain, while it can be said of that reward, that it is happiness eternal.

The following allegory, which is a literal translation from the same old Spanish author, from whom the story of Gonzales de Castro in my first paper was taken, supposes the good man to be unhappy upon earth, only because his goodness is imperfect

I insert it here (though not exactly applicable to my subject) as the most instructive entertainment I am able to give my readers at this season.

If the ladies should happen to conceive any dislike to some little severities in it, they are desired to take notice that the author was a Spaniard, and that he wrote at a time, when it appears by the concurrent testimony of all historians, that the sex was not absolutely without fault.

Jupiter, when he made Man, brought with him from heaven a nymph called FELICIA, or Happiness, to be his companion. The better to engage them to each other, he furnished Man with those passions and affections which were to feed the mind with perpetual wishes, with a guide, called Reason, to restrain their violence; and to the Nymph he gave immortal beauty, together with a certain degree of coyness, which is always sure to engage pursuit and endear possession.

But as if some other power had a malicious design to set this pair at variance, notwithstanding the seeming desire of Jupiter to unite them, FELICIA became insensible to every thing but virtue, while the Passions of Man generally hurried him to a pursuit of her by the means of vice. With this difference in their natures it was impossible for them to agree; and in a short time they became almost strangers to each other. Reason would have gone over to the side of FELICIA, but some particular Passion always opposed him; for, what was almost incredible, though Reason was a sufficient match for the whole body of Passions united, he was sure to be subdued, if singly encountered.

Jupiter laughed at the folly of Man, and gave him Woman. But as her frame was too delicately composed to endure the perpetual strife of Reason and the Passions, he confined the former to Man, and

gave up Woman to the government of the latte without controul.

FELICIA, upon this new creation, grew again ac quainted with Man. She made him a visit of a month, and at his entreaty would have settled with him for ever, if the jealousy of Woman had not dri ven her from his roof.

From this time the nymph has led a wanderin life, without any settled habitation. As the worl grew peopled, she paid her visits to every corner o it; but though millions pretended to love her, no a single mortal had constancy to deserve her. Ce remony drove her from court, Avarice from th city, and Want from the cottage. Her delight however, was in the last of these places, and ther it was that she was most frequently to be found.

Jupiter saw with pity the wanderings of FELICIA and in a fortunate hour caused a mortal to be born whose name was BONARIO, or Goodness. He en dowed him with all the graces of mind and body and at an age when the soul becomes sensible o desires, he breathed into him a passion for the beau tiful FELICIA. BONARIO had frequently seen he in his early visits to Wisdom and Devotion; but a lightness of belief and an over-fondness of mankin were failings inseparable to him, he often suffere himself to be led astray from FELICIA, till Refle tion, the common friend of both, would set hi right, and re-conduct him to her company.

Though FELICIA was a virgin of some thousan years old, her coyness was rather found to increa than to diminish. This, perhaps, to mortal o maids may be matter of wonder; but the true re son was, that the beauty of FELICIA was incapab of decay. From hence it was, that the fickleness BONARIO made her less and less easy of acce Yet such was his frailty, that he continually suffe

himself to be enticed from her, till at last she totally withdrew herself. Reflection came now only to upbraid him. Her words, however, were of service, as by shewing how he had lost FELICIA, they gave him hopes that a contrary behaviour might, in time, regain her.

The loss of happiness instructs us how to value it. And now it was that BONARIO began in earnest to love FELICIA, and to devote his whole time to a pursuit of her. He inquired for her among the Great, but they knew her not. He bribed the Poor for intelligence, but they were strangers to her. He sought her of Knowledge, but she was ignorant of her; of Pleasure. but she misled him. Temperance knew only the path she had taken; Virtue had seen her upon the way; but Religion assured him of her retreat, and sent Constancy to conduct him to her.

It was in a village far from town, that BONARIO again saw his FELICIA; and here was in hopes of possessing her for ever. The coyness with which she treated him in his days of folly, time, and the amendment it had wrought in him, began to soften. He passed whole days in her society, and was rarely denied access to her, but when Passion had misguided him.

FELICIA lived in this retreat, with the daughter of a simple villager, called INNOCENCE. To this amiable rustic did BONARIO apply for intercession, upon every new offence against FELICIA; but too impatient of delay, and out of humour with his advocate, he renewed his acquaintance with a court lady, called VICE, who was there upon a visit, and engaged her to solicit for him. This behaviour so enraged FELICIA, that she again withdrew herself; and in the *warmth* of her resentment, sent up a *petition to Jupiter*, to be recalled to heaven.

Jupiter, upon this petition, called a council of the gods; in which it was decreed, that while BONARIO continued upon earth, FELICIA should not totally depart from it; but as the nature of BONARIO was fickle and imperfect, his admission to her society should be only occasional and transient. That their nuptials should be deferred till the nature of BONARIO should be changed by death, and that afterwards they should be inseparably united in the regions of immortality.

No. 12. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is a great abuse of language, according to Mr. Locke, to make use of words to which we have no fixed and determinate ideas. There is a still greater, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which is the almost continually using words to which we have no ideas at all. I shall only instance in the poor monosyllable TASTE. Who has not heard it frequently pronounced by the loveliest mouths in the world, when it has evidently meant nothing?

I would not be thought to require, like an ill-bred logician, that every pretty woman, or even every pretty man, who makes use of the word TASTE, should define what they mean by it; that would be too cruel; but I should rather chuse, when they are really conscious to themselves that they are going to utter it without any idea annexed, that they would be so good as to change it for the word WHIM. However, as my recommendation will, I am sure, have no weight, unless it should be backed by your censorial authority, I shall leave them at present in

full possession of their favourite word, and proceed to the subject of my letter.

You rallied very humourously, a few weeks ago, some of the reigning follies of this various island, under the name of our approaches to nature. I hope you have likewise taken notice how desirous we are of returning to our primæval ignorance, under the notion of TASTE: a name which we are fond of giving to every new folly which starts up, and to every old exploded absurdity which we are charitably pleased to revive. Let but that commanding word go forth, and no camelion catches his colours quicker than we are ready to imbibe follies from each other. Whereas TASTE, in my opinion, ought to be applied to nothing but what has as strict rules annexed to it, though perhaps imperceptible by the vulgar, as Aristotle, among the critics, would require, or Domenichino, among the painters, practice. People may have whims, freaks, caprices, persuasions, and even second-sights if they please; but they can have no TASTE which has not its foundation in nature, and which, consequently, may be accounted for.

From a thousand instances of our imitative inclinations I shall select one or two, which have been, and still are, notorious and general. A few years ago every thing was Gothic; our houses, our beds, our book-cases, and our couches, were all copied from some parts or other of our old cathedrals. The Grecian architecture, where, as Dryden says,

First Dorick pillars found the lower base,
The gay Corinthian holds the higher space,
And all below is strength, and all above is grace.

that architecture, which was taught by nature and polished by the graces, was totally neglected. Tricks and conceits got possession every where. Clumsy

buttresses were to shock you with dispropo
or little pillars were to support vast weights;
ignorant people, who knew nothing of cent
gravity, were to tremble at their entrance into
building, lest the roofs should fall upon their
This, however odd it might seem, and ho
unworthy of the name of TASTE, was culti
was admired, and still has its professors in di
parts of England. There is something, they
it congenial to our old Gothic constitution; I
rather think to our modern idea of liberty,
allows every one the privilege of playing th
and of making himself ridiculous in whateve
he pleases.

According to the present prevailing whim,
thing is Chinese, or in the Chinese taste: or
is sometimes more modestly expressed, *partly the Chinese manner*. Chairs, tables, chimney-
frames for looking-glasses, and even our mos
gar utensils, are all reduced to this new-fi
standard; and without-doors so universally
spread, that every gate to a cow-yard is in T
Z's, and every hovel for the cows has bells ha
at the corners.

The good people in the city are, I perceive,
with this novelty; and though some of them st
tain the last fashion, the Gothic, yet others
begun to ornament the doors and windows of
shops with the more modern improvements.

Had this taste prevailed in the latter
queen Anne's time, the new churches themselv
doubtless been pagodas; nay, it is expected
sent that the Something which is rising on the
ing at the horse-guards, if ever it should com
conclusion, will terminate at last *partly aft
Chinese manner*.

I would beg leave, however, to propose, i

large public buildings are to be executed after Chinese models, that we should pursue the usual methods on such occasions. The inoculation for the small-pox, and other such hazardous experiments, were first executed upon condemned criminals. And, in my opinion, an experiment of this kind should first be tried on an hospital, or a county workhouse. I know it will be said, in answer to this, that conveniency is chiefly to be studied in edifices of charity. But is conveniency to give way to TASTE? Is the honour of a nation to be less considered than the particular exigencies of private persons? It is a thousand pities that the hospitals of Chelsea and of Greenwich are already built; their situations are the very spots one would have chosen for a trial of this sort. What numbers of little lakes might have been let in from the Thames to wander among the pavillions! And how commodiously might we have passed from ward to ward by bridges adorned with triumphal arches!

The encouragement of this taste may be worthy of the consideration of those gentlemen who have great possessions in the isle of Ely, or the fens of Lincolnshire. A Chinese town, happily situated, may attract inhabitants, and make estates in those countries extremely desirable. Marshy grounds, which are now avoided, will become by this means the most sought after of any; and we may live to see the hundreds of Essex crowded with villas. But I only hint these things to those whom they concern, and whose interest it may be to pursue them farther. My intention, you perceive, is to make TASTE useful to somebody at least, and to assign proper places for the exercise of our improved talents.

But while I am promoting the interest and entertainment of some of his majesty's subjects, I would

not wilfully offend others, who may be a little infatuated through their zeal to their country. Many good patriots have been greatly alarmed at the spreading of the French language and the French fashions so universally over Europe; and have apprehended, perhaps too justly, that their modes of religion and government might insinuate themselves in their turns. If any pious Englishman should have the same fears with regard to the Chinese custom and manners, I have the satisfaction to inform him, that nothing of that kind can reasonably be dreaded. We may rest secure that our firm faith will never be staggered by the tenets of Fohi, nor our practice vitiated by the morals of Confucius; at least we may be certain that the present innovations are by no means adequate to such an effect: for on a moderate computation, not one in a thousand of all the stiles, gates, rails, pales, chairs, temples, chimney-pieces, &c. &c. &c. which are called Chinese, has the least resemblance to any thing that China ever saw; nor would an English church be a less uncommon sight to a travelling mandarin, than an English pagoda. I think it necessary to say thus much, in order to quiet the scruples of conscientious persons, who will doubtless be more at ease when they consider that our Chinese ornaments are not only of our own manufacture, like our French silks and our French wines, but, what has seldom been attributed to the English, of our own invention.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

H. S

TO THE PUBLIC.

Whereas a subscription for a subsidy for the use of king THEODORE *was opened at* Tully's-Head *in* Pall

mall *the twenty-second of last month, This is to give notice that by order of Mr.* FITZ-ADAM, *the said subscription will be closed on* Tuesday *the twenty-seventh of this instant* March; *at which time the subsidy will be paid in.*

ROBERT DODSLEY.

No. 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1753.

I SHALL make no apology for the following letters, or my own answers to them; having been always of opinion that works of criticism are the chief strength and ornament of a public paper.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Though you set out with a good grace in the WORLD, I cannot help thinking that a paper now-and-then upon religion might be very entertaining. I am an officer in country quarters, and as the chaplain to the regiment happens to live altogether in town, I have no opportunity of knowing any thing of that affair, but from what I hear at church.

I am, &c.

A. Z.

To Mr. A. Z.

SIR,

That no officer in quarters may be under the necessity of going to church, the WORLD, for the future, shall be a religious one.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I belong to a club of very serious clergymen, and am glad (so is every one of us) that you do not in-

tend to meddle with religion in your paper. It is certainly a subject of too much dignity and importance to be treated of in essays, which seem devoted to humour and the ridicule of folly. In the name of the whole club,

I am, &c.

J. C.

To Mr. J. C.

SIR,

As it will be always my ambition to stand well with the clergy, they may assure themselves that the WORLD shall have no religion in it.

I am; &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I cannot help being offended at your want of correctness in a paper, which, in other respects, deserves approbation. In number I. you say, WARN *men to goodness*. The verb *warn* is unwarrantable in this place: we are warned *by* or *from*, but not *to*.—The word should be *incite*; and so I have corrected it in my own paper. In number III. line 2. you have the colloquial barbarism of doing a thing *by* a man instead of *to*. I cannot express how much I am hurt at so vulgar an impropriety. In number VI. page 34. the verb *display* is used instead of its participle *displaying*. Perhaps it is only an error of the press: pray be careful for the future. I am willing to hope that these gross mistakes are only owing to inadvertency. If so, I rest,

Your admirer,

PHILOLOGOS.

To PHILOLOGOS.

SIR,

I shall be very careful of mistakes for the future;

and do assure you, upon my veracity, that they have hitherto proceeded from nothing but inadvertency.

I am, SIR,

Your obliged servant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

To ADAM FITZ-ADAM, Esq.

Dear FITZ,

Lord * * * * and I laid hold of a d——d prig of a university fellow yesterday, and carried him to our club; where, when the claret began to mount, your paper of the WORLD happened to come upon the tapis. 'That same Mr. FITZ-ADAM (says he) is a very inaccurate writer; peradventure I shall take an opportunity of telling him so in a short time.' But, dear Fitz, if the prig should really send you a letter, smoke the parson and be witty. Your inaccuracies, as he calls them, are the characteristics of a polite writer: by these alone our club is sure that you are a man of fashion. Away with pedantry and the grammar! Write like a gentleman, and with Pope, in his essay upon critics,

Snatch a grace beyond the reach of nature.

Your's, A. B.

To Mr. A. B.

SIR,

In compliance with your advice, I shall avoid the pedantry of grammar, and be perfectly the gentleman in my future essays.

I am,

Your most obedient,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I do not write to you to have the pleasure of seeing myself in print: it is only to give you a little

friendly advice. Take care of novels: the town swarms with them. That foolish story of Mrs. Wilson, in your fourth and fifth papers, made me cry out that the WORLD was at an end!

Yours,

TOM TELL-TRUTH.

To Mr. TELL-TRUTH.

SIR,

I thank you for the caution, and will write no more novels.

Your most humble servant,

A. FITZ-ADAM.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Your predecessor, the Spectator, did not think his labours altogether useless, which were dedicated to us women. Those elegant moral tales, which make their appearance so frequently in his works, are so many proofs of his regard for us. From the fourth and fifth numbers of the WORLD we have the pleasure of hoping that the Spectator is revived among us. The story of Mrs. Wilson is a lesson of instruction to every woman in the kingdom, and has given the author of it as many friends as he has readers among the sex.

I am, SIR,

Your real admirer and humble servant,

L. B.

To Miss L. B.

MADAM,

As it will be always my chief happiness to please the ladies, I shall devote my future papers entirely to novels.

Your obliged and most obedient servant,

A. FITZA-DAM.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

If a plain grave man may have leave to tell you a little truth, I must inform you, that though I like your *manner* very much, I have great objections to your *matter*. He who only skims surfaces will gather nothing but straws. If you are the philosopher you would have us think you, give us something that may rest upon the memory, and improve while it entertains.

I am, &c. Amicus.

To Amicus.

Sir,

The World, for the future, shall be grave and philosophical; the *matter* shall be regarded, and not the *manner*.

I am, &c.

A. Fitz-Adam.

A Monsieur Fitz-Adam.

Je suis enchanté, mon cher monsieur, de votre Monde. Depuis deux ans que je suis à Londres, j'ai appris assez d'Anglois pour l'entendre parfaitement, mais je ne suis pas si habile que Voltaire, pour l'ecrire. Vous avez saisi tout à fait l'esprit François; tant d'enjouement, de legereté, et de vivacité!—Parbleu c'est charmant! Donnez nous de temps en temps un vaudeville, ou quelque petite chanson à boire, et je me croirai à Paris. Le seul petit defaut que vous avez, c'est que vous sentez trop le Monde sage, il ne vous manque qu'un peu du Monde fou, pour plaire à tout le Monde, et surtout à celui qui a l'honneur d'etre, monsieur,

Votre-tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur,

Dourillac.

A Monsieur Dourillac.

Vous pouvez conter, monsieur, qu'il n'y a rien au monde que je ne fasse pour captiver la bien-veillance d'un si aimable homme. Tout ce qu'il a de gai, de volatile, et meme evaporé coulera deformais de ma plume. J'ai l'honneur d'etre, monsieur,

Votre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur,

Fitz-Adam.

I have many more letters written in the same spirit of criticism, and consequently many more opinions of my own; but as these may be thought sufficient at one time, I shall borrow an old fable, and conclude this paper.

An old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell. What a fool is this fellow (says a man upon the road) to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light! The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by the side of him, Why, sirrah! (cries a second man to the boy) is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking on foot? The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself. Do you see (says a third) how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking? The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. Pray, honest friend, (says a fourth) is that ass your own? Yes, says the man. One would not have thought so, replied the other, by your loading him so unmercifully. You and your son are better able to carry the poor beast than he you. Any thing to please, says the owner; and alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a

sight that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it; till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipt from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home, ashamed and vexed that by endeavouring to please every body, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

No. 14. THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1753.

I do not doubt but it is already observed that I write fewer letters to myself than any of my predecessors. It is not from being less acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myself as superior to such little arts of fame. Compliments, which I should be obliged to shroud under the name of a third person, have very little relish for me. If I am not considerable enough to pronounce ex cathedra, that I Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies, and decide upon the customs of the world with more wit, humour, learning, and taste than any man living, I have in vain undertaken the scheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgment of a man, who is not the most self-sufficient person alive? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of queen Anne, submit the government of their fans, hoods, hoops, and patches to the Spectator, but because he pronounced himself the best critic in fashions? Why did half the nation imbibe their politics from the Craftsman, but because Caleb d'Anvers assured them that he understood the maxims of government and the constitution of his country better than any minister or patriot of his time? Throned as I am in a perfect good opinion

of my own abilities, I scorn to taste the satisfactio
of praise from my own pen—and (to be humble f
once) I own, if there is any species of writing
which I am not perfect master, it is the epistolar
My deficience in this particular is happily commo
to me with the greatest men: I can even go farthe
and declare that it is the Fair part of the creatio
which excels in that province. Ease without affe
tation, the politest expression, the happiest art
telling news or trifles, the most engaging turns
sentiment or passion, are frequently found in lette
from women, who have lived in a sphere at all abo
the vulgar; while on the other side, orators wri
affectedly, ministers obscurely, poets floridly, lear
ed men pedantically, and soldiers tolerably, wh
they can spell. One would not have one's daught
write like Eloisa, because one would not have on
daughter feel what she felt; yet who ever wrote
movingly, so to the heart? The amiable madam
de Sevigné is the standard of easy engaging writin
to call her the pattern of eloquent writing will not
thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers
her accounts of the death of marshal Turenne: so
little fragments of her letters, in the appendix
Ramsay's life of that hero, give a stronger picture
him than the historian was able to do in his volu
nous work. If this Fair One's epistles are liable
any censure, it is for a fault in which she is not lik
to be often imitated, the excess of tenderness for h
daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a person of the sa
sex: Lucretia Gonzago was so celebrated for
eloquence of her letters and the purity of their sty
that her very notes to her servants were collec
and published. I have never read the collectio
and indeed one or two billets that I have met wi
have not entirely all the delicacy of madame de

vignè. In one to her footman, the signora Gonzago reprehends him for not readily obeying dame Lucy, her housekeeper; and in another, addressed to the same Mrs. Lucy, she says, 'If Livia will not be obedient, turn up her coats and whip her till her flesh be black and blue, and the blood run down to her heels.' To be sure this sounds a little oddly to English ears, but may be very elegant, when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

Several worthy persons have laid down rules for the composition of letters; but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of those books (as it was written by a German) there was a strict injunction not to mention yourself before you had introduced the person of your correspondent: that is, you must not use the monosyllable *I* before the pronoun *You*. The Italians have stated expressions, to be used by different ranks of men, and know exactly when to subscribe themselves the devoted, or the most devoted slave of the illustrious or most eminent persons to whom they have the honour to write. It is true, in that country, they have so clogged correspondence with forms and civilities, that they seldom make use of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

Among many instances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our sex, I shall select two, which are very singular in their kind. The comparison, to be sure, is not entirely fair; but when I mention some particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal less absurdity, than seem to have met in one head, which had seen so much of the world, which pretended so much to literature, and which had worn so long one of the first crowns in Europe. This personage was the emperor Maximilian, grandfa-

ther to Charles the Vth. His reign was long, some times shining, often unprosperous, very often ig nominious. His fickleness, prodigality, and indi gence, were notorious. The Italians called him *Pochi-donari*, or the *pennyless*; a quality no mor habitual to him, than his propensity to repair hi shattered fortunes by the most unbecoming means He served under our Henry the eighth, as a com mon soldier, at the siege of Terouenne, for a hun dred crowns a day: he was bribed to the attemp against Pisa, and bribed to give it over. In shor no potentate ever undertook to engage him in treaty, without first offering him money. Yet thi vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reig were too glorious to be described by a plebeian pe or as if they were worthy to be described at al took the pains to write his own life in Dutch vers There was another book of his composition in different way, which does not reflect much mor lustre upon his memory than his own Dutch epic this was what he called his *livre rouge*, and was register of seventeen mortifications which he ha received from Louis the twelfth of France, and whic he intended to revenge on the first opportunit After a variety of shifts, breach of promises, all ances, and treaties, he almost duped his vain co temporary Henry the eighth, with a proposal of r signing the empire to him, while himself was med tating what he thought, an accession of dignity eve to the imperial diadem: in short, in the latter pa of his life, Maximilian took it into his head to ca vass for the papal Tiara. Several methods we agitated to compass this object of his ambition: on and not the least ridiculous, was to pretend that th patriarchal dignity was included in the imperia and by virtue of that definition he really assume the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying the pag

lords of Rome on his way to the sovereignty of the christian church. Money he knew was the surest method, but the least at his command; it was to procure a supply of that necessary ingredient that he wrote the following letter to his daughter Margaret, duchess dowager of Savoy, and governess of the Netherlands.

'Tres chiere et tres amée fylle, jè entendu l'avis que vous m'avez donné par Guyllain Pingun notre garderobes, dont avons encore mieux pensé. Et ne trouvons point pour nulle resun bon que nous nous devons franchement marier, maes avons plus avant mys notre deliberation et volonté de jamès plus hanter faem nue. Et envoyons demain Mons. de Gurce Evesque à Rome devers le pape pour trouver fachon que nous puyssuns accorder avec ly de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur, affin que apres sa mort pouruns estre assuré de avoer le papat, et devenir prester, et apres estre saint, et que yl vous sera de necessité que apres ma mort vous serés contraint de me adorer, dont je me troveré bien glorioes. Je envoye sur ce ung poste devers le roy d'Arogon pour ly prier qu'y nous voulle ayder pour à ce parvenir, dont il est aussy content, moynant que je resigne l'empir à nostre comun fyls Charls, de sela aussy je me suys contenté. Je commance aussy practiker les Cardinaulx, dont ii C. ou iii C. mylle ducats me ferunt ung grand service, aveque la partialité qui est deja entre eos. Le roy d'Arogon à mandé a son ambaxadeur que yl veulent favouryser le papat a nous. Je vous prie, tenés cette matere empu secret, ossi bien en brieff jours je creins que yl faut que tout le monde le sache, car bien mal esti possible de pratiker ung tel sy grand matere secretement, pour laquell yl faut avoer de tant de gens et de argent, succurs et pratike, et a Diù, saet de la main de votre bon pere Maximilianus futur

pape, le XVIII jour de setembre. Le papa a encor les vyevers dubls, et ne peult longement tyvre.'

This curious piece, which it is impossible to translate (for what language can give an adequate idea of very bad old German French?) is to be found in the fourth volume of letters of Louis XIIth, printed at Brussels by Fr. Foppens in 1712. It will be sufficient to inform such of my readers as do not understand French, that his imperial majesty acquaints his beloved daughter that he designs never to frequent naked women any more, but to use all his endeavours to procure the papacy, and then to turn priest, and at length become a saint, that his dear daughter may be obliged to pray to him, which he shall reckon matter of exceeding glory. He expresses great want of two or three hundred thousand ducats to facilitate the business, which he desires may be kept very secret, though he does not doubt but all the world will know it in two or three days; and concludes with signing himself *future Pope*.

As a contrast to this scrap of imperial folly, I shall present my readers with the other letter I mentioned. It was written by the lady Anne, widow of the earls of Dorset and Pembroke (the life of the former of whom she wrote) and heiress of the great house of Clifford-Cumberland, from which, among many noble reversions, she enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state to Charles the second, wrote to name a candidate to her for that borough: the brave countess, with all the spirit of her ancestors, and with all the eloquence of independent Greece, returned this laconic answer

'I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand.

'ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE, and MONTGOMERY.'

No. 15. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1753.

It has been imagined, that if an ancient inhabitant of this island, some old Saxon for example, or even a later times, a subject of one of our Harry's or our Edward's, could rise from his grave and take a survey of the present generation, he would never suspect us to be the descendants of his contemporaries, but would stare about with surprize, and be apt to fancy himself among a nation of foreigners, if not among a race of animals of a different species. I have sometimes thought that such a person would be no less puzzled to know his country again, than his countrymen; such a change would he find in the natural face of England, as well as in the manners of its inhabitants. The great increase of public and private buildings, the difference of architecture, the frequent navigation of rivers, and above all, the introduction and whimsical variations of GARDENING, have contributed so effectually to new-dress our island, which before was covered with rude forests and extended marshes, that it would require some time and pains to discover her ancient features under so total a disguise. This is more particularly the case with the counties adjacent to London, over which the Genius of GARDENING exercises his power so often and so wantonly, that they are usually new-created once in twenty or thirty years, and no traces left of their former condition. Nor is this to be wondered at; for GARDENING, being the dress of nature, is as liable to the caprices of fashion, as are the dresses of the human body; and there is a certain mode of it in every age, which grows antiquated, and becomes obsolete and ridiculous in the *next*. So that were any man of taste

now to lay out his ground in the style which prevailed less than half a century ago, it would occasion as much astonishment and laughter, as if a modern beau should appear in the drawing-room in red stockings, or introduce himself into a polite assembly in one of my lord Foppington's perriwigs.

What was the prevailing mode in Milton's days may be guessed from a passage in his IL PENSEROSO, where he describes RETIRED LEISURE taking his delight in *trim gardens*. The practice, it seems, was to embroider and flourish over the ground with *curious knots of flowers*, as the same poet calls them in another part of his works; and in this there was something of cheerfulness and gaiety at least, though the judicious eye could not help being displeased with the fantastic quaintness of the design.

James the second was deposed, and the immortal king William came to the crown of these kingdoms; an æra as remarkable in the annals of GARDENING as in those of government; but far less auspicious in the former instance. The mournful family of Lewis came over with the house of Orange; the sombre taste of Holland grew into vogue; and straight canals, rectilineal walks, and rows of clipt evergreens were all the mode. It was the compliment which England paid her new sovereign, to wear the dress of a Dutch morass. The royal gardens of Kensington, Hampton-court, and Richmond, set the example; and good whigs distinguished their loyalty by fetching their plans from the same country, which had the honour of producing their king; a country never greatly celebrated for taste in any instance, and least of all in the article now under consideration. But such were the errors of the times; our connoisseurs in their zeal all became mynheers; and it would probably have been then esteemed as great a mark of disaffection to have laid out ground

different from the true Belgic model, as it would be now to wear a white rose on the tenth of June.

This Dutch absurdity, like all other follies, had its run, and in time expired. The great Kent appeared at length in behalf of nature, declared war against the taste in fashion, and laid the axe to the root of artificial ever-greens. Gardens were no longer filled with yews in the shape of giants, Noah's ark cut in holly, St. George and the dragon in box, cypress lovers, laurustine bears, and all that race of root-bound monsters, which flourished so long, and looked so tremendous round the edges of every grass-plat. At the same time the dull uniformity of designing was banished; high walls, excluding the country, were thrown down; and it was no longer thought necessary that every grove should nod at a rival, and every walk be paired with a twin-brother. The great master above-mentioned, truly the disciple of nature, imitated her in the agreeable wildness and beautiful irregularity of her plans, of which there are some noble examples still remaining, that abundantly shew the power of his creative genius.

But it is our misfortune that we always run beyond the goal, and are never contented to rest at that point where perfection ends, and excess and absurdity begin. Thus our present artists in GARDENING far exceed the wildness of nature; and pretending to improve on the plans of Kent, distort their ground into irregularities the most offensive that can be imagined. A great comic painter has proved, I am told, in a piece every day expected, that the line of beauty is an S: I take this to be the unanimous opinion of all our professors of horticulture, who seem to have the most idolatrous veneration for that crooked letter at the tail of the alphabet. Their land, their water, must be serpentine; and because the formality of the last age ran too

much into right lines and parallels, a spirit of opposition carries the present universally into curves and mazes.

It was questioned of some old mathematician, a great bigot to his favourite science, whether he would consent to go to heaven in any path that was not triangular? It may, I think, with equal propriety be questioned of a modern GARDENER, whether he would consent to go thither in any path that is not serpentine? Nothing on earth, at least can please out of that model; and there is reason to believe, that paradise itself would have no charms for one of these gentlemen, unless its walks be disposed into labyrinth and mæander. In serious truth, the vast multitude of grotesque little villas, which grow up every summer, within a certain distance of London, and swarm more especially on the banks of the Thames, are fatal proofs of the degeneracy of our national taste. With a description of one of these whimsical nothings, and with a few previous remarks upon the owner of it, I shall conclude this paper.

Squire Mushroom, the present worthy possessor of Block-hill, was born at a little dirty village in Hertfordshire, and received the rudiments of his education behind a writing-desk, under the eye of his father, who was an attorney-at-law. It is not material to relate by what means he broke loose from the bondage of parchment, or by what steps he rose from primæval meanness and obscurity to his present station in life. Let it be sufficient to say, that at the age of forty he found himself in possession of a considerable fortune. Being thus enriched, he grew ambitious of introducing himself to the world as a man of taste and pleasure: for which purpose he put an edging of silver lace on his servants waistcoats, took into keeping a brace of

whores, and resolved to have a VILLA. Full of this pleasing idea, he purchased an old farm-house, not far distant from the place of his nativity, and fell to building and planting with all the rage of taste. The old mansion immediately shot up into Gothic spires, and was plaistered over with stucco: the walls were notched into battlements; uncouth animals were set grinning at one another over the gate-posts, and the hall was fortified with rusty swords and pistols, and a Medusa's head staring tremendous over the chimney. When he had proceeded thus far, he discovered in good time that his house was not habitable: which obliged him to add two rooms entirely new, and entirely incoherent with the rest of the building. Thus while one half is designed to give you the idea of an old Gothic edifice, the other half presents to your view Venetian windows, slices of pilaster, balustrades, and other parts of Italian architecture.

A library of books, as it is esteemed an essential ornament in a modish VILLA, was the next object of the squire's ambition. I was conducted into this apartment soon after its completion, and could not help observing with some surprize that all the volumes on the shelves were in duodecimo: at which expressing a curiosity, I received the following answer, verbatim: 'Why, sir, I'll inform you how that matter came to pass; I ordered my carpenter to *tickle me up* a neat fashionable set of cases for the reception of books, and the d——d blundering booby made all the shelves, as you see, of a size, only to hold your duodecimo's, as they call them; so I was obliged, you know, to purchase books of *a proper dimension*, and such as would fit the places they were to stand in.'

But the triumph of his genius was seen in the disposition of his gardens, which contain every thing

in less than two acres of ground. At your first entrance, the eye is saluted with a yellow serpentine river, stagnating through a beautiful valley, which extends near twenty yards in length. Over the river is thrown a bridge, *partly in the Chinese manner* and a little ship, with sails spread and streamers flying, floats in the midst of it. When you have passed this bridge, you enter into a grove perplexed with errors and crooked walks; where having trod the same ground over and over again, through a labyrinth of horn-beam hedges, you are led into an old hermitage built with roots of trees, which the squire is pleased to call St. Austin's cave. Here he desires you to repose yourself, and expects encomiums on his taste; after which a second ramble begins through another maze of walks, and the last error is much worse than the first. At length, when you almost despair of ever visiting daylight any more, you emerge on a sudden in an open and circular area, richly checquered with beds of flowers and embellished with a little fountain playing in the center of it. As every folly must have a name, the squire informs you, that *by way of whim* he has christened this place *little Marybon*; at the upper end which you are conducted into a pompous, clumsy and gilded building, said to be a temple, and consecrated to Venus; for no other reason which I could learn, but because the squire riots here sometimes in vulgar love with a couple of orange-wenches, taken from the purlieus of the play-house.

To conclude, if one wished to see a coxcomb expose himself in the most effectual manner, one would advise him to build a VILLA; which is the *chef d'œuvre* of modern impertinence, and the most conspicuous stage which Folly can possibly mount to display herself to the world.

No. 16. THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1753.

r was very well said by Montaigne, 'That all exrnal acquisitions receive taste and colour from the ternal constitution; as clothes give warmth, not om their own heat, but by covering and keeping ose the heat that is in ourselves.'

Every man's experience will prove the truth of is observation; as it will teach him, both from hat he feels in himself, and observes in others, at without a disposition for happiness, the bene-s and blessings of life are bestowed upon him in in; and that with it, even a bare exemption from verty and pain is almost happiness enough.

I am led to this thought by the following letter, hich I received near two years ago from a very luable friend. The reader will perceive that it as not written with a view of publication; but as presents us with a very natural picture of domes-c happiness, and instructs us how an elegant little mily may live charitably and within bounds upon income of only fifty pounds a year, I shall give it the public exactly as I received it. Those who ave feeling hearts will call it an entertainment; to e rest it is not written.

York, June the 14th, 1751.

DEAR SIR,

THE reason that you have not heard from me or these last five weeks is, that the people where I ave been have engrossed all my time and attention. erhaps you will be surprized to hear, that I have ived a complete month with our old friend, the rec-or of South-Green, and his honest wife.

You know with what compassion we used to think of them; that a man who had mixed a good deal with the world, and who had always entertained hopes of making a figure in it, should foolishly, and at an age when people generally grow wise, throw away their affections upon a girl worth nothing: and that she, one of the liveliest of women, as well as the finest, should refuse the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor parson to his living of fifty pounds a year, in a remote corner of the kingdom. But I have learnt from experience that we have been pitying the happiest couple of our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

The parish of South-Green is about seventeen miles from this place, and is in my opinion the most pleasing spot of ground in all Yorkshire.—I should have first told you, that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with a neat two hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket; with which sum he has converted the old parsonage-house into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a PELHAM or a SOUTHCOTE might look upon with pleasure.

The house stands upon an eminence within the bending of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen-garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit trees. The river that almost surrounds this little spot, affords them fish at all seasons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the house is a little lawn with trees planted in clumps; and behind it a yard well stocked with poultry, with a barn, cow-house, and dairy. At the end of the garden a draw-bridge leads you to a small piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are

fattened for pork or bacon; the latter they cure themselves; and in all my life I never eat better.

In the seven years of this retirement, they have so planted their little spot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields lie all together, with pasture-ground enough for two horses and as many cows, and the rest arable. Every thing thrives under their hands. The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickest of any in the country, and within every one of them is a sand-walk between a double row of flowering shrubs, hardly ever out of bloſſom. The produce of these fields supplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a surplus yearly for the poor, to whom they are the best benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The husband brews and the wife bakes; he manages the farm and she the dairy; and both with such skill and industry, that you would think them educated to nothing else.

Their house consists of two parlours and a kitchen below, and two bedchambers and a servant's room above. Their maid is a poor woman's daughter in the parish, whom they took at eleven years old, and have made the handiest girl imaginable. She is extremely pretty, and might marry herself to advantage, but she loves her mistress to sincerely, that no temptation is strong enough to prevail upon her to leave her.

In this sweet retirement they have a boy and a girl; the boy six years old, and the girl four; both of them the prettiest little things that ever were born. The girl is the very picture of her mother, with the same softness of heart and temper. The boy is a jolly dog, and loves mischief; but if you tell him an interesting story, he will cry for an hour together. The husband and wife constantly go to bed at ten; and rise at six. The business of the day is com-

monly finished by dinner-time; and all after amusement and pleasure, without any set for They are almost worshipped by the parishioners, whom the doctor is not only the spiritual direc but the physician, the surgeon, the apothecary, lawyer, the steward, the friend, and the chee companion. The best people in the country fond of visiting them; they call it going to see wonders of Yorkshire, and say that they never so heartily as of the parson's bacon and greens.

I told you at the beginning of this letter that were the happiest couple of our acquaintance; now I will tell you why they are so. In the place, they love and are delighted with each ot A seven years marriage, instead of lessening t affections, has increased them. They wish for thing more than what their little income all them; and even of that little they lay up. friend shewed me his account of expences, or ra his wife's account; by which it appears that have saved yearly from fifteen shillings to a gu exclusive of about the same sum, which they tribute among the poor, besides barley, wheat, twenty other things. Their only article of lu is tea; but the doctor says he would forbid tha his wife could forget her London education. H ever, they seldom offer it but to their best comp and less than a pound will last them a twelvemo Wine they have none, nor will they receive it present. Their constant drink is small beer ale, both of which they brew in the highest pe tion. Exercise and temperance keep them in petual health and good-humour. All the strif tween them is who shall please and oblige n Their favourite amusement is reading: now-then, indeed, our friend scribbles a little; but performances reach no farther than a short ser

or a paper of verses in praise of his wife. Every birth-day of the lady is constantly celebrated in this manner; and though you do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is something so sincere and tender in these little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings, they are walking arm and arm, with their boy and girl, about their grounds; but how cheerful, how happy! is not to be told you. Their children are hardly so much children as themselves. But though they love one another even to dotage, their fondness never appears before company. I never saw either of them so much as playing with the other's hand—I mean only when they have known I was within sight of them; I have stolen upon them unawares indeed, and have been witness to such words and looks as have quite melted me.

With this couple, and in this retirement, I have passed my time since you heard from me. How happily I need not say: come and be a judge yourself; they invite you most heartily.

One thing I had forgot to tell you of them. It makes no part of their happiness that they can compare themselves with the rest of the world, who want minds to enjoy themselves as they do. It rather lessens than increases it. Their own happiness is from their own hearts. They have every thing they wish for in this fifty pounds a year and one another. They make no boast of themselves, nor find fault with any body. They are sorry I am not as happy as they; but are far from advising me to retire as they have done. I left a bank note of twenty pounds behind me in my room, inclosed in a letter of thanks for their civilities to me; but it was returned me this morning to York, in a manner that pleased me more than all the rest of their behaviour. Our friend thanked me for the favour I

intended him; but told me I could bestow it better among the poor. That his wife and he had been looking over the family accounts of last month, and that they found me only a few shillings in their debt. That if I did not think they were a thousand times over-paid by the pleasure I had given them, they would be obliged to me for a pound of tea, and a little of Hardham's snuff when I got to London.

I hope soon to see you, and to entertain you by the week, with the particulars of the parson and his wife. Till then,

I am, &c.

No. 17. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1753.

TWICE in every year are solemnized those grand diversions, with which our nobility, gentry, and others, entertain themselves at Newmarket; and as this is the vernal season for the celebration of those curious sports and festivals, and as they are, at this time, likely to be held with the utmost splendor and magnificence, I think it may not be improper to amuse my town readers with one single paper upon the subject.

In this I will endeavour to set forth the usefulness of these anniversary meetings, describing the manner and method of exhibiting such games; and then shew what benefit may arise to the kingdom, by horse-races in general; on the one hand; and what detriment may happen from them to the public, on the other, by their spreading too widely over the whole kingdom.

I read in one of the news-papers of last week the following article: 'Tis said that garrets at Newmarket are let at four guineas each, for the time of the meeting.' What, said I to myself, are our prin-

cipal nobility content to lie in garrets, at such an exorbitant price, for the sake of such amusements? Or are our jockey-gentry, and tradesmen, extravagant enough to throw away their loose corn (as I may properly call it on this occasion) so idly and ridiculously? To be sure there is not a more noble diversion than this. In its original, it was of royal institution, and carried on in the beginning with much honour and integrity; but as the best constitution will always degenerate, I am fearful this may be grown too much into a science, wherein the adepts may have carried matters to a nicety, not altogether reconcileable to the strictest notions of integrity; and which may by degrees, by their affecting to become notable in the profession, corrupt the morals of our young nobility. The language of the place is generally to be understood by the rule of contraries. If any one says his horse is a pretty good one, but as slow as a *town-top* (for similies are much in use) you may conclude him to be an exceeding speedy one, but not so good at *bottom*. If he mentions his design of throwing a particular horse soon out of *training*, you may be assured he has a mind to match that horse as soon as he can; and so it is in every thing else they throw out. Foreigners who come here for curiosity, cannot be shewn a finer sight than these races, which are almost peculiar to this country: but I must confess that I have been sometimes put a little to the blush at incidents that are pretty pregnant in the place. Every body is dressed so perfectly alike, that it is extremely difficult to distinguish between his GRACE and his GROOM. I have heard a stranger ask a man of quality how often he dressed, and watered his horses? how much corn, and bread, and hay, he gave them? how many miles they thought he could run in such a number of minutes? and how long he had lived

with his master? Those who have been at the place will not be surprised at these mistakes; for a pair of boots, and buckskin breeches, a fustain frock, with a leather belt about it, and a black velvet cap, is the common covering of the whole town: so that if the inside does not differ, the outside of my lord and his rider are exactly the same. There is another most remarkable affectation, which is this: those who are known to have the most, and perhaps best horses of the place, always appear themselves on the very worst, and go to the turf on some ordinary scrub tit, scarce worth five pounds. From persons thus mounted and accoutred, what a surprize must it be to hear a bett offered of an hundred pounds to fifty, and sometimes three hundred to two, when you would imagine the rider to be scarce worth a groat! In that circular convention before the race begins, at the Devil's Ditch, all are hail fellows well met, and every one is at liberty, tailor, distiller, or otherwise, to offer and take such betts, as he thinks proper: and many thousand pounds are usually laid on a side. When the horses are in sight, and come near Choak-Jade, immediately the company all disperse, as if the devil rose out of his ditch and drove them, to get to the turning of the lands, the rest-post, or some other station, they chuse, for seeing the push made. Now the contention becomes animating. 'Tis delightful to see two, or sometimes more, of the most beautiful animals of the creation, struggling for superiority, stretching every muscle and sinew to obtain the prize, and reach the goal! to observe the skill and address of the riders, who are all distinguished by different colours, of white, blue, green, red, and yellow, sometimes spurring or whipping, sometimes checking or pulling to give fresh breath and courage! and it is often observed that the race is won, as much by the

dexterity of the rider, as by the vigour and fleetness of the animal.

When the sport is over, the company saunter away towards the Warren-Hill, before the other horses, left at the several stables in the town, are rode out to take their evening exercise and their water. On this delightful spot you may see at once, above a hundred of the moſt beautiful horses in the universe, all led out in strings, with the grooms and boys upon them, in their several liveries, diſtinguiſhing each person of rank they belong to.—This is indeed a noble sight; it is a piece of grandeur, and an expensive one too, which no nation can boast of, but our own. To this the crown contributes, not only by a very handsome allowance for keeping horses, but also by giving plates to be run for by horses and mares at different ages, in order to encourage the breed, by keeping up the price of them, and to make the breeders extremely careful of their race and genealogy.

The pedigree of these horses is more strictly regarded and carefully looked into, than that of a knight of Malta. They muſt have no blemiſhed quarter in the family on either side for many generations; their blood must have run pure and untainted, from the great, great, five times great grandfather and grandam, to be attested in the most authentic and solemn manner by the hand of the breeder. It is this care of the breed, and particularly with an eye to their strength, that makes all the world so fond of our horses. Many thousands are carried out of England every year; so that it is become a trade of great consequence, and brings a vast balance of money to this country annually. The French monarch rides no other horses but ours, in his favourite diversion of hunting. You may at any time see two or three hundred beautiful Engliſh

geldings in those great and noble stables at Chantilli. Most of the German princes, and many of their nobility, are desirous of having English horses; and, I dare say, his present M——y of P—a, however military his genius may be, had rather mount an English horse at a *review* of his troops, than a *breach* at any siege in Europe.

The country races over the whole kingdom, are what I confess give me some little disrelish to the sport. Every county, and almoſt the whole of it is mad during the time of the races. Many substantial farmers go to them with thirty or forty pounds in their pockets, and return without one single farthing. Here they drink and learn to be vicious, and the whole time is spent in riot and disorder. An honest butcher, that is taken in at a horse-race, is tempted perhaps, in his return, to borrow an ox, or a few sheep of his neighbour, to make up his losses. An industrious tradesman, or a good farmer, has sometimes turned highwayman to be even with the rogue that bubbled him at the races. Upon the whole, if I consider only how much time is lost to all the labouring men in this kingdom, by county races, the damage they occasion is immense. Let us suppose it but a week's labour all over England; and (if we consider the number of plates in the different metropolis's, besides the lesser country plates) this must be allowed a very moderate computation: and then let those two ingenious gentlemen, Mr. Pond and Mr. Heber, however they may be at variance with each other, join to compute how much the loss must be to the whole kingdom. I dare answer for it, that it must amount to many hundred thousands of pounds.—But as my paper was principally designed in honour of horses, I will not be led to urge any thing against them. Horses of all kinds have ever been held

the highest esteem. Darius was chosen king of Persia by the neighing of his horse. I question if Alexander himself had pushed his conquests half so far, if Bucephalus had not stooped to take him on his back. An emperor of Rome made his horse a consul; and it will be readily owned that the dignity was as properly conferred upon the beast, as the imperial diadem upon his master.

I shall conclude this paper with a short extract from Churchill's collection of voyages.

'In Morocco the natives have a great respect for horses that have been the pilgrimage of Mecca, where Mahomet was born; they are called Hadgis, or saints. Such horses have their necks adorned with strings of beads, and relicks, being writings wrapt up in cloth of gold or silk, containing the names of their prophet: and when these horses die, they are buried with as much ceremony, as the nearest relations of their owners. The king of Morocco has one of them, whom he causes to be led before him when he goes abroad, very richly accoutred, and covered with these writings; his tail being held up by a christian slave, carrying in one hand a pot and a towel, to receive the dung and wipe the posteriors.'

No. 18. THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1753.

THE following letter had appeared earlier in the WORLD, if its length, or (what at present happens to be the same thing) its merit had not been so great. I have been trying to shorten it, without robbing it of beauties; but after many unsuccessful attempts, I find that the spirit of it is (as the human soul is imagined to be by some ancient philosophers)

totus in toto, et totus in qualibet parte. I have, t
fore, changed the form of my prayer, chusing
to present my readers with an extraordinary
sheet, then to keep from them any longer wha
sent me for their instruction. At the same t
must beg leave to say, that I shall never think
self obliged to repeat my complaisance, but to
of my correspondents, who, like the writer o
letter, can inform me of their grievances wi
the elegance of wit.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I consider you as supplemental to the law
land. I take your authority to begin, wher
power of the law ends. The law is intended t
the progress of crimes by punishing them; yo
per seems calculated to check the course of
by exposing them. May you be more succes
the latter than the law is in the former!

Upon this principle I shall lay my case p
before you, and desire your publication of it
warning to others. Though it may seem ridi
to many of your readers, I can assure you, sir
it is a very serious one to me, notwithstandi
ill-natured comfort which I might have, of thi
it of late a very common one.

I am a gentleman of a reasonable paternal
in my county, and serve as knight of the shi
it. Having what is called a very good fa
interest, my election incumbered my estate w
mortgage of only five thousand pounds; wh
have not been able to clear, being obliged by a
PLACE which I have got since, to live in tow
in all the best company, nine months in the
I married suitable to my circumstances. M
wanted neither fortune, beauty, nor underst

Discretion and good-humour on her part, joined to good-nature and good-manners on mine, made us live comfortably together for eighteen years. One son and one daughter were our only children. We complied with custom in the education of both. My daughter learned some French and some dancing; and my son passed nine years at Westminster school in learning the words of two languages, long since dead, and not yet above half revived. When I took him away from school, I resolved to send him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myself. My wife approved of my design, but tacked a proposal of her own to it, which she urged with some earnestness. 'My dear,' said she, 'I think you do very right to send George abroad, for I love a foreign education, though I shall not see the poor boy a great while: but since we are to part for so long a time, why should we not take that opportunity of carrying him ourselves as far as Paris? The journey is nothing; very little further than to our own house in the north; we shall save money by it; for every thing is very cheap in France; it will form the girl, who is of a right age for it; and a couple of months with a good French and dancing master will perfect her in both, and give her an air and manner that will help her off in these days, when husbands are not plenty, especially for girls with only five thousand pounds to their fortunes. Several of my acquaintance who have lately taken trips to Paris, have told me, that to be sure we should take this opportunity of going there. Besides, my dear, as neither you nor I have ever been abroad, this little jaunt will amuse and even improve us; for it is the easiest thing in the world to get into all the best company at Paris.'

My wife had no sooner ended her speech (which *easily perceived to be* the result of meditation)

than my daughter exerted all her little eloquence in seconding her mother's motion. 'Ay, dear papa,' said she, 'let us go with brother to Paris; it will be the charmingest thing in the world; we shall see all the newest fashions there; I shall learn to dance of Marseille; in short, I shall be quite another creature after it. You see how my cousin Kitty was improved by going to Paris last year; I hardly knew her again when she came back: do, dear papa, let ns go.'

The absurdity of the proposal struck me at first, and I foresaw a thousand inconveniencies in it, though not half so many as I have since felt. However, knowing that direct contradiction though supported by the beit arguments, was not the likeliest method to convert a female disputant, I seemed a little to doubt, and contented myself with saying, 'That I was not, at first sight at least, sensible of the many advantages which they had enumerated; but that on the contrary I appreheuded a great deal of trouble in the journey, and many inconveniences in consequence of it. That I had not observed many men of my age considerably improved by their travels; but that I had lately seen many women of hers, become very ridiculous by theirs; and that for my daughter, as she had not a fine fortune, I saw no necessity of her being a fine lady.' Here the girl interrupted me, with saying, 'For that very reason, papa, I should be a fine lady.' Being in fashion is often as good as being a fortune; and I have known air, dress, and accomplishments stand many a woman instead of a fortune.' 'Nay to be sure,' added my wife, 'the girl is in the right in that; and if with her figure she gets a certain air and manner, I cannot see why she may not reasonably hope to be as advantageously married as lady Betty Townly, or the two miss

Bellairs, who had none of them such good fortunes. I found by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distemper, which has of late been so epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our private families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French. Insomuch that I am assured that the French call those swarms of English which now, in a manner, over-run France, a second incursion of the Goths and Vandals.

I endeavoured as well as I could to avert this impending folly, by delays and gentle persuasions, but in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated, and sometimes enforced by tears. At last I yielded, from mere good-nature, to the joint importunities of a wife and daughter whom I loved; not to mention the love of ease and domestic quiet, which is, much oftener than we care to own, the true motive of many things that we either do or omit.

My consent being thus extorted, our setting out was pressed. The journey wanted no preparations; we should find every thing in France. My daughter, who spoke some French, and my son's governor, who was a Swiss, were to be our interpreters upon the road; and when we came to Paris, a French servant or two would make all easy.

But, as if Providence had a mind to punish our folly, our whole journey was a series of distresses. We had not sailed a league from Dover, before a violent storm arose, in which we had like to have been lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our sickness, which perhaps lessened them: at last we got into Calais, where the inexorable custom-house officers took away half the few things which we had

carried with us. We hired some chaises, which proved to be old and shattered ones, and broke down with us at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris, where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us; that is, very good rooms, very well furnished, and very dirty. Here the great scene opens. My wife and daughter who had been a good deal disheartened by our distresses, recovered their spirits, and grew extremely impatient for a consultation of the necessary tradesmen people, when luckily our banker and his lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a visit.—He graciously brought me five thousand livres which he assured me was not more than what would be necessary for our first setting out, as he called it; while his wife was pointing out to mine the most compendious method of spending three times as much. I told him that I hoped that sum would be very near sufficient for the whole time; to which he answered coolly, 'No, sir, nor six times that sum, if you propose, as to be sure you do, to appear here *honnêtement*.' This I confess startled me a good deal; and I called out to my wife, 'Do you hear that, child!' She replied, unmoved, 'Yes, my dear; but now that we are here, there is no help for it; it is but once, upon an extraordinary occasion; and one would not care to appear among strangers like scrubs.' I made no answer to this solid reasoning, but resolved within myself to shorten our stay, and lessen our follies as much as I could. My banker, after having charged himself with the care of procuring me a *carosse de remise* and a *valet de place* for the next day, which in plain English is a hired coach and a footman, invited me to pass all the next day at his house, where he as-

s that we should not meet with bad com-
He was to carry me and my son before din-
see the public buildings, and his lady was to
pon my wife and daughter to carry them to
genteelest shops, in order to fit them out to ap-
honnêtement. The next morning I amused my-
very well with seeing, while my wife and daugh-
amused themselves still better by preparing
nselves for being seen, till we met at dinner at
banker's; who, by way of sample of the excel-
company to which he was to introduce us, pre-
d to us an Irish abbé, and an Irish captain of
e's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young
ch surgeon who studied widwifry at the *Hotel*
. It is true, he lamented that sir Harbottle
per and sir Clotworthy Guzzledown with their
ies, whom he had invited to meet us, happened
tunately to have been engaged to go and drink
ly at Nucilly. Though this company sounds
ndifferently, and though we should have been
sorry to have kept it in London, I can assure
sir, that it was the best we kept the whole time
ere at Paris.

will omit many circumstances which gave me
siness, though they would probably afford some
tainment to your readers, that I may hasten to
nost material ones.

about three days the several mechanics, who
charged with the care of disguising my wife
daughter, brought home their respective parts
iis transformation, in order that they might
ar *honnêtement*. More than the whole morning
employed in this operation; for we did not sit
to dinner till near five o'clock. When my
and daughter came at last into the eating
, where I had waited for them at least two
s, *I was so struck* with their transformation,

that I could neither conceal nor express my astonishment. 'Now, my dear,' said my wife, 'we can appear a little like christians.' 'And strollers too,' replied I; 'for such have I seen, at Southwark-fair, the respectable Sysigambis, and the lovely Parisatis. This cannot surely be serious!' 'Very serious, depend upon it, my dear,' said my wife; 'and pray, by the way, what may there be ridiculous in it? No such Sysigambis neither,' continued she; 'Betty is but sixteen, and you know I had her at four-and-twenty.' As I found that the name of Sysigambis, carrying an idea of age along with it, was offensive to my wife, I waved the parallel; and addressing myself in common to my wife and daughter, I told them, 'I perceived that there was a painter now at Paris, who coloured much higher than Rigault, though he did not paint near so like; for that I could hardly have guessed them to be the pictures of themselves.' To this they both answered at once, 'That red was not paint; that no colour in the world was *fard* but white, of which they protested they had none. 'But how do you like my *pompon*, papa! continued my daughter; 'is it not a charming one? I think it is prettier than mamma's.' 'It may, child, for any thing that I know; because I do not know what part of all this frippery thy *pompon* is.' 'It is this, papa,' replied the girl, putting up her hand to her head, and shewing me in the middle of her hair a complication of shreds and rags of velvets, feathers and ribbands, stuck with false stones of a thousand colours, and placed awry. 'But what hast thou done to thy hair, child! said I; is it blue? Is that painted too by the same eminent hand that coloured thy cheeks?' 'Indeed, papa,' answered the girl, 'as I told you before, there is no painting in the case but what gives my hair that bluish cast is the gre

powder, which has always that effect upon dark-coloured hair, and sets off the complexion wonderfully.' 'Grey powder, child!' said I, with some surprize: 'Grey hairs I knew were venerable; but till this moment I never knew that they were genteel.' 'Extremely so, with some complexions,' said my wife; 'but it does not suit with mine, and I never use it.' 'You are much in the right, my dear,' replied I, 'not to play with edge-tools. Leave it to the girl.' This, which was perhaps too hastily said, and seemed to be a second part of the Sysigambis, was not kindly taken; my wife was silent all dinner-time, and I vainly hoped ashamed. My daughter, drunk with dress and sixteen, kept up the conversation with herself, till the long-wished-for moment of the opera came, which separated us, and left me time to reflect upon the extravagancies which I had already seen, and upon the still greater which I had but too much reason to dread.

From this period to the time of our return to England, every day produced some new and shining folly, and some improper expence. Would to God that they had ended as they began, with our journey! but unfortunately we have imported them all. I no longer understand, or am understood, in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French valet de chambre, who I am told is an excellent servant and fit for every thing, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair, to *mount a dessert*, as they call it, and occasionally to *announce visits*. A very slatternly, dirty, but at the same time a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the use of my daughter. My meat too is as much disguised in the dressing by a French cook, as my wife and my daughter are by their red, their pompons, their scraps of dirty gause, flimsy sattins, and black callicoes; not to mention their affected

broken English, and mangled French, which jumbled together compose their present language. My French and English servants quarrel daily, and fight, for want of words to abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous by being translated into French, and the version of my daughter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentleman from attempting to read her. My expence (and consequently my debt) increases; and I am made more unhappy by follies, than most other people are by crimes.

Should you think fit to publish this my case, together with some observations of your own upon it, I hope it may prove a useful Pharos, to deter private English families from the coasts of France.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
R. D.

My correspondent has said enough to caution English gentlemen against carrying their wives and daughters to Paris; but I shall add a few words of my own, to dissuade the ladies themselves from any inclination to such a vagary. In the first place, I assure them that of all French ragouts there is none to which an Englishman has so little appetite as an English lady served up to him *à la Françoise*. Next I beg leave to inform them, that the French taste in beauty is so different from ours, that a pretty English woman at Paris, instead of meeting with that admiration which her vanity hopes for, is considered only as a handsome corpse; and if, to put a little life into her, some of her compassionate friends there should persuade her to lay on a great deal of *rouge*, in English called paint, she must continue to wear it to extreme old age; unless she prefers a spot of real yellow (the certain consequence

paint) to an artificial one of red. And lastly, I pose it to their consideration, whether the deli- cy of an English lady's mind may not partake of e nature of some high-flavoured wines, which will ot admit of being carried abroad, though under ght management, they are admirable at home.

No. 19. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

HE present age is over-run with romances, and t so strong does the appetite for them continue, at as Otway says on a less delicate occasion,

—— every rank fool goes down.

I am not surprized that any sketch of human na- re, howsoever imperfect, should attract the atten- on of the generality of readers. We are easily de- hted with pictures of ourselves, and are some- mes apt to fancy a strong likeness where there is ot even the least resemblance. Those great mas- rs of every movement of the human mind, Homer d Shakspeare, knew well this propensity of our spositions. The latter, from the nature of his ritings, had more frequent opportunities of open- g the most minute avenues of the heart. The rmer, though his province was more confined, has t no occasion pass of exerting this affecting talent. le has not only contrasted a vast variety of characters, d given all the passions their full play, but even in e stiller parts of his work, the similies and descrip- ons, every thing is full of human life. It is the,

Carian woman who stains the ivory; if a torrent descends from the mountains, some cottager trembles at the sound of it; and the fine broken landskip of rocks and woods by moon-light has a shepherd to gaze at and admire it.

But it is not with such painters as these that I am at present concerned. They drew really from nature; and ages have felt and applauded the truth of their designs. Whereas our modern artists (if we may guess from the motley representations they give us of our species) are so far from having studied the natures of other people, that they seldom seem to have the least acquaintance with themselves.

The writers of heroic romance, or the Loves of Philodoxus and Urania, professedly soar *above nature*. They introduce into their descriptions trees, water, air, &c. like common mortals; but then all their rivers are clearer than crystal, and every breeze is impregnated with the spices of Arabia. The manners of their personages seem full as extraordinary to our gross ideas. We are apt to suspect the virtue of two young people who are rapturously in love with each other, and who travel whole years in one another's company; though we are expressly told, that at the close of every evening, when they retire to rest, the hero leans his head against a knotted oak, whilst the heroine seeks the friendly shelter of a distant myrtle. This, I say, seems to us a little unnatural; however, it is not of dangerous example. There can no harm follow if unexperienced persons should endeavour to imitate what may be thought inimitable. Should our virgins arrive but half way towards the chastity of a Parthenia, it will be something gained; and we, who have had learned educations, know the power of early prejudices; some of us having emulated the public spirit, and other

te virtues of the old Grecians and Romans, to
e of fifteen or sixteen, some of us later, even
nty or one-and-twenty.

peace be to the manes of such authors. They
ong enjoyed that elysium which they so fre-
y described on earth. The present race of
ice-writers run universally into a different ex-
. They spend the little art they are masters
weaving into intricacies the more familiar and
comical adventures of a Jack Slap, or a Betty
. These, though they endeavour to copy after
great original, I chuse to call our writers *be-*
ture; because very few of them have as yet
out their master's peculiar art of writing upon
bjects without writing in a low manner. Ro-
s, judiciously conducted, are a very pleasing
f conveying instruction to all parts of life.
o dwell eternally upon orphan-beggars, and
g-*men of low degree*, is certainly what I have
it, writing *below nature*; and is so far from
ying instruction, that it does not even afford
ment.

writers *below nature* have one advantage in
on with the writers above it, that the origi-
hey would seem to draw from are no where to
nd. The heroes and heroines of the former
doubtedly children of the imagination; and
of the latter, if they are not all of them inca-
of *reading* their own adventures, are at least
to inform us by *writing* whether the repre-
ions of them are just, and whether people in
station did ever think or act in the manner
re described to have done. Yet the authors,
in this particular, are not quite so secure as
magine; for when, towards the end of the third
rth volume, the He or She of the piece (as is
y the custom) emerges into what they call

genteel life, the whole cheat is frequently discovered. From seeing their total ignorance of what they are then describing, we on good grounds conclude that they were equally unacquainted with the inferior parts of life, though we are not able to detect the falsehood. Bath, one should imagine, the easiest place in the world to get a thorough knowledge of: and yet I have observed in books of this kind, several representations of it so excessively erroneous, that they not only shewed the authors to be entirely ignorant of the manners of living there, but of the geography of the town.

But it is not the ignorance of these writers which I would principally complain of; though of that, as a censor, you ought to take notice, and should assure our young men and young women that they may read fifty volumes of this sort of trash, and yet, according to the phrase which is perpetually in their mouths, *know nothing of life.* The thing I chiefly find fault with is their extreme indecency. There are certain vices which the vulgar call fun and the people of fashion gallantry; but the middle rank, and those of the gentry who continue to go to church, still stigmatize them by the opprobrious names of fornication and adultery. These are confessed to be in some measure detrimental to society, even by those who practise them most; at least, they are allowed to be so in all but themselves. This being the case, why should our novel-writers take so much pains to spread these enormities? It is not enough to say in excuse that they write nonsense upon these subjects as well as others; for nonsense itself is dangerous here. The most absurd ballads in the streets, without the least glimmering of meaning, recommend themselves every day both to the great and small vulgar only by obscene expressions. Here, therefore, Mr. Fitz

dam, you should interpose your authority, and forid your readers (whom I will suppose to be all perons who can read) even to attempt to open any ovel, or romance, unlicensed by you; unless it hould happen to be stamped RICHARDSON or IELDING.

Your power should extend likewise to that inunation of obscenity which is daily pouring in from rance; and which has too frequently the wit and huour of a Crebillon to support it. The gentlemen, ho never read any thing else, will I know be at a loss r amusement, and feel their half-hour of morning ang rather too heavy on their hands. But surely, Ir. Fitz-Adam, when they consider the good of their ountry (and all of them have that at heart) they ill consent to meet a little sooner at the hazardble, or wile away the tedious interval in studying ew chances upon the cards.

If it be said that the heroic romances, which I ave recommended for their virtue, are themselves o full of passionate breathings upon some occaons, I allow the charge; but am of opinion that ese can do little more harm to the minds of young dies, than certain books of devotion, which are put to their hands by aunts and grandmothers; the riters of which, from having suffered the softer pasons to mix too strongly with their zeal for religion, re now generally known by the name of the *amous divines*.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

I. T.

No. 20. THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1753.

THOUGH the following letter came a little out time for this week's publication, yet in complime to the subject, as well as in respect to the writer, ordered that a very elaborate essay of my own, a ready at the press, should withdraw and give pla to it.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is either an observation of my own, or of so very wise man, whose name I forget, That whe true LEARNING is, true VIRTUE cannot be far o The rigid and exemplary life which every individu in our LEARNED PROFESSIONS is so well known lead, might be sufficient to evince the truth of th observation, if I could content myself with a sing argument, where many are at hand. To descend little lower than the learned professions, why a all parish clerks orthodox christians, all apothec ries communicative men, or all justices of the pea upright men, but as their professions are in son degree a-kin to divinity, physic, and the law?

If we carry our inquiries into the city, we sh find those vocations, where most knowledge is r quired, to be most productive of the civilities life. Thus the merchant, who writes his letters French, is a better bred man than his neighbour t shopkeeper, who understands no language but h own; while the shopkeeper, who is able to read a write, and keep his accounts in a book, is a mo civilized person than his landlord at the horns, wh scores only in chalk.

We shall be more and more of this opinion if w look a little into the lives and manners of tho

people who have no pretensions to literature. Who drinks or swears more than a country squire? Who (according to his own confession) has been the ruin of so many innocents as a fine gentleman? Why (according to Pope) is every woman a rake in her heart, or why (according to truth) is almost every woman of fashion a rake in practice, but from the deplorable misfortune of an unlearned education?

But the last and best argument to prove that LEARNING and VIRTUE are cause and effect, remains still to be produced. And here let me ask if, from the beginning of time to this present May one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three, it has been once known that an AUTHOR was an immoral man? On the contrary, is it not universally allowed that he is the most virtuous of mankind? To deny that he is the most learned, would be a greater degree of absurdity than I can conceive any person to be guilty of; I shall therefore confine myself to his virtues. What the apostle says of CHARITY, may as truly be said of an AUTHOR; *He suffereth long, and is kind; he beareth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things.* How ignorant is he of the ways of men! How ready to give praise even to the least deserving! How distant from that source of evil, money! How humble in his apparel! How moderate in his pleasures! And above all, how abstemious in diet, and how temperate in wine! It is to the social virtues of an AUTHOR that the present age is indebted for a paper called the WORLD, which it is not doubted will do more good to these nations, than all the volumes, except the sacred ones, which have hitherto been written.

I am not hinting to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that LEARNING is at present in a declining state, and that consequently there is less VIRTUE among us than in former times; on the contrary, when were

there more AUTHORS than at present? I challenge any age to produce half the number. From hence it appears that LEARNING is in a very flourishing condition: for though the GREAT have thought proper long ago to withhold their patronage from it, it has pleased heaven to raise up very able and zealous persons, who are applying all their time and pains to the advancement of it, and to whom its professors may have *weekly* access, and be assured of encouragement and reward in proportion to their merits. Your readers will be, no doubt beforehand with me in naming these patrons of LEARNING, who, it is very well known, are the honourable and worshipful the fraternity of BOOKSELLERS.

But though I have the greatest veneration for these gentlemen, I cannot help being of opinion, that if the old patrons, the GREAT, were to unite their endeavours with the new patrons, the BOOKSELLERS, it might accelerate the progress of VIRTUE through this island. Every body knows the effect which a smile, a nod, a shake of the hand, or even a promise from a great man, has upon the inventive faculties of an author. In all probability he would sit with more serenity, and loll with more grace in a NOBLEMAN'S chariot, than in his BOOKSELLER'S easy chair: not to mention that three courses by a French COOK, a desert, and a bottle of champaigne, are more apt to exhilarate the spirits than one or two plain English dishes and prosaic port. Provided (as indeed it ought always to be provided) that the servants of this noble patron will condescend to hear him now-and-then, when he happens to be in want of any thing that is in the province of the sideboard.

Who is there among us so ignorant as not to know that the two favorite amusements of gaming and *adultery* would never have found such universal ad

ission, if they had not been honoured with the pa-onage of people of fashion? The numbers of drest-monkies and dancing-dogs, which have lately ntributed so much to our public entertainments, re another proof of what people of fashion may bring bout, if they determine to be active. But as a cer-in great personage, well known in the polite world, as pleased of old time to observe of Job (though he accusation was a false one) *That he did not serve od for nought*; so may it be suggested that the REAT of this generation will expect to be paid ther in pleasure or profit for their services to man-ind. It is shrewdly suspected of the BOOKSEL-ERS, that they have some interested views in their ncouragement of LEARNING; and it is my own pinion, that our nobility and people of fashion are nly encouragers of vice and folly, as they happen o be paid for it in pleasure: My design therefore n this letter is to convince the said people of ashion, that they are losing a great deal of pleasure y shutting their doors against men of learning.

In the article of EATING, for instance (that noble leasure!) who is there so proper to advise with as ne who is acquainted with the kitchens of an Api-ius or an Heliogabalus? For though I have a very igh opinion of our present taste, I cannot help hinking that the ancients were our masters in ex-ensive dinners. Their cooks had an art amongst hem, which I do not find that any of ours are ar-ived at. Trimalchus's cook could make a turbot r an ortolan out of hog's-flesh. Nicomedes, king f Bithynia, when he was three hundred miles from ea, longed for a John-dory, and was supplied with fresh one by his cook the same hour. I dare say here are men learned enough in this kingdom, nder proper encouragement, to restore to us this *valuable secret.* In building and furniture, a man

of learning might instruct our nobility in the Ro art of expence. Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, the merchant, had eight hundred thousand po worth of furniture burnt in the left wing of country-house. In the article of running in we are people of no spirit; a man of learning tell us that Milo, a Roman of fashion, owed t tradesmen and others half a million of money.

The ladies will have equal benefit with the from their encouragement of LEARNING. It be told them, that Lollia Paulina, a young lad distinction at Rome, wore at a subscription ma rade four hundred thousand pounds worth of je It is said of the same young lady, that she jewels to half that amount, if she went only i night-gown to drink tea at her mantua-mal Those ladies of fashion who have the clearest s and who of course are enemies to concealment, be instructed by men of learning in the thin gauze worn by the ladies of Rome, called the n drapery. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, who was of appearing in this naked drapery, preserved beautiful polish of her skin by using a warm ba asses milk. In short, a man of learning, if pro encouraged, might instruct our people of fashio all the pleasures of Roman luxury, which at pre they are only imitating without abilities to equ

I have the pleasure of hearing that the ge men at White's are at this very time laying t heads together for the advancement of LEARNI and that they are likely to sit very late upon it many nights. Their scheme, which is a very one, is to alienate their estates; by which ali tion it is presumed that their next generatio people of fashion will of necessity be tradesm and as the business of a BOOKSELLER is supp to be of a genteeler and more lucrative nature t

that of a haberdasher or a pastry-cook, it is imagined that the most honourable families will become BOOKSELLERS, and of course, patrons of LEARNING.

I know but one objection to this scheme, which is, that the children of people of fashion are apt to contract so early an aversion to books, that they will hardly be prevailed upon, even by necessity itself, to make them the business of their lives.

I am, SIR,

Your reader and most humble servant,

H. M.

No. 21. THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1753.

I SHALL only observe upon the following letters, that the first relates chiefly to myself, that the second has a very serious meaning, and that the third contains a hint to the ladies, which I hope will not be thrown away upon them.

To Mr. FITS-ADAM.

SIR,

As it is possible I may one time or other be a correspondent of yours, and may now-and-then perhaps have a strong impulse to pay you a compliment, I am willing to know how far I may go without giving offence; and whether, by the advertisement at the end of your first number, you mean to exclude all allusions to the expression, THE WORLD, even though the turn of them should be such, as would be rather treating you with civility than otherwise! As for instance:

When a man is just upon the point of committing a vicious action, may he check himself by this thought, 'What will the WORLD say of me?' May

a man be threatened, that if he does such a thing, 'The WORLD shall know it?' May it be said, 'That the WORLD esteems a man of merit?' In short, may the praise and censure of the WORLD be made use of without offence, as arguments to promote virtue, and restrain vice?

I am entirely unacquainted with your situation in life; but if you are a married man, I take the liberty to give you one piece of advice. There are certain places of public entertainment, which, though they may chance to be tolerated by law, it were to be wished, for prudential reasons, were more discouraged, and less frequented. Example, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is very prevalent; and the advice I would give you is, that whenever you think proper to go to any such places for your own amusement, you would leave your lady at home; for there is nothing gives greater encouragement than to have it said, 'There was all THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;' from whence it is concluded that all THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE will be there again the next time.

I am, SIR,

Your admirer and humble servant,

COSMOPHILOS.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

I could wish with all my heart that you and I were a little acquainted, that I might invite you to come and take a Sunday's dinner with me. I name Sunday, because I want you to be witness of an evil on that day, which possibly, by a constant and sober residence in town, you may not be acquainted with.

It is my misfortune to live in what is called a pleasant village upon one of the great roads within seven miles of London, where I am almost suffocated with dust every Sunday in the summer, occasioned

by those crowds of prentice-boys who are whipping their hired hacks to death, or driving their crazy one-horse chairs against each other, to the great dismay of women with child, and the mortal havoc of young children. It is a plan case that neither the fathers nor masters of these young men have any authority over them; if they had, we should find them in their compting-houses, according to the custom of sober citizens on that day, posting their books, and balancing the accounts of the former week. But in my humble opinion, even this is a custom better broke through than continued; for though industry is a very valuable quality, and is commonly the means of making, what is called in the city, a GOOD MAN of a very knavish one, it may be pushed too far; as it most certainly is, when it defeats the end and intention of Sunday, which was ordained and instituted for a day of rest.

I can just remember, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that before christianity was entirely reasoned out of these kingdoms, it was a mighty custom for young folks to go to church on that day; and indeed I should have thought there was no manner of harm in it, if it had not been plainly proved, as well by people of fashion as others, that going to church was the most tiresome thing in the world; and that consequently it was notoriously perverting a day set apart solely for rest.

But while almost every one, in speculation, is averse to labour on a Sunday, how strange is it to see a lethargic citizen drudging at his books, a decrepid old country couple fatiguing themselves to death by walking to church, and their children and grand-children venturing their necks and harrassing their bodies by running races upon the road! I am for the strict observance of all institutions; and as we have happily got rid of the religious prejudices

of our forefathers, I know but one way of keeping Sunday as it ought to be kept; but unless what I have to propose be backed by your censorial authority, I see no probability of its taking effect: I could wish therefore that you would earnestly recommend to both sexes, of every rank and condition, the lying in bed all that day. This will indeed be making it a day of rest, provided that all single persons be directed to lie alone, and that permission be given to those who cannot sleep in their beds, to go to church and sleep there. If this can be brought about, our churches may still be kept open, and the roads cleared of those noisy and dissolute young fellows, who finding in themselves no inclination to lie still, are disturbing the rest of all other people.

Your taking this matter into consideration will oblige all sober observers of Sunday, and particularly,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN SOFTLY.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is an old saying, but a true one, that a good husband commonly makes a good wife. If it was as true, that a good wife commonly made a good husband, I am inclined to think that Hymen would wear a much brighter countenance among us than we generally see him with.

In all families where I have been an intimate, I have taken particular notice of every occurrence that has tended to the disturbance of the matrimonial tranquillity; and upon tracing those occurrences to their source, I have commonly discovered that the fault was principally in the husband.

I have now in my possession a calculation of Demoivre, made a few years ago, with great labour

l accuracy, which proves that the good wives, hin the weekly bills, have a majority upon the ıd husbands of three to one; and I am humbly opinion, that if the calculation was to be extend- to the towns and counties remote from London, should find the majority at least five times as eat. But to those husbands who have never ought of such a calculation, and who have little or acquaintance with their wives, a majority of ree to one may be as much as they will care to allow; especially if it be considered how many NE LADIES there are at St. James's, how many ITABLE WIVES in the city, and how many LAND- ADIES at Wapping; all of which, as a friend of ine very justly observes, are exactly the same naracter.

But though I am convinced of the truth of this lculation, I am not so partial to the ladies, particu- rly the unmarried ones, as to imagine them without ult; on the contrary, I am going to accuse them of a ery great one, which if not put a stop to before the ern weather comes in, no mortal can tell to what ngths it may be carried. You have already hinted at his fault in the sex, under the genteel appellation of oulting their dress. If the necks, shoulders, &c. have egun to shed their covering in winter, what a ge- eral display of nature are we to expect this sum- ıer, when the excuse of heat may be alledged in ıvour of such a display? I called some time ago pon a friend of mine near St. James's, who, upon y asking where his sister was, told me, 'At her ilette, UNDRESSING for the ridotto.' That the xpression may be intelligible to every one of your aders, I beg leave to inform them, that it is the ishion for a lady to UNDRESS herself to go abroad, nd to DRESS only when she stays at home and sees o company.

It may be urged, perhaps, that the nakedness in fashion is intended only to be emblematical of the innocence of the present generation of young ladies; as we read of our first mother, before the fall, that *she was naked and not ashamed*; but I cannot help thinking that her daughters of these times should convince us that they are entirely free from original sin, as well as actual transgression, or else be *ashamed* of their NAKEDNESS.

I would ask any pretty miss about town, if she ever went a second time to see the wax-work, or the lions, or even the dogs and the monkies, with the same delight as at first? Certain it is, that the finest show in the world excites but little curiosity in those who have seen it before. 'That was a very fine picture,' says my lord, '*but I had seen it before.*' 'Twas a sweet song of the Galli's,' says my lady, '*but I had heard it before.*' 'A very fine poem,' says the critic, '*but I had read it before.*' Let every lady therefore take care, that while she is displaying in public a bosom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying, '*'Tis very pretty, but we have seen it before.*'

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
S. L.

No. 22. THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1753.

Eton School, May 12, 1753.

—— *Non possum ferre, Quirites,*
Græcam urbem —— JUVEN.

SIR,

You will be surprized, perhaps, at my presumption in supposing that you will pay any regard

the production of a puerile pen, or that out of the mouth of *babes and sucklings* the public will deign to receive either instruction or amusement; but however that may be, I cannot forbear acknowledging the obligations I owe you, if it be only to convince you, that gratitude is still a school-boy's virtue. You must know then, that ever since you made your first appearance, I have constantly appropriated the sum of two-pence, out of my slender allowance of a shilling a week, for the purchase of your paper; and have often, while my school-fellows were harping on the old thread-bare subjects of Greece and Rome, enriched my exercise from your treasure with some lively strokes on modern manners; but never so much to my honour as last week, when the scrap of Juvenal prefixed to this letter was our theme. The general topic was declaiming against that old-fashioned pedantic language called Greek, which you may imagine was the most popular turn that could be given to the subject here; but for my part, I chose to consider rather the spirit than the letter of my author, and to turn my satire against France, the Greece of our days; in which view I had an opportunity of introducing the description of the tour to Paris, which is touched with such an inimitable spirit of ridicule by your last week's correspondent. Standard wit, like standard gold, will bear a great deal of alloy without being totally debased; and the proof of it is, that notwithstanding the disadvantage of appearing under the disguise of my Latin poetry, the tour to Paris *went for the Play*. This expression, sir, will be jargon to the town in general; but those of your readers who have been educated here will know that it means the highest mark of distinction that an Eton boy is capable of receiving; when a whole holiday is granted to the school in consideration of the merit of that copy of

verses which is judged the best, and to which the panegyric that Horace bestows on poetry in general, when he styles it *laborum dulcedinem*, is peculiarly applicable. Imagine what exultation of mind the young hero of such a day must feel; the conscious benefactor of all his little fellow-citizens, who share with gratitude the happiness derived to him from the success of his talents! The verses too are read, transcribed, repeated; the homage of admiration and of envy is paid him, and the first emotions of youthful vanity and ambition are fully gratified. In short, not Herodotus, reciting that exercise of imagination which we call his history, whilst all Greece, assembled in the *playing-fields* at Elis, on the *whole holiday* of the Olympic games, listened with silent applause; no, nor (to illustrate my idea by a still sublimer image) the great duke of Marlborough himself, on the thanksgiving-day for Blenheim, could taste a purer and more exalted rapture.

Forgive this sally, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and let me join with your witty correspondent in lamenting the deficiency of our laws, which do not extend to the prevention of the evil he exposes, though I cannot concur in thinking that ridicule will on this occasion supply the place of wholesome regulations.

Whether the remedy I am going to propose will be effectual for this purpose, I will not pretend to determine; but I confess it appears, to me at least so obvious, that I am amazed it never occurred to any one before. Give me leave to make one or two previous observations, and I will keep you no longer in suspence.

I have often heard it remarked, that a great school is a miniature of the great world, and that men are nothing else but children of a larger size. *If this* be true, which every day's experience seems

to justify, can there be any danger of fallacy in arguing, that the same engines of government which serve to establish order in a school, may be transferred for similar purposes, with great probability of success, to the use of the state? Now I appeal to common sense, whether rambling abroad, and running out of bounds, are not exactly the same offences; only that the one is committed by the great children, the other by the little ones; and if the discipline of birch is found effectual to restrain it in the latter, why should not the experiment be tried at least with the former? The rod, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the rod is the thing, which, if well administered, would serve to deter many a man-child from exposing himself as a rambler, whose callous sensations the lash of ridicule could make no impression upon. In recommending this, I am sorry to say I have the authority of experience to support me, having had the misfortune to feel, in my own proper person, how efficacious the smart of a little flagellation is to correct an inordinate passion for travelling: for the rage of travel, sir, prevails in our little society as in your larger one, and has formerly, when this argument *a posteriori* was not so frequently used to discourage it, manifested itself in perpetual excursions to *foreign parts*; such as Cluer, Datchet, Windsor, &c. at every short interval between school-times, just as the grown children of fashion run over to Paris during a recess of parliament. But the ceremony of an installation was equivalent to a jubilee, and used to occasion almost a total emigration, which I assure you was prevented the last time by this salutary terror; a terror which operates so strongly, that though there is now-and-then a clandestine excursion made by some daring genius, yet it is but seldom, and attended with such trepidation when it

happens, as to justify the picture which the sweetest of our elegiac poets has drawn of us:

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

It may possibly be objected, that our men-children are too big to be whipt like school-boys; but if the description be just, which I heard a gentleman at my father's give last holidays of our countrymen abroad, I leave you to judge whether they should or not. 'Strolling over Europe (these were his words) and staring about with a strange mixture of raw admiration and rude contempt; both equally the effect of ignorance and inexperience. Insolently despising foreign manners and customs, merely because they are foreign, which yet for the same reason they would fain copy, though aukwardly and without distinction. Untinctured with any sound principles of comparison; unreasonably vain, and, by turns, ashamed of their native country; trifling, sheepish, and riotous.' What are these, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but school-boys out of bounds? And shall they not be whipt, severely whipt, when they return? It is beneath the dignity of government to inflict a more serious punishment, and contrary to its wisdom to connive at the offence.

There is a bill, I am told, depending in parliament, the idea of which, if I am rightly informed, is plainly borrowed from our custom of *calling absence*; that is, calling over the list of names, to which each boy is expected to appear and answer; I mean the register bill, which it seems establishes an *absence* to be called annually throughout the kingdom: an admirable institution, calculated, I suppose, as among us, for the detection of these very offenders. Let those patriots then, who have condescended to copy

ne institution of school-policy, adopt the whole lan; for surely to detect without punishing, would stopping short of the mark. Suppose then that bill was to be prepared, intituled *An act against mbling*, which may be considered as a proper supement to the vagrant act; by which a board should e constituted, and called the *home board;* the prident and principal members of which are to be hosen out of the laudable society of Anti-Gallians; to whom the proper officers appointed to *call hence*, pursuant to the register act, shall transmit nually complete lists of absentees in foreign parts, ho on their return home shall be liable to be sumoned and examined in a summary way before the oard, whose sentence shall be final. That all going into foreign parts shall not be deemed *rambling;* ut that the legislature may in its wisdom define the ffence, and specify certain tokens by which it may e ascertained; such, for instance, as debasing the urity of the English language, by a vile mixture of xotic words, idioms, and phrases; all impertinent nd unmeaning shrugs, grimaces, and gesticulations; he frequent use of the word *canaille*, and the least contempt wantonly cast on the roast beef of Old England. These should be deemed sufficient evidence to convict an offender against this statute, who shall be immediately brought to condign punishment, which is to be by *flagellation* after the manner of the schools; for which purpose a block fashioned like ours, may be erected on the parade, and an additional salary given to the usher of the black rod, to provide a sufficient store of birch, and able-bodied deputies. The number of lashes to be proportioned to the crime; never less than seven, nor more than one-and-twenty, exclusive of the flying cuts as the criminal rises. The time of execution, for the sake of public example, to be twelve at

noon, and some one member of the *house board*, always to attend and intermix proper reproofs and admonitions between the cuts, which are to be applied slowly and distinctly.—Provided always, that nothing in this act contained shall extend to persons who cross the seas in order to finish their studies at *foreign universities*; to gentlemen who travel with the public spirited design of procuring singers and dancers for the opera; or to such young patriots who make the tour of Europe, from a laudable desire of discovering the many imperfections of the English constitution, by comparing it with the more perfect models which are to be found abroad.

Such, sir, are the general outlines of my scheme; and, guarded with these precautions, I should flatter myself it could meet with no opposition. I once thought of a private whipping-room for travelling females, but in consideration of the voluntary penance, which I am told they submit to at their return to England, of exhibiting themselves in public places, made frightful with all the frippery of France, patched, painted, and pomponed, as warnings to the sex, I am willing that all farther punishment should be remitted. To your censure, sir, I submit the whole of my scheme. If the foundation I have built upon is a weak one, I have the inexperience of youth to plead in my behalf, and the same excuse to alledge with the simple swain in Virgil, which as a school-boy I beg leave to quote.

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem——
Sic CANIBUS CATULOS, *similes, &c.*

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant.

No. 23. THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1753.

It is with some degree of pride as well as pleasure that I see my correspondents multiply so fast, that the task I have undertaken is become almost a sinecure. For many weeks past it has been entirely so, allowing only for some little alterations, which I judged it necessary to make in two or three essays; a liberty which I shall never take without the greatest caution, and upon few other occasions than to give a general turn to what may be applied to a particular character. To all men of genius and good humour, who will favour me with their correspondence, I shall think myself both honoured and obliged.

The writer of the following letter will, I am sure, forgive me for the few liberties I have taken with him. The grievance he complains of is a very great one, and what I should imagine needs only to be mentioned to find redress.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

To gratify the curiosity of a country friend, I accompanied him a few weeks ago to Bedlam; a place which I should not otherwise have visited, as the distresses of my fellow-creatures affect me too much to incline me to be a spectator of them. I was extremely moved at the variety of wretches, who appeared either sullen or outrageous, melancholy or chearful, according to their different dispositions; and who seemed to retain, though inconsistently, the same passions and affections, as when in possession of their reason. In one cell sat a wretch upon his straw, looking stedfastly upon the ground in silent

despair. In another the spirit of ambition flash from the eyes of an emperor, who strutted the happ lord of the creation. Here a fearful miser, havi in fancy converted his rags to gold, sat counting o his wealth, and trembling at all who saw him. The the prodigal was hurrying up and down his war and giving fortunes to thousands. On one side straw-crowned king was delivering laws to his pe ple, and on the other a husband, mad indeed, w dictating to a wife that had undone him. Sudd fits of raving interrupted the solemn walk of t melancholy musician, and settled despair sat up the pallid countenance of the love-sick maid.

To those who have feeling minds, there is nothi so affecting as sights like these: nor can a bet lesson be taught us in any part of the globe than this school of misery. Here we may see the migh reasoners of the earth, below even the insects th crawl upon it; and from so humbling a sight we m learn to moderate our pride, and to keep those pa sions within bounds, which if too much indulg would drive reason from her seat, and level us w the wretches of this unhappy mansion. But I a sorry to say it, curiosity and wantonness, more th a desire of instruction, carry the majority of spec tors to this dismal place. It was in the last week that I attended my friend there; when, to great surprize, I found a hundred people at les who, having paid their two-pence a-piece, were s fered unattended to run rioting up and down wards, making sport and diversion of the misera inhabitants; a cruelty which one would think human nature hardly capable of! Surely if the utm misery of mankind is to be made a sight of for ga those who are the governors of this hospital sho take care that proper persons are appointed to tend the spectators; and not suffer indecencies to

committed, which would shock the humanity of the savage Indians. I saw some of the poor wretches provoked by the insults of this holiday mob into furies of rage; and I saw the poorer wretches, the spectators, in a loud laugh of triumph at the ravings they had occasioned.

In a country where christianity is, at least, professed, it is strange that humanity should, in this instance, so totally have abandoned us: for however trifling this may appear to some particular persons, I cannot help looking upon it as a reflection upon the nation, and worthy the consideration of all good men. I know it is a hard task to alter the wanton dispositions of mankind; but it is not hard for men in power to hinder people from venting those dispositions on the unhappy objects in question, of whom every governor is the guardian, and therefore bound to protect them from so cruel an outrage, which is not only injurious to the poor wretches themselves, but is also an insult upon human nature. I hope therefore that for the future the governors of this noble charity will think themselves obliged, in conscience and honour, to rectify an abuse which is so great a discredit to it: or if they continue regardless of it, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will pronounce every individual of them to be an accomplice in the barbarity.

And now, sir, that I am on the subject of madness, give me leave to hint to you an opinion which I have often entertained, and which my late visit to Bedlam has again revived, that the maddest people in this kingdom are not *in*, but *out* of Bedlam. I have frequently compared in my own mind the actions of certain persons whom we daily meet with in the world, with those of the inhabitants of Bedlam, who, properly speaking, may be said to be out of it; and I know of no other difference between them, than

that the former are mad with their reason about them, and the latter so from the misfortune of having lost it. But what is extraordinary in this age, when, to its honour be it spoken, charity is become fashionable, these unhappy wretches are suffered to run loose about the town, raising riots in public assemblies, beating constables, breaking lamps, damning parsons, affronting modesty, disturbing families, and destroying their own fortunes and constitutions: and all this without any provision being made for them, or the least attempt to cure them of this madness in their blood.

The miserable objects I am speaking of, are divided into two classes; the MEN OF SPIRIT ABOUT TOWN, and the BUCKS: The MEN OF SPIRIT have some glimmerings of understanding; the BUCKS none: the former are demoniacs, or people possessed; the latter are uniformly and incurably mad. For the reception and confinement of both these classes, I would humbly propose that two very spacious buildings be erected, the one called the hospital for MEN OF SPIRIT, or demoniacs: and the other the hospital for BUCKS, or incurables. Of these hospitals I would have the keepers of our Bridewells appointed governors, with full powers of constituting such deputies or sub-governors, as to their wisdom should seem meet. That after such hospitals are built, proper officers appointed, and doctors, surgeons, apothecaries and mad nurses provided, all young noblemen and others within the bills of mortality, having common sense, who shall be found offending against the rules of decency, either in the cases above-mentioned, or in others of a similar nature, shall immediately be conducted to the hospital for demoniacs, there to be exorcised, physicked, and disciplined into a proper use of their senses; and that full liberty be granted to all persons what-

soever to visit, laugh at, and make sport of these demoniacs, without lett or molestation from any of the keepers, according to the present custom of Bedlam. To the Buck hospital for incurables, I would have all such persons conveyed that are mad through folly, ignorance, or conceit; there to be shut up for life, not only to be prevented from doing mischief, but from exposing in their own persons, the weaknesses and miseries of mankind. These incurables, on no pretence whatsoever, to be visited or ridiculed; as it would be altogether as inhuman to insult the unhappy wretches who never were possessed of their senses, as it is to make a jest of those who have unfortunately lost them.

The building and endowing these hospitals I leave to the projectors of ways and means; contenting myself with having communicated a scheme, which, if carried into execution, will secure us from those swarms of madmen which are at present so much the dread and disturbance of all public places.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader, and most humble servant,

P. P.

No. 24. THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1753.

I shall not at present enter into the great question between the ancients and the moderns; much less shall I presume to decide upon a point of that importance, which has been the subject of debate among the learned from the days of Horace down to ours. To make my court to the learned, I will lament the gradual decay of human nature, for these last sixteen centuries; but at the same time I will

do justice to my contemporaries, and give them their due share of praise, where they have either struck out new inventions, or improved and brought old ones to perfection. Some of them I shall now mention.

The most zealous and partial advocate for the ancients will not, I believe, pretend to dispute the infinite superiority of the moderns in the art of healing. Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen, had no specifics. They rather endeavoured to relieve than pretended to cure. As for the astonishing cures of Æsculapius, I do not put them into the account: they are to be ascribed to his power, not to his skill: he was a god, and his divinity was his NOSTRUM. But how prodigiously have my ingenious contemporaries extended the bounds of medicine! What nostrums, what specifics have they not discovered! Collectively considered, they insure not only perfect health, but, by a necessary consequence, immortality; insomuch that I am astonished, when I still read in the weekly bills the great number of people who chuse to die of such and such distempers, for every one of which there are infallible and specific cures, not only advertised but attested in all the public news-papers.

When the lower sort of Irish, in the most uncivilized parts of Ireland, attend the funeral of a deceased friend or neighbour, before they give the last parting howl, they expostulate with the dead body, and reproach him with having died, notwithstanding that he had an excellent wife, a milch cow, seven fine children, and a competency of potatoes. Now though all these, particularly the excellent wife, are very good things in a state of perfect health, they cannot, as I apprehend, be looked upon as preventive either of sickness or of death; but with how much more reason may we expostulate with,

d censure those of our contemporaries, who, either
m obstinacy or incredulity, die in this great
tropolis, or indeed in this kingdom, when they
y prevent or cure, at a trifling expence, not only
distempers, but even old age and death itself!
e RENOVATING ELIXIR *infallibly restores prise youth and vigour, be the patient ever so old and ayed;* and that without loss of time or business;
ereas the same operation among the ancients was
th tedious and painful, as it required a thorough
ling of the patient.

The most inflammatory and intrepid fevers fly at
e first discharge of Dr. James's powder; and a
op or pill of the celebrated Mr. Ward corrects all
e malignity of Pandora's box.

Ought not every man of great birth and estate,
ho for many years has been afflicted with the POSROMANIA, or rage of having posterity, a disnper very common among persons of that sort;
ght he not, I say, to be ashamed of having no isle male to perpetuate his illustrious name and title,
hen for so small a sum as three-and-sixpence, he
d his lady might be supplied with a sufficient quanty of the VIVIFYING DROPS, which infallibly
re imbecility in men, and barrenness in women,
ough of never so long standing?

Another very great discovery of the moderns in
e heart of healing is, the infallible cure of the king's
il, though never so inveterate, by only the touch
a lawful king, the right heir of Adam: for that
essentially necessary. The ancients were unacainted with this inestimable secret: and even
lomon the son of David, the wisest of kings,
ew nothing of the matter. But our British Soloon, king James the first, a son of a David also,
as no stranger to it, and practised it with success.
his fact is sufficiently proved by experience; but

if it wanted any corroborating testimony, m
that of the ingenious Mr. Carte, who, in his
parable History of England, asserts (and th
marginal note too, which is always more
than the text) that he knew SOMEBODY, w
radically cured of a most obstinate king's-e
the touch of SOMEBODY. As our sagacious
rian does not even intimate that this SOM
took any thing of the other SOMEBODY for th
it were to be wished that he had named this
BODY, and his place of abode, for the ben
the poor, who are now reduced, and at so
pence, to have recourse to Mr. Vickers the c
man. Besides, I fairly confess myself to b
sonally interested in this inquiry, since this
BODY must necessarily be the right heir of
and consequently I must have the honour of
related to him.

Our laborious neighbours and kinsmen, th
mans, are not without their inventions and
discoveries in the art of medicine; for they
at a wound through the heart, if they can but
their powder of sympathy——not to the wou
self, but to the sword or bullet that made it.

Having now (at least in my own opinion)
proved the superiority of the moderns over t
cients in the art of healing, I shall proceed to
other particulars, in which my contemporaries
justly claim, and I hope be allowed the prefere

The ingenious Mr. Warburton, in his Divi
gation of Moses, very justly observes, that hie
phics were the beginning of letters; but at the
time he candidly allows that it was a very tr
some and uncertain method of communicating
ideas; as it depended in a great measure
writer's skill in drawing (an art little kno
those days); and as a stroke too much or too

so high or too low, might be of the most dangerous consequence, in religion, business, or love. Cadmus removed this difficulty by his invention of unequivocal letters; but then he removed it too much; for those letters or marks being the same throughout and fixed alphabetically, soon became generally known, and prevented that secrecy which in many cases was to be wished for. This inconveniency suggested to the ancients the invention of cryptography and steganography, or a mysterious and unintelligible way of writing, by the help of which none but the corresponding parties who had the key could decypher the matter. But human industry soon refined upon this too; the art of decyphering was discovered, and the skill of the decypherer baffled all the labour of the cypherer. The secrecy of all literary correspondence became precarious, and neither business nor love could any longer be safely trusted to paper. Such for a considerable time was the unhappy state of letters, till the BEAU MONDE, an inventive race of people, found out a new kind of cryptography, or steganography, unknown to the ancients, and free from some of their inconveniencies. Lovers in general made use of it; controversial writers commonly; and ministers of state sometimes, in the most important dispatches. It was writing in such an unintelligible manner, and with such obscurity, that the corresponding parties themselves neither understood, nor even guessed at each other's meaning; which was a most effectual security against all the accidents to which letters are liable by being either mislaid or intercepted. But this method too, though long pursued, was also attended with some inconveniencies. It frequently produced mistakes, by scattering false lights upon that friendly darkness, so propitious to business and love. But our

inventive neighbours, the French, have very lately removed all these inconveniencies, by the happy discovery of a new kind of paper, as pleasing to the eye, and as conducive to the dispatch, the clearness, and at the same time the secrecy of all literary correspondence. My worthy friend Mr. Dodsley lately brought me a sample of it, upon which, if I mistake not, he will make very considerable improvements, as my countrymen often do upon the inventions of other nations. This sheet of paper I conjectured to be the ground-work and principal material of a tender and passionate letter from a fine gentleman to a fine lady; though in truth it might very well be the whole letter itself. At the top of the first page was delineated a lady with very red cheeks, and a very large hoop, in the fashionable attitude of knotting, and of making a very genteel French curtesey. This evidently appears to stand for MADAM, and saves the time and trouble of writing it. At the bottom of the third page was painted a very fine well-drest gentleman, with his hat under his left arm, and his right hand upon his heart, bowing most respectfully low; which single figure, by an admirable piece of brachygraphy or short-hand, plainly conveys this deep sense, and stands instead of these many words, *I have the honour to be, with the tenderest and warmest sentiments, madam, your most inviolably attached, faithful humble servant.* The margin of the paper, which was about half an inch broad, was very properly decorated with all the emblems of triumphant beauty, and tender suffering passion. Groups of lilies, roses, pearls, corals, suns and stars, were intermixed with chains, bearded shafts, and bleeding hearts. Such a sheet of paper, I confess, seems to me to be a complete letter; and I would advise all fine gentlemen, whose time I know is precious, to avail

themselves of this admirable invention: it will save them a great deal of time, and perhaps some thought; and I cannot help thinking, that were they even to take the trouble of filling up the paper with the tenderest sentiments of their hearts, or the most shining flights of their fancy, they would add no energy or delicacy to those types and symbols of the lady's conquests, and their own captivity and sufferings.

These blank letters (if I may call them so, when they convey so much) will mock the jealous curiosity of husbands and fathers, who will in vain hold them to the fire to elicit the supposed juice of lemon, and upon whom they may afterwards pass for a piece of innocent pleasantry.

The dullest of my readers must, I am sure, by this time be aware, that the utility of this invention extends, *mutatis mutandis*, to whatever can be the subject of letters, and with much less trouble, and much more secrecy, propriety, and elegancy, than the old way of writing.

A painter of but moderate skill and fancy may in a very short time have reams of ready-painted paper by him to supply the demands of the statesman, the divine, and the lover. And I think it my duty to inform the public, that my good friend Mr. Dodsley, who has long complained of the decay of trade, and who loves, with a prudent regard to his own interest, to encourage every useful invention, is at this time learning to paint with most unwearied diligence and application; and I make no doubt, but that in a very little time he will be able to furnish all sorts of persons with the very best ready-made goods of that kind. I warned him indeed against providing any for the two learned professions of the law and physic, which I apprehend *would lie upon his hands*. One of them being al-

ready in possession (to speak in their own style) of a more brachygraphical, cryptographical, and steganographical secret, in writing their WARRANTS; and the other not willingly admitting brevity, in any shape. Otherwise what innumerable skins of parchment, and lines of writing might be saved in a marriage-settlement, for instance, if the first fourteen or fifteen sons, the supposed future issue, LAWFULLY TO BE BEGOTTEN of that happy marriage, and upon whom the settlement is successively made, were to be painted every one a size less than the other upon one skin of parchment, instead of being enumerated upon one hundred, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age; and moreover the elder, by a happy pleonasmus, always to take before, and be preferred to the younger! but this useful alteration is more to be wished than expected, for reasons which I do not at present think proper to mention.

I am sensible that the government may possibly object, that I am suggesting to its enemies a method of carrying on their treasonable correspondences with much more secrecy than formerly. But as my intentions are honest, I should be very sorry to have my loyalty suspected: and when I consider the zeal, and at the same time the ingenuity of the jacobites, I am convinced that their letters in this new method will be so charged with groves of oaken boughs, white roses and thistles interwoven, that their meaning will not be obscure, and consequently no danger will arise to the government from this new and excellent invention.

No. 25. THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1753.

HAVE the pleasure of informing my fair correspondent, that her petition contained in the following letter is granted. I wish I could as easily restore to her what she has lost. But to a mind like her's, so elevated! so harmonized! time and the consciousness of so much purity of intention will bring relief. It must always afford her matter of the most pleasing reflection, that her soul had no participation with her material part in that particular act which she appears to mention with so tender a regret. But it is not my intention to anticipate her story, by endeavouring to console her. Her letter, I hope, will caution all young ladies of equal virtue with herself against that excess of complaisance, with which they are sometimes too willing to entertain their lovers.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I have not the least ill-will to your friend Mr. Dodsley, whom I never saw in my life; but I address myself to your equity and good-nature, for a small share only of your favour and recommendation in that new and valuable branch of trade, to which you have informed the public he is now applying himself, and which I hope you will not think unreasonable that he should monopolize. I mean that admirable short and secret method of communicating one's ideas by ingenious emblems and representations of the pencil, instead of the vulgar and old method of letters by the pen. Give me leave, sir, to state my case and my qualifications to you: I am sure you will decide with justice.

I am the daughter of a clergyman, who, having had a very good living, gave me a good education, and left me no fortune. I had naturally a turn to reading and drawing: my father encouraged and assisted me in the one, allowed me a master to instruct me in the other, and I made an uncommon progress in them both. My heart was tender, and my sentiments were delicate; perhaps too much so for my rank in life. This disposition led me to study chiefly those treasures of sublime honour, spotless virtue, and refined sentiment, the voluminous romances of the last century. Sentiments from which I thank Heaven I have never deviated. From a sympathizing softness of soul, how often have I wept over those affecting distresses! How have I shared the pangs of the chaste and lovely Mariamne upon the death of the tender, the faithful Tiridates! And how has my indignation been excited at the unfaithful and ungenerous historical misrepresentations of the gallant first Brutus, who was undoubtedly the tenderest lover that ever lived! My drawings took the same elegant turn with my reading. I painted all the most moving and tender stories of charming Ovid's Metamorphoses; not without sometimes mingling my tears with my colours. I presented some fans of my own painting to several ladies in the neighbourhood, who were pleased to commend both the execution and the designs. The latter I always took care should be moving, and at the same time irreproachably pure; and I found means even to represent with unblemished delicacy, the unhappy passion of the unfortunate Pasiphaé. With this turn of mind, this softness of soul, it will be supposed that I loved. I did so, sir; tenderly and truly I loved. Why should I disown a passion, which, when clarified as mine was from the impure dregs of sensuality, is the noblest and most generous sen-

timent of the human breast? O! that the false heart of the dear deceiver, whose perfidious vows betrayed mine, had been but as pure!——The traitor was quartered with his troop of dragoons in the town where I lived. His person was a happy compound of the manly strength of a hero, and all the softer graces of a lover; and I thought that I discovered in him, at first sight, all the courage and all the tenderness of Oroondates. My figure, which was not bad, it seems pleased him as much. He sought and obtained my acquaintance. Soon by his eyes, and soon after by his words, he declared his passion to me. My blushes, my confusion, and my silence, too plainly spoke mine. Good gods! how tender were his words! how languishingly soft his eyes! with what ardour did he snatch and press my hand! a trifling liberty, which one cannot decently refuse, and for which refusal there is no precedent. Sometimes he addressed me in the moving words of Varanes, sometimes in the tender accents of Castalio, and sometimes in the warmer language of Juba; for he was a very good scholar. In short, sir, a month was not past before he prest for what he called a proof of my passion. I trembled at the very thought, and reproached him with the indelicacy of it. He persisted; and I, in compliance with custom only, hinted previous marriage: he urged love; and I was not vulgar enough to refuse to the man I tenderly loved, the proof he required of my passion. I yielded, it is true; but it was to sentiment, not to desire. A few months gave me reason to suspect that his passion was not quite so pure; and within the year the perfidious wretch convinced me that it had been merely sensual. For upon the removal of his troop to other quarters, he took a cold leave of me, and contented himself with saying, that in the course *of quarters* he hoped to have the pleasure

some time or other of seeing me again. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if you have any elegancy of soul, as I dare say you have, can better guess than I can express the agonies I felt, and the tears I shed upon this occasion; but all in vain; vain as the thousand tender letters which I have written to him since, and to which I have received no answer. As all this passed within the course of ten months, I had but one child; which dear pledge of my first and only love, I now maintain at the expence of more than half of what I have to subsist upon myself.

Having now, as I hope, prepared your compassion, and proved my qualification, I proceed to the prayer of my petition. Which is, that you will be pleased to recommend me to the public, with all that authority which you have so justly acquired, for a share of this new and beneficial branch of trade. I mean no farther than the just bounds to which the female province may extend. Let Mr. Dodsley engross all the rest, with my best wishes.—Though I say it, I believe nobody has a clearer notion of the theory of delicate sentiments than I have; and I have already a considerable stock in hand of these allegorical and emblematical paintings, applicable to almost every situation in which a woman of sense, virtue, and delicacy, can find herself. I indulged my fancy in painting them, according to the various dispositions of mind, which my various fortunes produced. I think I may say without vanity, that I have made considerable improvements in the celebrated map of the realms of love in Clelia. I have adorned the banks of the gentle and crystalline Tender with several new villages and groves; and added expression to the pleasing melancholic groves of sighs and tender cares. I have whole *quires*, painted in my happier moments, of hearts *united* and crowned, fluttering cupids, wanton re-

phyrs, constant and tender doves, myrtle bowers, banks of jessamine and tuberose, and shady groves. These will require very little filling up, if any, from adies who are in the transporting situation of growing oves. For the forsaken and complaining fair, with whom, alas! I too fatally sympathize, I have tender villows drooping over murmuring brooks, and gloomy walks of mournful cypress and solemn yew. In hort, sir, I either have by me, or will forthwith pro-ide, whatever can convey the most perfect ideas of legant friendship, or pure, refined, and sentimen-al passion. But I think it necessary to give notice, hat if any ladies would express any indelicate ideas f love, or require any types or emblems of sensual oys, they must not apply to,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

PARTHENISSA.

No. 26. THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1753.

SIMPLICITY is with justice esteemed a supreme xcellence in all the performances of art, because y this quality they more nearly resemble the pro-uctions of nature: and the productions of nature ave ever been accounted nobler, and of a higher rder, in proportion to their SIMPLICITY. Hence rises (if the ladies will permit me to philosophize a oment) the superior excellence of spirit to mat-r, which is evidently a combination of many par-cles; whereas the first is pure, uncompounded, and ndivisible.

But let us descend from lofty speculations and *elass metaphysics*, into common life and familiar

arts, in order more fully to display the beauties of a JUST SIMPLICITY, to which the present age seems not to pay a proper regard in various instances.

Nothing can be more tiresome and nauseous to a virtuoso of a true judgment and a just eye in painting, than the gaudy glitter of florid colours, and a vast profusion of light, unsubdued by shade, and undiversified with teints of a browner cast. It is recorded, that some of the capital pieces of Apelles were wrought in four colours only. This excellent artist invented also a kind of darkening varnish, that might temper and chastize all dazzling splendor and unnecessary glare, and might give, as Pliny expresses it, a modesty and austerity to his works. Those who have been unaccustomed to the best models, are usually at first more delighted with the productions of the Flemish than the Italian school; and prefer Rubens to Raphael, till they feel by experience, that luscious and gay colouring defeats the very end of the art, by turning the attention from its principal excellencies; that is, from TRUTH, SIMPLICITY, and DESIGN.

If these observations are rightly founded, what shall we say of the taste and judgment of those who spend their lives and their fortunes in collecting pieces, where neither perspective, nor proportion, nor conformity to nature are observed; I mean the extravagant lovers and purchasers of CHINA, and INDIAN screens. I saw a sensible foreigner astonished at a late auction, with the exorbitant prices given for these SPLENDID DEFORMITIES, as he called them, while an exquisite painting of Guido passed unnoticed, and was set aside as unfashionable lumber. Happy should I think myself to be able to convince the fair connoisseurs that make the greatest part of Mr. Langford's audiences, that no

genuine beauty is to be found in whimsical and grotesque figures, the monstrous offspring of wild imagination, undirected by nature and truth.

It is of equal consequence to observe SIMPLICITY in architecture as in painting. A multiplicity of minute ornaments; a vast variety of angles and cavities; clusters of little columns, and a crowd of windows, are what distinguishes MEANNESS OF MANNER in building from GREATNESS; that is, the Gothic from the Grecian; in which every decoration arises from necessity and use, and every pillar has something to support.

Mark how the dread PANTHEON *stands,*
Amid the domes of modern hands!
Amid the toys of idle state,
How SIMPLY, *how severely great!*

says the celebrated author of the ode to Lord Huntingdon. Nothing therefore offends me more than to behold the revival of this barbarous taste, in several villas, temples, and pleasure-houses, that disgrace the neighbourhood of this metropolis. Nay, sometimes in the front of the same edifice to find a Grecian plan adulterated and defiled by the unnatural and impure mixture of Gothic whimsies.

Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.
HOR.

Whoever considers the latest importations of music and musicians from Italy, will be convinced that the modern masters of that country have lost that beautiful SIMPLICITY, which is generally the ornament of every musical composition, and which really dignified those of their predecessors. They have introduced so many intricate divisions, wild variations, and useless repetitions, without any apparent necessity arising either from the words or

from any other incident, that the chief ambition of the composer seems to be rather to surprize the ear than to please the judgment; and that of the performer, to shew his execution rather than his expression. It is from these motives that the hearer is often confounded, but not delighted, with sudden and unnatural transitions from the key, and returns to it as unnatural as the transitions themselves; while Pathos, the soul of music, is either unknown or totally neglected. Those who have studied the works of Corelli among the modern ancients, and Handel in the present age, know that the most affecting passages of the former owe their excellence to SIMPLICITY alone; and that the latter understands it as well, and attends to it as much, though he knows when to introduce with propriety those niceties and refinements, which, for want of that propriety, we condemn in others.

In every species of writing, whether we consider style or sentiment, SIMPLICITY is a beauty. The perfection of language, says the great father of criticism, consists in its being perspicuous but not low. A redundancy of metaphors, a heap of sounding and florid epithets, remote allusions, sudden flashes of wit, lively and epigrammatic turns, dazzle the imaginations, and captivate the minds of vulgar readers, who are apt to think the SIMPLE manner unanimated and dull, for want of being acquainted with the models of the great antique. Xenophon among the Greeks, and Cæsar among the Romans, are at once the purest and most simple, as well as the most elegant writers, any age or nation can produce. *Nudi enim sunt, recti, & venusti, omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste, detracto.* Among ourselves, no writer has perhaps made so happy and judicious a mixture of plain and figurative terms as Addison, who was the first that banished from the

English, as Boileau from the French, every species of bad eloquence and false wit, and opened the gates of the Temple of Taste to his fellow-citizens.

It seems to be the fate of polished nations to degenerate and depart from a SIMPLICITY of sentiment. For when the first and most obvious thoughts have been pre-occupied by former writers, their successors, by straining to be original and new, abound in far-fetched sentiments and forced conceits. Some late instances in men of genius (for none but these are capable of committing this fault) give occasion to us to deprecate this event. I must add, under this head, that simplicity of fable is an indispensable quality in every legitimate drama. We are too much enamoured with what is called intrigue, business, and bustle, in our plays. We are disgusted with the thinness, that is, the unity of a plot. We must enrich it with episodes or under-characters; and we never consider, how much our attention is diverted and destroyed by different objects, and our pity divided and weakened by an intricate multiplicity of events and of persons. The Athenians therefore, who could relish so SIMPLE a plot as that of the Philoctetes of Sophocles, had certainly either more patience or more good sense (I will not determine which) than my present countrymen.

If we raise our thoughts to a subject of more importance than writing, I mean dress; even in this sublime science, SIMPLICITY should ever be regarded. It might be thought presumption in me to censure any part of Miss ****'s dress last night at Ranelagh; yet I could not help condemning that profusion of ornament, which violated and destroyed the unity and τὸ ὅλον (a technical term borrowed from the toilette) of so accomplished a figure.

To finish my panegyric on SIMPLICITY in a man-

ner that I know is agreeable to my fair readers, I mean with a stroke of morality, I would observe, that if this quality was venerated as it ought to be, it would at once banish from the earth all artifice and treachery, double-dealing and deceit. Let it therefore be established as a maxim, That SIMPLICITY is of equal importance in MORALS and in TASTE.

No. 27. THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE forming separate societies, in order to exercise the great duty of self-mortification, seems to me to be one of the most general and prevailing tendencies in human nature. For even in those countries, where the freedom of the laws, or the ill execution of them, or the licentiousness of manners, has given a sort of public sanction to a less severe discipline, in England itself, what numerous sectaries have subsisted upon this disposition of the human mind!

It is upon this principle that the various and opposite tenets of different systems are built. Mahomet, Confucius, and other religious law-givers; the founders of larger societies, or smaller communities, have availed themselves of this bias in the mind of man; which, at one time or other, is sure to draw him with more than ordinary force.

If ambition occupies, if love monopolizes, if indolence stupifies, if literature amuses, if pride expands, or humility condenses the immortal spirit of man; if revenge animates, if a softer sensation mollifies, if trifles annihilate, if domestic cares engage,

f dress and equipage possess the divine mind of omen; these passions will, sooner or later, most rtainly subside in both, and give place to that mpulse, which begets various kinds of mortified ommunities in different climes and countries. ence such multitudes, in a neighbouring country, ass the last periods of their lives in the monastic verities of the strictest devotion; and hence it kewise is, that we see such numbers in our own ountry expose themselves to midnight damps at auxhall, and to be pressed to death by well-dressed nobs at routs.

Indeed, the more we consider the human species, rom the rude savage up to the most polished cour-ier, the more we shall be persuaded of this general endency in our natures to acts of voluntary mor-ification.

But what puts this matter out of all doubt, is, the rection of three MONASTERIES, within many of our emories, in the most conspicuous parts of this great etropolis.

I hope your country protestant readers will not be too much alarmed; I can assure them that they ay no Peter-pence. They are formed at present of societies composed entirely of males; but we hope it will not be long before they either open the arms of their communities for the reception of females, or that the ladies, excited by their example, and ani-mated by the same principles, will form seminaries for their own sex, and that some departing matron may be prevailed upon to found a charity for this purpose.

For the furtherance of so desirable a community, it may not here be improper to offer a legal clause to be inserted in any last will or testament; viz. 'I, A. B. spinster or dowager, being tired of all men, and hav-ing *no mortal to whom I* have reason to wish well,

having settled a competent provision on my birds, dogs, and cats, do leave the sum of pounds, towards the erecting a building, and the establishing a society for the following purposes, &c. &c. &c.'

Now as soon as a sufficient number of holy sisters shall be collected, I think they cannot do more wisely than to form their new seminary upon the model of one of those three great MONASTERIES so lately founded; nor would I advise them to vary much from those plans, as the difference of male and female will always be, to those who contemplate things profoundly, a sufficient badge of distinction.

For the direction therefore, of these future lady abbesses, it will be necessary to give them some account of the three MONASTIC SOCIETIES beforementioned; which will appear to owe their rise entirely to that innate love of separate clan-ship and self-mortification, which, according to my present maxim, is universally implanted in the human breast.

There are few women of fashion who have not heard of Harry the eighth; many of them are perfectly well acquainted with that glorious fountain from which the reformation first sprung, which produced the dissolution of papal monasteries; till some years ago, a little round well-spoken man erected a large monastery near Covent-Garden, where a brotherhood was soon formed. Here he dealt out indulgencies of all sorts, and extreme (good internal) unctions.

But it happened, for diverse reasons, that the aforesaid district was not thought so proper a situation; upon which a new CONVENT was built, near the court-end of the town; the monks removed to it, and from that day have taken upon themselves the name of WHITE-FRYARS.

The difficulty of being admitted into this pious seminary, and the necessary qualifications for that purpose are sufficiently known. But how severe is their abstinence! For whereas other devout orders in other countries do not scruple to indulge themselves with the wholesome diet of plain fish, vegetables, and oil, it is the established rule of this order, not to admit of any eatable but what simple nature abhors, and till the texture of its parts is so totally transubstantiated, that it cannot come under the denomination of fish, flesh, or good red herring.

To such a degree likewise has their spirit of mortification carried them, that, being sensible that the most real indulgence, the most natural and homogeneal beverage to the constitution of man, is pure limpid element, they have therefore banished that delightful liquid from their meals, and freely exposed themselves even to the most excruciating tortures, by daily swallowing certain potions of various kinds, the ill effects of which to the human body are well known; and for their farther penance, they have adopted nauseous medicinal waters, for their miserable inky drink.

But it is in the dead time of the night, when the herd of ordinary mortals repose from their labours, that these devotees perform their greatest acts of self-severity; for the conduct of which, they have three or four established rituals, composed by the celebrated father Hoyle.

This famous seminary, like that of some colleges, is divided into senior and junior fellows. The juniors, to a certain number at a time, not content with their ordinary acts of probation, exert a most extraordinary effort of devotion.

Imagining that the mortification of the body alone is not sufficient for the pious gratification of their exalted zeal, and considering how meritorious it

would be to extend the same severity to the faculties of the mind, they have attained such a spiritual domination over the soul, as to be able to renounce all its most pleasing emotions, and to give it up without remorse, to be tortured by the most painful vicissitudes of Hope and Fear. Such is the wonderful effect of long habit, unwearied exercise, and abstracted vigils!

In order to facilitate this toilsome penance, and to enable themselves totally to subdue all ideas whatsoever, which have no connection with those two passions, they have contrived incessantly to toss about two cubical figures, which are so devised, as to fix the attention, by certain mystical characters, to one or other of the aforesaid passions; and thus they will sit for many hours, with only the light of one large taper in the middle of the altar, in the most exquisite and convulsive agonies of the most truly mortified and religious penitents. In short, neither the Indian nor Chinese bronzes, nor the Italian or Spanish visionaries, in all their various distortions and penances, came up to these. And here, by the way, I cannot but remark with pleasure, the great talents of my countrymen for carrying every thing they undertake to greater perfection than any other nation.

The second of these seminaries was founded upon the model of the first, and consists of a number of GREY FRYARS, remarkable for a rigorous abstinence, and indefatigable devotion. They just preserve their beings with a little chocolate or tea. They are dedicated to the great St. GEORGE, and are distinguished by the composure of their countenances, and their extraordinary taciturnity.

The third order is that of St. JAMES; the members of which are known by the appellation of SCARLET FRYARS. It consists of a multitude of

brothers, who are not near so strict as the two former orders; and is likely to become vastly numerous, under the auspices of its great patron, whose bulk is adorned by jollity and good-humour; and who is moreover very strictly a *good liver*.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let me ask you whether these three laudable institutions are not plainly owing to that principle, which I have assigned in the beginning of my letter? For what other motive could prompt men to forsake their own elegant houses, to sacrifice domestic and conjugal satisfactions, to neglect the endearing rites of hospitality, in order to cloister themselves among those, with whom they can have no connection, but upon the aforesaid principles?

But since such is the general bent of the human mind, it is become a fit subject for the WORLD to consider by what methods these SEMINARIES may be so multiplied, as to comprehend all ranks and orders of men and women. And if fifty new churches were thought few enough to keep pace with the zeal of good queen Ann's days, I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will not think five hundred large mansions of the kind I am speaking of, will be too many for the present. I am,

Yours, &c.

J. T.

No. 28. THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1753.

——— Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa.— Juv.

IT is a common observation, that though happiness is every man's aim, and though it is generally pursued by a gratification of the predominant passion, yet few have acuteness enough to discover the points

which would effectually procure the long-sought end. One cannot but wonder that such intense application as most of us bestow on the cultivation of our favourite desires, should yet leave us ignorant of the most essential objects of our study. For my part, I was so early convinced of the truth of this observation, that instead of searching for what would contribute most to my own happiness, I have spent great part of my life in the study of what may extend the enjoyment of others. This knowledge I flatter myself I have discovered, and shall now disclose to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will ascertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart so great (though so often revealed) a secret, as that it is religion or virtue; few would believe me, fewer would try the recipe. In spite of the philosophy of the age, in spite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto most sanctimoniously observed, I must avow my persuasion, that the sensual pleasure of LOVE is the great cordial of life, and the only specific for removing the anxieties of our own passions, or for supporting the injuries and iniquities which we suffer from those of other men.

'Well! (shall I be told) and is this your admirable discovery? Is this the ARCANUM that has escaped the penetration of all inquirers in all ages? What other doctrine has been taught by the most sensible philosophers? Was not this the text of the sermons of EPICURUS? Was not this the theory, and practice too, of the experienced ALCIBIADES? What other were the tenets of the sage lord ROCHESTER, or of the missionary *Saint*-EVREMONT? it is very true; and a thousand other founders of sects, nay of religious orders, have taught—or at least practised, the same doctrines. But I pretend

to introduce such refinements into the system of sensuality, as shall vindicate the discovery to myself, and throw at a distance the minute philosophers, who (if they were my forerunners) only served to lead the world astray.

Hear then in one word the mysterious precept! '*Young* women are *not* the proper object of sensual love: it is the MATRON, the HOARY FAIR, who can give, communicate, insure happiness.' I might enumerate a thousand reasons to enforce my doctrine; as the fickleness of youth, the caprices of beauty and its transient state, the jealousy from rivals, the distraction from having children, the important avocations of dress, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her sentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover; and none of which combat the affections of the grateful, tender, attentive MATRON. But as one example is worth a thousand reasons, I shall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happiness which has attended such discreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up their hearts at ancient shrines; and I shall clearly demonstrate by precedents, that several ladies in the bloom of their WRINKLES have inspired more lasting and more fervent passions, than the greatest beauties who had scarce lost sight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the present hour will forgive a preference which is the result of deep meditation, great reading, and strict impartiality, when they reflect, that they can scarce contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old for fifty or sixty; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more than they do twenty now; a sensation of happiness, which they will find increase as they advance in years. I cannot but observe with pleasure, that the

legislature itself seems to coincide with my way of thinking, and has very prudently enacted, that young ladies shall not enter so early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the serious duties which belong to an union of hearts. A sentiment which indeed our laws seem always to have had in view; for unless there was implanted in our natures a strong temptation towards the love of ELDERLY women, why should the very first prohibition in the table of consanguinity forbid a man to marry his GRANDMOTHER?

The first heroine we read of, whose charms were proof against the injuries of time, was the accomplished SARAH: I think the most moderate computations make her to be ninety, when that wanton monarch ABIMELECH would have undermined her virtue. But as doubtless the observance of that virtue had been the great foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidness of it rather exempts her from, than exposes her as an object of my doctrine, I shall say no more of that lady.

HELEN, the beautiful HELEN, if there is any trusting to classic parish-registers, was fourscore when PARIS stole her; and though the war lasted ten years after that on her account, monsieur HOMER, who wrote their romance, does not give any hint of the gallant young prince having shewed the least decay of passion or symptom of inconstancy: a fidelity, which in all probability was at least as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleasure, as to her bright eyes, unfaded complexion, or the everlasting lilies and roses of her cheeks.

I am not clear that length of years, especially in heroic minds, does not increase rather than abate the sentimental flame. The great ELIZABETH,

whose passion for the unfortunate earl of ESSEX is justly a favourite topic with all who delight in romantic history, was full sixty-eight when she condemned her lover to death for slighting her endearments. And if I might instance in our own sex, the charming, the meritorious ANTONY was not far from seventy before he had so much taste as to sacrifice the meaner passion of ambition, nay the world itself, to love.

But it is in France, that kingdom so exquisitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we may copy the arts of happiness, as well as their other discoveries in pleasure. The monarchs of that nation have more than once taught the world by their example, that a fine woman, though past her grand climacteric, may be but just touching the meridian of her charms. HENRY the second and LOUIS the fourteenth will be for ever memorable for the passions they so long felt for the duchess of VALENTINOIS, and madame DE MAINTENON. The former, in the heat of youth and prospect of empire, became a slave to the respectable attractions of DIANA DE POITIERS, many years after his injudicious father had quitted the possession of her on the silly apprehension that she was growing old: and to the last moment of his life and reign, HENRY was a constant, jealous adorer of her still ripening charms. When the age was over-run with astrology, superstition, bigotry, and notions of necromancy, king HENRY still idolized a woman, who had not only married her grand-daughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who, if any other prince had reigned, was ancient enough to have come within the description of sorcery: so little do the vulgar distinguish between the ideas of an old witch and a fine woman. The passion of the other monarch was no less remarkable. That hero, who had gained so many battles

by proxy, had presided in person at so many tournaments, had raised such water-works, and shed such streams of heretic blood; and, which was still more glorious, had enjoyed so many of the finest women in Europe; was at last captivated by an old governante, and sighed away whole years at the feet of his venerable mistress, as she worked at her tent with spectacles. If LOUIS LE GRAND was not a judge of pleasure, who can pretend to be? If he was, in favour of what age did he give the golden apple?

I shall close my catalogue of ancient mistresses with the renowned NINON L'ENCLOS, a lady whose life alone is sufficient to inculcate my doctrine in its utmost force. I shall say nothing of her numerous conquests for the first half of her life: she had wit, youth, and beauty, three ingredients which will always attract silly admirers. It was not till the fifty-sixth year that her superior merit distinguished itself; and from that to her ninetieth, she went on improving in the real arts and charms of love. How unfortunate am I, that she did not live a few years longer, that I might have had the opportunity of wearing her chains! It was in her fifty-sixth year that the chevalier de VILLIERS, a natural son whom she had had by the comte de GERZE, arrived at Paris from the provinces, where he had been educated without any knowledge of his real parents. He saw his mother; he fell in love with her. The increase, the vehemence of his passion gave the greatest disquiets to the affectionate matron. At last, when nothing but a discovery of the truth could put a stop, as she thought, to the impetuosity of his attempts, she carried him into her bed-chamber.——Here my readers will easily conceive the transports of a young lover, just on the brink of happiness with a charming mistress near

threescore! As the adventurous youth would have pushed his enterprizes, she checked him, and pointing to a clock, said, 'Rash boy, look there! at that hour, two-and-twenty years ago, I was delivered of You in this very bed!' It is a certain fact, that the unfortunate, abashed young man flew into the garden and fell upon his sword. This catastrophe had like to have deprived the age of the most accomplished mistress that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would listen to any addresses of a tender nature. At length the polite Abbè de GEDOYN pressed and obtained an assignation. He came, and found the enchanting NINON lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the loves, in the most gallant dishabille; and what was still more delightful, disposed to indulge his utmost wishes. After the most charming endearments, he asked her—but with the greatest respect, why she had so long deferred the completion of his happiness? 'Why,' replied she, 'I must confess it proceeded from a remain of vanity: I did pique myself upon having a lover at past FOURSCORE, and it was but yesterday that I was EIGHTY complete.

No. 29. THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I TROUBLED you some time ago with an account of my distress, arising from the female part of my family. I told you that by an unfortunate trip to Paris my wife and daughter had *run stark French*; and I wish I could tell you now that they were perfectly recovered: but all I can say is, that the violence of

the symptoms seems to abate, in proportion as the cloaths that inflamed them wear out.

My present misfortune flows from a direct contrary cause, and affects me much more sensibly.—The little whims, affectations, and delicacies of ladies may be both ridiculous and disagreeable, especially to those who are obliged to be at once the witnesses and the martyrs of them; but they are not evils to be compared with the obstinate wrong-headedness, the idle and illiberal turn of an only son; which is unfortunately my case.

I acquainted you, that in the education of my son I had conformed to the common custom of this country (perhaps I conformed to it too much and too soon); and that I carried him to Paris, from whence, after six months stay, he was to go on upon his travels, and take the usual tour of Italy and Germany. I thought it very necessary for a young man (though not for a young lady) to be well acquainted with the languages, the manners, the characters, and the constitutions of other countries; the want of which I experienced and lamented in myself. In order to enable him to keep good company, I allowed him more than I could conveniently afford; and I trusted him to the care of a Swiss governor, a gentleman of some learning, good-sense, good-nature, and good-manners. But how cruelly I am disappointed in all these hopes, what follows will inform you.

During his stay at Paris, he only frequented the worst English company there, with whom he was unhappily engaged in two or three scrapes, which the credit and good-nature of the English ambassador helped him out of. He hired a low Irish wench, whom he drove about in a hired chaise, to the great honour of himself, his family, and his country. He did not learn one word of French,

and never spoke to Frenchman or Frenchwoman, excepting some vulgar and injurious epithets, which he bestowed upon them in very plain English. His governor very honestly informed me of this conduct, which he tried in vain to reform, and advised their removal to Italy, which accordingly I immediately ordered. His behaviour there will appear in the truest light to you, by his own and his governor's last letters to me, of which I here give you faithful copies.

'ROME, *May* the 3d, 1753.

'SIR,

'In the six weeks that I passed at Florence, and the week I stayed at Genoa, I never had time to write to you, being wholly taken up with seeing things, of which the most remarkable is the steeple of Pisa: it is the oddest thing I ever saw in my life; it stands all awry; I wonder it does not tumble down. I met with a great many of my countrymen, and we live together very sociably. I have been here now a month, and will give you an account of my way of life. Here are a great many very agreeable English gentlemen; we are about nine or ten as smart Bucks as any in England. We constantly breakfast together, and then either go and see sights, or drive about the outlets of Rome in chaises; but the horses are very bad, and the chaises do not follow well. We meet before dinner at the English coffee-house; where there is a very good billiard-table, and very good company. From thence we go and dine together by turns at each other's lodgings. Then after a chearful glass of claret (for we have made a shift to get some here) we go to the coffee-house again; from thence to supper, and so to bed. I do not believe that these Romans are a bit like the old Romans; they are a parcel of thin-gutted, snivelling, cringing dogs; and I verily believe that our set

could thrash forty of them. We never go among them; it would not be worth while; besides, we none of us speak Italian, and none of those Signors speak English; which shews what sort of fellows they are. We saw the Pope go by t'other day in a procession; but we resolved to assert the honour of Old England; so we neither bowed nor pulled off our hats to the old rogue. Provisions and liquor are but bad here; and to say the truth, I have not had one thorough good meal's meat since I left England. No longer ago than last Sunday we wanted to have a good plumb-pudding; but we found the materials difficult to provide, and were obliged to get an English footman to make it. Pray, sir, let me come home; for I cannot find that one is a jot the better for seeing all these outlandish places and people. But if you will not let me come back, for God's sake, sir, take away the impertinent *mounseer* you sent with me. He is a considerable expence to You, and of no manner of service to Me. All the English here laugh at him, he is such a prig. He thinks himself a fine gentleman, and is always plaguing me to go into foreign companies, to learn foreign languages, and to get foreign manners; as if I were not to live and die in Old England, and as if good English acquaintance would not be much more useful to me than outlandish ones. Dear sir, grant me this request, and you shall ever find me

'*Your most dutiful son,*

'G. D.'

The following is a very honest and sensible letter, which I received at the same time from my son's governor.

'ROME, *May* the 3d, 1753.

'SIR,

'I think myself obliged in conscience to inform you, that the money you are pleased to allow me

for my attendance upon your son is absolutely thrown away; since I find by melancholy experience, that I can be of no manner of use to him. I have tried all possible methods to prevail with him to answer, in some degree at least, your good intentions in sending him abroad; but all in vain; and in return for my endeavours I am either laughed at or insulted. Sometimes I am called a beggarly French dog, and bid to go back to my own country and eat my frogs; and sometimes I am *monseeer* Ragout, and told that I think myself a very fine gentleman. I daily represent to him, that by sending him abroad you meant that he should learn the languages, the manners, and characters of different countries, and that he should add to the classical education which you have given him at home, a knowledge of the world, and the genteel easy manners of a man of fashion, which can only be acquired by frequenting the best companies abroad. To which he only answers me with a sneer of contempt, and says, *so be-like-ye, ha!* I would have connived at the common vices of youth, if they had been attended with the least degree of decency or refinement; but I must not conceal from you that your son's are of the lowest and most degrading kind, and avowed in the most public and indecent manner. I have never been able to persuade him to deliver the letters of recommendation which you procured him; he says he does not desire to keep such company. I advised him to take an Italian master, which he flatly refused, saying that he should have time enough to learn Italian when he went back to England. But he has taken, of himself, a music master to teach him to play upon the German flute, upon which he throws away two or three hours every day. We spend a great deal of money, without doing you or ourselves any honour by it;

though your son, like the generality of his countrymen, values himself upon his expence, and looks upon all foreigners, who are not able to make so considerable a one, as a parcel of beggars and scoundrels; speaks *of* them, and if he spoke *to* them, would treat them as such.

'If I might presume to advise you, sir, it should be to order us home forthwith. I can assure you that your son's morals and manners will be in much less danger under your own inspection at home, than they can be under mine abroad; and I defy him to keep worse English company in England than he now keeps here. But whatever you may think fit to determine concerning him, I must humbly insist upon my own dismission, and upon leave to assure you in person of the respect with which I have the honour to be,

'SIR, *Your*, &c.'

I have complied with my son's request, in consequence of his governor's advice; and have ordered him to come home immediately. But what shall I do with him here, where he is but too likely to be encouraged and countenanced in these illiberal and ungentleman-like manners? My case is surely most singularly unfortunate; to be plagued on one side by the polite and elegant foreign follies of my wife and daughter, and on the other by the unconforming obstinacy, the low vulgar excesses, and the porter-like manners of my son.

Perhaps my misfortune may suggest to you some thoughts upon the methods of education in general, which, conveyed to the public through your paper, may prove of public use. It is in that view singly that you have had this second trouble from,

SIR,

Your most humble servant and constant reader,

R. D.

I allow the case of my worthy correspondent to be compassionate, but I cannot possibly allow it to be singular. The public places daily prove the contrary too plainly. I confess I oftener pity than blame the errors of youth, when I reflect upon the fundamental errors generally committed by their parents in their education. Many totally neglect, and many mistake it. The ancients began the education of their children by forming their hearts and their manners. They taught them the duty of men and of citizens; we teach them the languages of the ancients, and leave their morals and manners to shift for themselves.

As for the modern species of human Bucks, I impute their brutality to the negligence or the fondness of their parents. It is observed in parks, among their betters, the real Bucks, that the most troublesome and mischievous are those who were bred up tame, fondled and fed out of the hand, when fawns. They abuse, when grown up, the indulgence they met with in their youth; and their familiarity grows troublesome and dangerous with their horns.

No. 30. THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1753.

I AM indebted for my paper of to-day to the scrupulous piety of one of my fair correspondents, and to the undeserved, though not uncommon, distresses of another. My readers will, I hope, forgive me the vanity of publishing the compliments paid me in these letters, when I assure them that I had rather what I write should have the approbation of a sensible woman, than that of the gravest and most learned philosopher in England.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

The candour which shines so conspicuously in your writings, the deference you express towards the literary productions of women, and the genteel turn you give to every stroke of satire on our foibles, have encouraged me to offer a few female thoughts on the arbitrary power of fashion; or, as it is more properly and politely rendered, TASTE.

I am not learned enough to define the meaning of the word, much less am I able to tell you all the different ideas it conveys; but according to its common acceptation, I find that it is applicable to every affectation of singularity, whether in dress, in building, in furniture, or in diversions; and the farther we stray from decency or propriety in this singularity, the nearer we approach to TASTE.

The prevalence of the CHINESE taste has been very humorously attacked in one of your papers; and the greater prevalence of the INDIAN taste among us women, I mean the taste of going uncovered, has been as happily treated in another. But there is a taste at present totally different from this last, the impropriety of which can hardly, I think, have escaped your observation, though it has your censure. It is the taste of attending divine service, and of performing the most sacred duties of our religion, with a hat on. However trifling this may be deemed in itself, I cannot but consider it in a serious light: and have always, for my own part, refused complying with a fashion, which seems to declare in the observers of it, a want of that awful respect which is due to the CREATOR from his creatures.

If temporal monarchs are to be served with an uncovered head, I mean, if the ceremony of uncovering the head be considered and expected by the

higher powers as a mark of reverence and humility; surely reason will suggest that the SUPREME OVER ALL should be approached and supplicated with at least equal veneration; yet, strange as it may appear to the more thinking part of our sex, this uncouth taste of being hatted prevails in almost all the churches in town and country; matrons of sixty adopting the thoughtless whim of girls in their teens, and each endeavouring to countenance the other in this idle transgression against the laws of decency and decorum.

Favour me, sir, either by inserting this short letter, or by giving some candid admonitions on the subject after your own manner. I am acquainted with many of your female readers, and am assured that your frequent remarks upon their most fashionable follies will have a proper effect. Reproofs are never so efficacious as when they are tempered with good humour; a quality which is always to be found in the lucubrations of Mr. Fitz-Adam; among whose admirers I beg to be numbered, and am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

CLARISSA.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

To whom, sir, should the injured fly for redress, but to him who has made the WORLD his province? You will not, I am sure, be offended at my taking this liberty: the Spectator was not above receiving and publishing the epistles of the female sex; nor will you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are writing in the cause of virtue, disdain the correspondence of an innocent young creature, who sues to you for consolation in her affliction, and for one who has broke through all rules of honour and morality. I will make no farther preface but proceed.

My name and circumstances I need not acquaint you with; let it suffice that I am the daughter of a gentleman, and that my education has been suitable to my birth. It was my misfortune to be left at fifteen without a father; but it was with a mother, who in my earliest infancy had sown the seeds of religion and virtue in my heart; and I think I may without arrogance assure you, that they have not been thrown away upon unprofitable ground. After this greatest of losses we retired to a country village, some few miles from town; and there it was, sir, that I first knew to be wretched.

We were visited in this village by a young gentleman, who, as he grew intimate in the family, was pleased to flatter me with an affection, which at first I did not imagine to be real—I ought to have told you that his fortune was independent, and himself neither fool nor coxcomb. Young as I was, some little share of experience told me, that gentlemen at his age imagine it a most material branch of politeness to pretend love to every pretty woman they fall in company with: but indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I had a heart that was not to be caught by compliments. I examined his behaviour with the strictest attention; not a grain of partiality or self-love, at least I imagined so, clouded my judgment; the flights of poetry and passion, so common in others, gave place, in him, to modesty and respect; his words, his looks were subservient to mine, and every part of his conduct seemed to speak the sincerity of his love. The approbation of friends was not wanting; and every one expected that a very little time would unite us to each other.

For my own part, I built all my hopes of happiness upon this union; and I flattered myself, that by an obedient and affectionate behaviour I might make the life of him I sincerely and virtuously loved

as happy as my own. But it was not to be! Some common occurrence occasioned our separation; he parted, seemingly, with the greatest regret; asked and obtained permission to write; but some months elapsed without my seeing or hearing from him. Every excuse that partiality could suggest, I framed in his favour; but I had soon more convincing proofs of his neglect of me than either his absence or his silence. On his return, instead of apologizing for his behaviour, instead of accounting for his remissness, or of renewing the subject of all our conversations, he appeared gloomy and reserved; or whenever he inclined to talk, it was in the praises of some absent beauty, or in ridicule of marriage, which he assured me it should be many, many years before any one should prevail with him to think of seriously. With many such expressions, and a few careless visits, during a short stay in the country, he took his leave with the formality of a stranger, and I have never seen him since. Thus, sir, did he cancel an acquaintance of two years standing; the greatest part of which time he had employed in the most earnest endeavours to convince me that he loved me.

If I could accuse myself of any act of levity or imprudence in my behaviour to this gentleman, the consciousness of such behaviour would have prevented me from complaining; but I appeal to his own heart, as well as to all that know me (and he and others who read this letter, will know from whom it comes) in vindication of my conduct.

Yet why should I flatter myself that you will take any notice of what I write? This injustice I complain of is no new one; it has been felt by thousands; or, if it had not, I have no invention to give entertainment to my story, or, perhaps to make it interesting to any but my own family, or a few

female friends who love me. They will thank you for it, and be obliged: and to make it useful to your readers, tell them in your own words and manner (for I have no one to correct what I write) that the cruelest action a man can be guilty of, is the robbing a young woman of her affections, with no other design than to abandon her. Tell them, sir, that though the laws take no cognizance of the fraud, the barbarity of it is not lessened: for where the proofs of an injury are such as the law cannot possibly ascertain, or perhaps might overlook if it could, we claim from honour and humanity protection and regard.

How hateful, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among my own sex, is the character of a jilt! Yet men feel not the pangs of disappointed love as we do. From superiority of reason they can resent the injury, or from variety of employments can forget the trifler who inflicted it. But with us it is quite otherwise; we have no occupations to call off our attention from disappointment, and no lasting resentment in our natures (I speak from experience) against him who has betrayed us.

Let me add a word more, and I will have done. If every gentleman of real accomplishments, who has no serious design upon the heart of a woman, would avoid being particular either in conversation or in the civil offices of good-breeding, he would prevent many a silent pang and smothered sigh. It is, I am sure, from a contrary behaviour, that many a worthy young creature is hurried to her grave, by a disease not mentioned in the weekly bills, a broken heart. I am, with great sincerity,

SIR,

Your admirer and constant reader,

W. S.

I cannot dismiss this amiable young lady's letter, without observing, that the injustice it complains of will admit of the highest aggravation, if we consider that it is not in human prudence to guard against it. In cases of seduction, the frail one listens to her passions, and not her reason; and a woman is made miserable for ever, by listening to an offer of being virtuously happy.

No. 31. THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1753.

Fallit te incautum pictas tua —— VIRG.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOU will be told at the close of this letter the reason why you are troubled with it. I am a clergyman; and one I hope, who has hitherto, as near as the imperfections of his nature would admit, performed the duties of his function. I hope also that I shall give no offence by saying, that I have been more assiduous in teaching the moral duties of christianity, than in explaining its mysteries, or in gaining the assent of men's tongues to what their minds can have no conception of. The great duty of benevolence, as it was always my second care to inculcate, so it was my second delight to practise. But I am constrained by a fatal succession of experience to declare, that I have been unhappy in the same proportion that I have been benevolent; and have debased Myself, as often as I have endeavoured to raise the dignity of human nature.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight, when I was curate of a parish in York,

the following article appeared in all the Londo news-papers.

'York, March 25th. This day William Wyat and John Simpson were executed here for house breaking. They behaved in a very penitent man ner, but made no confession. At the tree the hang man was intoxicated with liquor; and supposin there were three ordered for execution, was goin to put one of the ropes about the parson's neck t he stood in the cart, and was with much difficult prevented by the gaoler from so doing.'

This parson, sir, was myself; and indeed ever part of the article was literally true, except that th gaoler was equally intoxicated with the hangman and that it was not till after the rope was force about my neck, and the cart just going off, that th sheriff's officers interfered and rectified the mistake.

Thus was I in danger of an ignominious death t performing the duties of my office, and, from a te der regard to the souls of these poor wretche watching their last moments in order to soften the hearts, and bring them to a confession of the crim for which they were to suffer. But the indigni offered to me at the gallows was not all. The are in York, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as well as in Londo scoffers at the clergy; and I assure you, upon th veracity of my function, that I hardly ever walke the streets of that city afterwards, without being s luted by the name of the *half-hanged parson*.

Time had scarcely taken off the edge of this rid cule, when a worse accident befel me. It was m misfortune to send an advertisement to the Daily A vertiser, setting forth, 'That if a certain young w man' (who happened, though I knew it not, to be th most noted harlot upon the town, and who then ke a coffee-house in Covent-garden) 'would apply the reverend Mr. W. B.' (which was myself, and m

same printed at full length) ' at the Blue-Boar inn, Holbourn, she would hear of something greatly to her advantage.'

The occasion of this advertisement was literally thus. The young woman in question had formerly been a servant at York, and had been basely and wickedly seduced by her master; who dying a few years after, and feeling the utmost remorse for so injurious an act, was willing to make this unhappy creature all the atonement in his power, by putting privately into my hands a hundred pounds to be paid her at his decease; and as he supposed her to be in some obscure service in London, he conjured me in the most solemn manner to find her out, and to deliver the money into her own hands.

It was to acquit myself of this trust that I came up to town, and put the above-mentioned advertisement into the Daily Advertiser. The young woman, in consequence of it, came the same day to my inn, and having convinced me that she was the real person (though I wondered to see her so fine a lady) and having received the donation with great modesty and thankfulness, very obligingly invited me to a residence at her house during my stay in London. I made her my acknowledgments, and the more readily embraced the proposal, as she added that the house was large, and that the young ladies, her lodgers (for she let lodgings, she said, to young ladies) were particularly pleased with the conversation of the clergy.

I dined with her that day, and continued till evening in the house, without the least suspicion of the occupation of its inhabitants; though I could not help observing that they treated me with extraordinary freedom; that their bosoms were uncovered; and that they were not quite so scrupulous upon certain occasions as our Yorkshire young women;

but as I had never been in town before, a
heard great talk of the freedom of London l
concluded it was the fashionable behaviour;
though I did not extremely like, I forebore, t
good manners, to find fault with. At about s
the evening, as I was drinking tea with two
ladies, I was broke in upon by some young
men, one of whom happened to be the son o
neighbour of mine at York, who the moment
me, swore a great oath, 'That I was the hc
parson in England; for that the boldest wen
them all would scruple to be sitting in a publi
at a bawdy-house with a brace of whores,
locking the door.'

A loud laugh, in which all the company
prevented my reproving this young gentlema
thought he deserved; but the language an
viour of the ladies to these gentlemen, an
coarse and indecent jests both upon me
cloth, opened my eyes to see where and with
I was. I ran down stairs with the utmost
tation, and early the next morning took ho
York; where, by the assiduity of the abov
tioned young gentlemen, my story arrived
me, and I was ridiculed by half my acquaint
putting myself to the trouble and expence of
ney to town for a brace of wenches, when I m
doubtedly have known that a score of them
would gladly have obliged me for half the m

It was in vain for me to assert my innoce

curacy in Lincolnshire. Here I lived happily for a considerable time, and became the favourite companion of the squire of the parish. He was a keen sportsman, hearty in his friendships, bitter in his resentments, and implacable to poachers. It so happened, that from about the time of my coming to the parish, this gentleman's park and the country about it were so shamefully robbed of hares, that every body was exclaiming against the thief. For my own part, as I thought it my duty to detect knavery of every kind, and was fond of all occasions of testifying my gratitude to my patron, I walked out early and late to discover this midnight robber. At last I succeeded in my search, and caught him in the very act of laying his snares; and who should he be, but the game-keeper of my benefactor! This impudent fellow, who saw himself detected, had the address to cry out thief first; and seizing me by the collar, late as it was, dragged me to his master's house. I was really so astonished at his consummate assurance, that I heard myself accused without the power of speaking; and as a farther proof of my guilt, there was found, upon searching me, a great quantity of wire and other things, the use of which was sufficiently obvious, and which my wicked accuser had artfully conveyed into my pocket, as he was leading me to my judge.

To be as little prolix as I can, I was imprisoned tried, and convicted of the fact; and after having suffered the utmost rigour of the law, was obliged at last to take shelter in town, to avoid the thousand indignities that were offered me in the country.

To particularize every misfortune that has happened to me in London, would be to exceed the bounds of your paper. I shall only inform you of the occurrences of last night.

It was past twelve when I was returning to my

lodgings from visiting a sick friend. As I passed along the Strand I heard at a little distance from me the sound of blows, and the screams of a woman. I quickened my pace, and immediately perceived a very pretty young creature upon her knees, entreating a soldier for mercy, who, by the fury in his looks, and his uplifted cudgel, seemed determined to shew none. Common humanity, as well as a sense of my duty, impelled me to stop and make my remonstrance to this barbarous man. The effects of these remonstrances were, that I soon after found myself upon the ground, awaked as it were from a trance, with my head broke, my body bruised, my pockets rifled, and the soldier and his lady no where to be found.

Alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, if this had been the only misfortune of the night, I had gone home contented; but I had a severer one to undergo. I was comforting myself as I walked along, that I had acted the part of a christian in regard to these wretches; when a loud cry of thieves and murder, and immediately after it the sight of a gentleman struggling with two ill-looking fellows again alarmed me. All bruised and bloody as I was, I flew without hesitation to his assistance; and being of an athletic make and constitution, in a very few minutes delivered him from their clutches; who, as soon as he saw himself at liberty, made the most natural use of it, by running away. I was now left to the mercy of two street robbers, as I thought them, both of whom had so securely fastened upon me as to prevent my escape. But while I was beginning to tell them that I had been already robbed, to my utter confusion they discovered to me that they were bailiffs; that they had arrested the person whom I *rescued* for thirty pounds; and that I must give security for the debt, or go instantly to prison.

To come to the close of my unhappy narration, they carried me to one of their houses; from whence I sent to the landlord where I lodged, who having something more than thirty pounds of mine in his hands (all that I am worth in the world!) was kind enough to bail me. From a principle of conscience (knowing that I had really made myself the debtor) I would have paid the money immediately, if it had not occurred to me that the gentleman whom I delivered would, upon reading these particulars in the WORLD, be honourable enough to remit me the sum I stand engaged for on his account. As soon as I see this letter inserted, I shall make myself known to Mr. Dodsley, to whom I desire that the money may be paid: or if the gentleman chuses to come in person and discharge my bail, Mr. Dodsley will be able to inform him at what place I may be found.

I beg your immediate publication of this letter, and am, SIR,

Your most faithful servant,

W. B.

P. S. I forebore to make any mention of watchmen in my account of last night, because I saw none. I suppose that it was not a proper time either for their walking their rounds, or for appearing at their stands.

No. 32. THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I WAS greatly surprised, that when in a late paper you were displaying your knowledge in diseases, and

in the several specifics for their cure, you should be so very forgetful as never to mention a malady, which at present is not only epidemical, but of the foulest and most inveterate kind. This malady is called by the learned the CACOETHES CARPENDI, and by the vulgar CRITICISM. It is not more true that every man is born in SIN, than that he is born in CRITICISM. For many years indeed the distemper was uncommon, and not dangerous in its consequences; seldom attacking any but philosophers and men of learning, who from a sedentary life and intense application to books, were more open to its influence than other men. In time, by the infection of dedications, it began to spread itself among the GREAT, and from them, like the gout, or a more noble distemper, it descended to their inferiors, till at last it has infected all ranks and orders of men.

But as it is observable that an inhabitant of the fens in Lincolnshire is most liable to an ague, a Yorkshire-man to horse-stealing, and a Sussex-man to smuggling; so it is also observable that the persons most liable to the contagion of CRITICISM, are young masters of arts, students in the Temple, attorneys clerks, haberdashers prentices, and fine gentlemen.

As I had long ago looked upon this distemper to be more particularly English than any other, I determined, for the good of my country, whatever pains it might cost me, to trace it to its first principles; but it was not till very lately that my labours were attended with any certain success. I had discovered in general that the patient had an acidity of blood, which, if not corrected in time, broke out into a kind of EVIL, which, though no king's-evil, might possibly, I thought, be cured by touching: but it occurred to me that the touch of an oak-sapling might be much more efficacious than that of the ingenious

Mr. Carte's SOMEBODY. A linen draper's prentice a the neighbourhood happening at that time to be abouring under a severe fit, I hinted this my opinion o his master, who immediately applied the touch; ut I will not wrong my conscience by boasting of s effect, having learnt that the lad was seen soon fter at a certain coffee-house in the Strand, in all he agonies of the distemper.

Untired by disappointment, I continued my earches with redoubled diligence; and it is this day hat I can felicitate myself, as well as thousands of ay countrymen, that they have not been in vain.

The cause then of this loathsome distemper is ost certainly WIND. This being pent in the bowels or some time, and the rules of good breeding not ermitting it, in public places, to take its natural ourse, it immediately flies up into the head, and af- er being whirled about for a while in that empty egion, at length discharges itself with great violence pon the organ of speech. This occasions an in- oluntary motion in that member, which continues vith great rapidity for a longer or shorter time, ac- ording to the power or force of the original blast vhich set it in motion. This volubility, or rather ibration of tongue, is accompanied with certain un- ntelligible sounds, which, like the barkings of per- ons bit by a mad dog, are the most fatal proofs of he malignity of the distemper.

The late doctor Monro, who was long ago con- ulted upon the case, gave it as his opinion, that it vas a species of madness, known among the Greeks y the name of *κακοθυμία*, and among the Romans y *malevolentia*. It is said of that great and hu- nane man, that from his concern for these poor reatures, he intended, if he had lived a little longer, o have proposed a new building for their reception, ontiguous to that in Moorfields; and as they are quite

harmless things, would charitably have taken them under his own immediate care. The loss of that eminent physician, were it from no other consideration, cannot but be lamented as a public misfortune; his scheme being intended to prevent the contagion of CRITICISM from spreading so universally among his Majesty's subjects. For there is one melancholy circumstance attending this disease, namely, that it is of quicker and more certain infection than the plague: being communicated, like yawning, to a large circle of company in an instant of time; and (what is sufficient confirmation of the cause) the congregated vapour which is emitted at such times, is more disagreeable and offensive than if it had taken its proper and natural course.

But the doctor's principal reason for conjecturing this distemper to be madness, was, its being almost continually acted upon by external objects. A man in the hydrophobia will be in agonies at the sight of water or any liquid; and it is very well known that persons afflicted with a CRITICISM will be thrown into equal agonies at the sight of a new book, pamphlet, or poem. But the greatest and most convulsive of all agonies are found to proceed from the representation of a new play. I have myself observed upon this occasion a mob of poor wretches sending forth such dismal groans and such piercing shrieks as have quite moved me: after this they have started up on a sudden, and with all the fury of madmen have torn up the benches from under them, and put an entire stop to an entertainment, which, to pay for a sight of, they have many of them borrowed the money from their masters tills.

That this has the appearance of madness, I cannot deny; yet I have seen a turkey-cock behave with equal fury at the appearance of a woman in a red petticoat; and I have always imputed it to the

silliness of the bird, rather than to any disorder in his brain.

But whether this be madness or not, the original cause is most infallibly WIND; and to have discovered the cause of any distemper, is to have taken the leading step towards effecting its cure; which is indeed the sole end and design of this letter.

WIND then being the undoubted cause of that universal disease vulgarly known by the name of CRITICISM, the patient must enter into an immediate and regular course of CARMINATIVES. The herbs angelica, fennel, and camomile will be extremely proper for his tea; and the seeds of dill, cummin, anise, carroway, coriander, or cardamum, should never be out of his mouth. These, by the consent of all physicians, are the great dispellers of WIND. But that is not all. From whence have they their name of CARMINATIVES? Not from this quality; here are no traces of such an etymology; but they are happily possessed of another and more excellent virtue; and that in so eminent a degree, as to take their name from it. This is the power of expelling all the pernicious effects of poetry, verses, songs, CARMINA; all that farrago of trumpery, which is so strangely jumbled together in the intestines of that miserable invalid who labours under the weakness and disorder of CRITICISM. For it is a great mistake in the learned, that these medicines took their name of CARMINATIVES from the ancient jugglers in physic accompanying their operation with verses and scraps of poetry, by way of incantation or charm; they certainly obtained this appellation from their wonderful power of expelling that particular species of WIND which is engendered in the CRITIC'S bowels by reading of plays, poetry, and other works of wit, too hard for his digestion.

That all persons labouring under an habitual and

obstinate CRITICISM may be induced to enter into this course of CARMINATIVES, I can assure them with great certainty, that the operation of these medicines, notwithstanding the prodigious discharge of crudities which they occasion, is not attended with the least sickness to the patient himself; he has indeed the appearance of a violent fit of the cholic; but, in reality, he has only the trouble of eructation: all the sickness and nausea usual in other cases of the like nature, being marvellously, in this, transferred to the by-standers.

But as all medicines have not equal effects on all constitutions; so this, though sufficient in many cases, may possibly be defective in a few: I have therefore in reserve a secret, which I may venture to pronounce will prove of great utility. It is this: Let every man who is afflicted with this scrophulous disease immedately turn AUTHOR. And if it should so happen (as it is not absolutely impossible) that his compositions should not be adapted to every body's taste, it will infallibly work so upon his stomach, as entirely to purge off those indigested particles, to which all this foul wind was originally owing. For it is true to a proverb, that if you hang a dog upon a crab-tree, he will never love verjuice. I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

B. D.

I am sorry, in one particular, to differ in opinion with my ingenious correspondent. But I cannot allow that a CRITIC's turning author will cure him of his malevolence; having always found that the most difficult people in the world to be *pleased*, are those who know experimentally that they want talents to *please*.

No. 33. THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1753.

It has lain upon my conscience for some time, that I have taken no notice of those of my correspondents, whose letters to me, for reasons of state, have been withheld from the public. Several of these gentlemen have favoured me with their assistance from the kindest motives. They have discovered that I am growing dull, and have therefore very generously sent me some of their own wit, to restore me to reputation. But as I am not sure of a constant supply of these brilliant epistles, I have been cautious of inserting them: knowing that when once a bottle of claret is set upon the table, people are apt to make faces at plain port.

There are other gentlemen to whom I am no less obliged. These have taken it for granted, that as I declared in my first paper against meddling with religion, I must certainly be an infidel: upon which supposition they have been pleased to shower in upon me, what they call, their FREE THOUGHTS: but these thoughts, as I have hitherto given no assurances of my infidelity, are rather too FREE for this paper. And besides, as I have always endeavoured to be new, I cannot consent to publish any thing so common as abuse upon religion.

But the majority of these my private correspondents are politicians. They approve, they tell me, of my neutrality at first; but matters have been so managed lately by those in power, that it is the part of every honest man to become an opposer. The compliments which these gentlemen are pleased to pay my abilities, are the highest satisfaction to me. Their letters do me the honour to assure me, that i I will but exert myself, the ministry must do ex-

actly as I would have them; and that the next general election will certainly take whatever turn I have a mind to give it.

I am very far from denying that I have all this power; but I have ever been of opinion that it is greater to save than destroy: for which reason I am willing to continue the present administration a little longer; though at the same time I must take the liberty of declaring, that if I find the popular clamours against a late act of Parliament to be true, namely, that it will defeat all the prophecies relating to the dispersion of the Jews; or that the new Testament is to be thrown out of our bibles and common-prayer books; or that a general circumcision is certainly to take place soon after the meeting of the new Parliament; I say, when these things are so, I shall most assuredly exert myself as becomes a true-born Englishman.

I confess very freely that I had conceived some dislike to the marriage bill; having been assured by the maid-servant where I lodge, that after the 25th day of next March, no young woman could be married without taking her bible oath that she was worth fifty pounds. But as I have read the bill since, and have found no such clause in it, I am tolerably well satisfied.

To those of my correspondents who are angry with me for not having endeavoured to inculcate some serious moral in every one of these papers, I shall just take notice, that I am writing essays, and not sermons. But though I do not avowedly once a week attack envy, malice, and uncharitableness, I hope that a paper now and then written with pleasantry and good humour, though it should have no direct moral in view, may so amuse and temper the mind, as to guard it against the approaches of those tormenting passions. There is nothing true

an that bad spirits and ill-humour are the parents misery and mischief; he, therefore, who can lead e imagination from gloom and vapours to objects cheerfulness and mirth, is a useful member of ciety.

Having now discharged my conscience of its bur-en, I shall close this paper with a letter which I :eived yesterday by the penny-post. I insert it re to shew, that a late very serious essay of ne, calculated for the support and delight of la-s in years, has done real harm; while others, of gayer nature, and without a moral, have been per-:tly inoffensive.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

That you have been the occasion of misery to an nocent woman is as true, as that I hope I may quit you of any evil intention: you have indeed iled me, but it is another who has wronged me. et if I had not used my utmost endeavours, and actised every honest art to get redress from this ijust person, I should neither desire nor deserve a ace in your paper.

But, alas! sir, while I am prefacing my sad story, rough a too modest reluctance to begin it, I am arful that you will mistake me for some credulous oung creature, who has yielded up her honour to straying man. Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am no ch person, being at present in my fifty-sixth year, ad having always entertained such an aversion to npurity, as to be ready to die with shame even of ıy very dreams, when they have sometimes hap-ened to tend that way. But how has my virtue en rewarded!——I will conceal nothing from you, r, though my cheeks are glowing with shame as

well as indignation.——I am wronged, barb
wronged, and will complain.

The hand that is now penning this lett
three tedious weeks ago given at the alta
most unworthy of men—Forgive me, sir,
ment's pause———I cannot think of what
without exclaiming in the bitterness of m
how cruelly I am disappointed! I will be
lar in my relation.

My father was a country gentleman of
estate, which by his death, that happened n
months ago, devolved to me as his only ch
was matter of wonder to our neighbours, tha
son so agreeable as I was thought to be, a
had been marriageable a good while (for as
tioned before, I am in my fifty-sixth year)
be suffered to live single to so ripe an age.
the truth, I could never account for this
any otherwise than from that excess of d
which I always observed in my conversati
the men, and which in all probability pr
them from declaring themselves.

As soon as I had performed the last duties
father, I came up to town, and took lodg
Bury-street—Would it had been in Pall-mal
street still wider! for then I might have esca
observation of a tall well-made gentleman
Ireland, who, unfortunately for my peace,
directly over the way.

I will not trouble you with the methods I
from his window to engage my attention, o
what passed between us on his being permi
visit me. All I shall say is, that whatever
he had gained in my heart, it might have pr
difficult task for him to have carried me wit
settlement, if the WORLD of July the 12th, up
love of ELDERLY women, had not fallen in

ands. Before the reading of that fatal paper, I ad suspicions that my person might possibly be ess desirable than my fortune; but now I believed, nd my wishes assisted my belief, that he lan- uished to possess me. I read the story of NINON ENCLOS above a dozen times over; and I rejoiced o find myself of the exact age of that lady, when er charms had such an ascendency over the unfor- unate DE VILLIERS.

My lover found me with the paper in my hand. read it to him; and he confirmed me in my opi- ion, by wishing himself the Abbé GEDOYN, and his ngel, as he called me, eighty years old, that he night be as happy as the Frenchman. In short, be- ng now thoroughly convinced that the only object f a sincere, fervent, and lasting passion in a young nan, was a woman in years, I made no secret to im of my inclinations; and the very next morning ve were publicly married.

ALAS! sir, were you in jest or earnest when you rote that paper? I have a melancholy reason for elieving you were in jest. And is a woman of fifty- ive then so undesirable an object? Is she not to e endured? Or are all men deceivers? No; that s impossible; it is I only that am deceived. I dare ot say more, unless it be to tell you, that a fortune f thirty thousand pounds is rather too much to be given in exchange for a mere name, when, if you knew the whole truth, I have no real right to any name but my maiden one. I am, by no name at all,

SIR,

Your most humble servant.

No. 34. THURSDAY, AUGUST 23,

WHEN I declared against meddling with in these my lucubrations, I meant only th politics, or art of government, which is edly and logically reasoned upon in all t houses and barbers shops of this great m intending, (as it is my province) to take c of any particular act of the legislature, t trary to its intention, has been prejudici morals of my fellow citizens.

But it is the *repeal* of an act of parlian not the act itself, that I am now about to of. The act I mean is the WITCH ACT. considering the repeal of this act as affe religious belief, according to the Scotch 'Tank awaw the deel, and good bwee to t I think of it only in a moral light, as it such encouragement to WITCHCRAFT in t dom, that one hardly meets with a grow either in public or private, who is not mo under its influence.

WHOEVER attends to the sermon at c listens to the conversation of grave and g will hear and believe that the present a most fruitful in wickedness of any since t Whether these gentlemen have discovered reason of this depravity, or whether the has been reserved for me, I will not pretend mine; but certain it is, that the repeal of parliament, which was meant to rest power of the devil, by inflicting death agents, must infallibly give him a much g fluence over us, than he ever could have h during the continuance of such an act.

I am well aware that there are certain of my readers who have no belief in WITCHES; but I am willing to hope they are only those, who either have not read, or else have forgot, the proceedings against them, published at large in the state trials; if there is any man alive who can deny his assent to the positive and circumstantial evidence given against them in these trials, I shall only say that I pity most sincerely the hardness of his heart.

That the devil may truly be said to be let loose among us by the repeal of this act, will appear beyond contradiction, if we take a survey of the general fascination that all ranks and orders of mankind seem at present to be under.

What is it but WITCHCRAFT that occasions that universal and uncontroulable rage of PLAY, by which the nobleman, the man of fashion, the merchant and the tradesman, with their wives, sons, and daughters, are running headlong to ruin? What is it but WITCHCRAFT that conjures up that spirit of pride and passion for expence, by which all classes of men, from his grace at Westminster to the salesman at Wapping, are entailing beggary upon their old age, and bequeathing their children to poverty and the parish? Again, is it possible to be accounted for, from any natural cause, that persons of good sense and sober dispositions should take a freak four or five times in a winter, of turning their houses into inns; cramming every bed-chamber, closet, and corner with people whom they hardly know; stifling one another with heat; blocking up the streets with chairs and coaches; offending themselves, and pleasing nobody; and all this for the vain boast of having drawn together a greater mob than my lady Somebody, or the honourable Mr. Such-a-one? That nothing but WITCHCRAFT can be the occasion of so

much folly and absurdity, must be obvious to the common sense of all mankind.

Another and more melancholy proof of the power of WITCHCRAFT, is, that a wife may be beautiful in her person, gentle in her manners, fond of her husband, watchful for his quiet, careful of his interest, kind to his children, cheerful to his friends, and obliging to all; yet be yoked to a wretch so blind to his own happiness, as to prefer to her endearments the hired embraces of a diseased prostitute, loathsome in her person, and a fury in her disposition. If this is not WITCHCRAFT, I should be glad to know of such a husband what name I may call it by. Among the lower kind of tradesmen (for every dealer even in broken glass bottles has his *fille de joye*) it is a common thing for a husband to kick his wife out of doors in the morning, for his having submitted over-night to a good drubbing from his mistress.

It would be endless to take notice of every argument that suggests itself in proof of WITCHCRAFT; I shall content myself with only one more, which I take to be incontestible. This is the spirit of jacobitism, which is so well known to possess many of his Majesty's Protestant subjects in this kingdom. That a poor Highlander in Scotland may be a jacobite without WITCHCRAFT, I am ready to allow; zeal for a lost cheeld of the gude house of Stuart may have eaten him up: but that an English country gentleman, who is really no papist in his heart, or that a wealthy citizen of London, who goes to church every Sunday, and joins in the prayers for the present royal family, should be drinking daily to the *restoration*, (as he calls it) of a popish bigot, who would burn him at Smithfield the next week for not going to mass (and whose utmost merit is his precarious descent from a family, remarkable for little else than pedantry, obstinacy, debauchery, and enthusiasm;

that such a person should be a jacobite, or in other words, an enemy to the best of kings, and the wisest of constitutions, cannot possibly be accounted for but by the power of WITCHCRAFT.

From all these considerations it is much to be wished that a new WITCH ACT may take place next session of parliament. *Vox populi est vox Dei*, is a wise and a true saying; and that the *vox populi* is in favour of such an act, let the late proceedings at Tring, and some similar occurrences in other parts of England, bear testimony.

That the legislature may be farther induced to take this matter into consideration, I am clearly of opinion, that the passing such an act will go a great way towards silencing the clamours which have gone forth so grievously against the Jew bill: for it is shrewdly suspected that the same people who imagined their religion to be at stake by the repeal of the one, are at present under the most terrible consternation at the passing of the other: and besides, it will be a convincing proof to all sorts of persons, that the administration is as well inclined to discourage the devil, as it is to favour the Jews; a circumstance which, as matters stand at present, seems to want confirmation.

In the mean time I entreat all my readers, as much as in them lies, to be upon their guard against WITCHES: for the better discovery of whom (as the law does not admit of the usual trials by fire and water) I shall here set down all I know or have been told upon the subject. If a woman turned of eighty, with grey hairs upon her chin, and a high-crowned hat on, should be seen riding upon a broomstick through the air, or sailing in an egg shell upon the Thames in a high wind, you may almost swear that she is a WITCH. If as often as you see any particular old woman, you feel a pricking of pins all over

you, or if your stomach be sick, and should happen to discharge a great quantity of the said pins, or if while you are speaking to this old woman, she should suddenly transform herself into a horse without a head, or any such uncommon animal, you may very fairly conclude that she is no other than a WITCH. In such cases it will be a happy circumstance if you are able to say the Lord's prayer: for by repeating it three times to yourself she becomes as harmless as a babe.

A lady of my acquaintance, who has often been bewitched, assures me of her having detected multitudes of these hags, by laying two straws one across the other in the path where they are to tread. It is wonderful, she says, to see how a WITCH is puzzled at these straws: for that after having made many fruitless attempts to step over them, she either stands stock still, or turns back. But to secure yourself within doors against the enchantment of WITCHES, especially if you are a person of fashion, and have never been taught the Lord's prayer, the only method I know of is, to nail a horseshoe upon the threshold. This I can affirm to be of the greatest efficacy; insomuch that I have taken notice of many a little cottage in the country, with a horseshoe at its door, where gaming, extravagance, routs, adultery, jacobitism, and all the catalogue of WITCHCRAFTS, have been totally unknown.

I shall conclude this paper by signifying my intention, one day or other, of hiring a porter, and of sending him with a hammer and nails, and a large quantity of horseshoes, to certain houses in the purlieus of St. James's. I believe it would not be amiss (as a charm against play) if he had orders to fix a whole dozen of these horseshoes at the door of WHITE's. From St. James's he shall have directions to proceed to the city, and to distribute the remainder of his

burthen among the thresholds of those doors, at which the WITCHCRAFT of jacobitism has been most suspected to enter.

No. 35. THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THAT you may know who it is that offers you his correspondence, and how qualified I am to make a figure in the WORLD, I shall let you into the secret of my birth and history.

I have the honour to be descended from the ancient family of the LIMBERTONGUES, in Staffordshire. My grandfather was of the cabinet with Oliver Cromwell; but unfortunately happening to whisper a secret of some importance to his wife, the affair unaccountably became public, and sentence of dismission was immediately passed upon him. My father was decypherer to King William. It was by his diligence and address that the assassination plot and some other combinations in that reign were brought to light. But being somewhat too officious in his zeal, he was suspected of betraying the secrets of his office (the better, as is supposed, to insinuate himself into those of the opposition) and was disarded with disgrace. With a fortune barely sufficient for support, he retired to his native village in Staffordshire; and soon after marrying the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman in the neighbourhood, he had issue male, the writer of this letter.

My earliest infancy gave indications of an inquisitive mind; and it was my father's care to implant in me, with the first knowledge of words, an insatia-

ble desire to communicate. At twelve years old I discovered the frailty of a maiden aunt, and brought the curate of the parish into disgrace. A young lady of uncommon discretion, who boarded in the family, was so delighted with the story, that she made me a party in all her visits, to give me new occasions of relating it; but happening one evening to steal a little abruptly upon the retirement of this lady, I discovered her in the prettiest familiarity imaginable with the harlequin of a strolling company.

It was about this time that a fever carried my mother to her grave. My father for some weeks was inconsolable; but making an acquaintance with an inn-keeper's daughter in the village, and marrying her soon after, he became the gayest man alive. By the direction of my new mother, who, for unknown reasons, grew uneasy at my prying disposition, I was sentenced to a grammar school at fifty miles distance. Mortified as I was at first, I began early to relish this change of life. A new world was open to me for discovery: I wormed myself into the secrets of every boy, and made immediate information to the master. Many were the whippings upon these occasions; but as my heart always felt for the mischiefs of my tongue, I was the first to condole with the sufferer, and escaped suspicion by my humanity. But all human enjoyments are transitory. It happened in the course of my discoveries, that by a perverse boy's denying the fact he was charged with, I was unfortunately called up to give evidence against him; and though I delivered it with the strictest regard to truth, I found the whole school in combination against me, and every one branded me with the name of TELL-TALE.

From this unlucky accident, hardly a day passed, but I was called upon to answer facts which I never committed, and was as certainly punished for deny-

g them. I was buffeted and abused by every boy, ıd then whipped for quarrelling; or if any thing was issing in the school, it was constantly found in one my coat pockets, or locked up safely in my trunk. uring this continued state of persecution, I wrote peatedly to my father for leave to return home: t the government of that family was transferred, d admittance to it, even at common vacation nes, denied me. At the end of five years, hower, and, as you will soon be informed, to my utter sgrace, I obtained the favour of passing the Christas holidays at home.

The morning after my arrival, I perceived at eakfast, by the demure looks of the maid, and now ıd then a side-wink at her mistress, that there ere secrets in the family. It was not long before I scovered some particular familiarities between my other-in-law and a spruce exciseman in the neighurhood. The room I lay in was the next to her's; ıt unadvisedly attempting a small peep-hole in the ainscot, I unluckily bored through the face of my ther's picture, which hung on the other side; by hich misfortune I underwent the mortification of a scovery, and the severest discipline I ever felt. Stung ith the reproaches I met with from this adven- ıre, I doubled my assiduities, and had the satisfac- on of discovering one afternoon in the garden, tha ıe excisemen and my mother were made of the very me flesh and blood with the curate and my aunt. y father happening to be engaged at the next vilge, I had time to go from house to house to inform e parish of his disgrace: but how great was my rprize, when at my return home, instead of gain- g credit to my story, my mother had art enough turn the mischief upon myself, and to get me iven out of doors as the most wicked of incendiies.

Enraged as I was at my father's inhumanity, I fi upon my knees in the street, and made a solem oath never to enter his doors again, whatever misc might be the consequence. With this resolutio and somewhat more than a guinea in my pock (which I had saved from the benefactions of son particular friends at my return from school) I to the road, by moon-light, for London. Nothing markable occurred to me on the way, till the la mile of my journey; when joining company with very civil gentleman, who was kind enough to co duct me over the fields from Islington, and givi him a history of my life, I found this humane strang so touched with my misfortunes, as to offer me bed at his own house, and a supply of whatever m ney I wanted, till provision could be made for n Such unexpected generosity drew tears from n I thanked him for his goodness; and shewing him guinea, which was yet unbroken, I told him the l vour of his house would be sufficient obligation. was indeed a little surprized to find at that very i stant my benefactor's pistol at my breast, and a n nace of immediate death, if I refused to deliver: I you will imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I could wit hold nothing from so kind a friend; and obligatic being thus mutual between us, he left me to purs my way with a few halfpence in my pocket.

To particularize my distresses on my first arri in town, would be to write a volume instead of a l ter. In a short time my inquisitive talents w taken notice of, and I commenced business in t post of retainer to a bailiff's follower: but forgetti that secrecy was necessary to my commission communicated my errand wherever I was sent up the look-out, and gave many a fine gentleman ti to escape. This employment, though of short c ration, got me a natural interest among the lawye and by the merit of scholarship, as well as writin

tolerable hand, I succeeded in time to the smart post of clerk to a solicitor. But here too it was my misfortune to be a little too unguarded in my discoveries; for happening sometimes to be sent abroad with bills of cost for business never done, and fees never paid, I found it impossible to conceal any thing from the clients, and was discarded as a betrayer of my master's secrets. In the course of a few years I was obliged to combat necessity in the various characters of a poet, a ballad-singer, a soldier, a tooth-drawer, a mountebank, an actor, and a travelling tutor to a BUCK. In this last post I might have lived with ease and profit, if I could have concealed from my pupil that he was the plague of every country he came to, and the disgrace of his own. By gradual progression, and having acquired some knowledge of French, I rose in time to be assistant secretary to an envoy abroad. Here it was that my inquiring mind began to be of service to me; but happening in a few months to make discovery of certain transactions, not much to the honour of my master, and being detected in transmitting them to my friends in England, I was discarded from my office with contempt and beggary. Upon this occasion my necessities hurried me to an act of guilt, that my conscience will for ever upbraid me with: for being thus deserted in a country where charity was unfashionable, and reduced to the very point of starving, I renounced my religion for bread, and became a brother of the Mendicants of St. Francis. Under the sanctity of this habit, and from the example of the brotherhood, I led a life of profligacy and wantonness. But though my conscience was subdued, my tongue retained its freedom: for it was my misfortune one day, through ignorance of my company, to betray the secrets of a lady's confession to her own husband. The story began to

spread; and it was by a sort of miracle that I found the means of escaping with life.

At my return into England, I made a solemn renunciation of my apostacy; and by the favour of a certain great man, became of consequence enough for the service of a ministerial writer. My performances for some time were highly applauded: but being a little too fond of communicating objections for the sake of answering them, I was accused of weakening the cause, and ordered to look out for other employment. Enraged at the injustice of this treatment, I devoted my pen to the service of patriotism; but being somewhat indiscreet in my zeal, and occasionally hinting to the world that my employers were only contending for power, I had the sentence of dismission passed upon me for inadvertency.

Being thus driven from all employment, and neither inclined nor able to conquer the bent of my mind, I began seriously to consider how I might turn this very disposition to advantage. In the midst of these reflections it occurred to me that the ladies were naturally open-hearted like myself, and that if I tendered them my services, and supplied them with scandal upon all their acquaintance, might find my account in it. But as wicked as the town is thought to be, and as knowing as I was in what was doing in it, I soon found that the real occurrences of life were too insipid for the attention of these fair ones, and that I must add invention to facts, or be looked upon as a trifler. I accordingly laid about me with all my might, and by a judicious mixture of truth and lies, succeeded so well, that in less than two months I carried off a dowager of quality, and am at present a very resigned widower with a handsome fortune.

This, sir, is my history; and as I cannot keep an

thing that I know, and as I know almost every thing that people would wish to keep, I intend myself the honour of corresponding with you often; and am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

NIC. LIMBERTONGUE.

I accept of Mr. LIMBERTONGUE's correspondence with all my heart. The varieties he has experienced will enable him to furnish useful cautions, and instructive entertainment. The ladies will be taught to avoid scandal by virtue; and the men either to reform or conceal their vices, while the TELL-TALE is abroad.

No. 36. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1753.

I WAS formerly acquainted with a very honest old gentleman, who as often as he was asked at the tavern how his wife did, never failed to assure us, 'that he did not come abroad to be put in mind of his wife.' I could wish with all my heart that those persons who are married to the town for at least eight months in the year, would, upon their removal into the country, forget the amusements of it, and attach themselves to those pleasures which are to be found in groves and gardens, in exercise and temperance. But as fond as we are of variety, and as pleasing as the changes of the seasons are generally acknowledged to be, it is observable that in all the large villages near London, the summer seems only to be endured, as it is made to resemble the winter in town. Routs, visits, assemblies, and meet-

readers for the speculation of to-day.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

In this season of universal migration, wl fireworks of Marybone, and the tin-works of hall are deserted for the salutary springs (bridge, Cheltenham and Scarborough; it wc be amiss, methinks, if you were to give us y(nion of those seats of idleness and pleasure, and gaiety. Or suppose you should exter views still farther, and tell us what you thinl neral of summer amusements, and the fash employments of rural life? To supply in sor sure this defect, give me leave to acquaint y the principal occurrences that engaged my tion very lately, in a ten days retirement country.

As the friend I visited was a man who h much of the world; as his wife and daughte adorned with all the accomplishments of

then was sure to be reproached; in the afternoon, for rising before the bottle was out; and in the evening, for breaking a set of cards! The former part of my conduct disobliged the men, and the latter offended the ladies. Scarce could I reach the end of the avenue, before my friend, with a gentle rebuke, summoned me back to give a toast; and hardly could I contemplate the view from the terrass, before miss Kitty would come running to tell me that the RUBBER was UP, and that it was my turn to CUT IN. This, I doubt, is too general a complaint to be soon redressed; yet it is not less a grievance. That persons so well qualified for giving and receiving the pleasures of conversation, should thus agree to banish thought (at least, all subjects that are worth the thinking of) must be almost incredible to those who are unacquainted with polite life. That a season, in which all the beauties of nature appear to such advantage, should be thus thrown away, and as much disregarded as the depth of winter, seems utterly inexcusable, and in some degree immoral. 'How,' thought I to myself, 'can talents designed for the noblest purposes be thus perverted to the meanest? Is it the sole province of wit to give toasts, and of beauty to shuffle cards? How are the faculties of reason suspended, while those of passion alone prevail! Since it is no less certain that the sweetest temper may be destroyed by cards, than that the best constitution may be ruined by wine.' These were my usual reflections as I returned to my company, chagrined and disappointed at the loss of a walk, which, though a solitary one, I should always prefer to the pleasures of the bottle, or a party at whist by daylight, in the best assembly in England

Be so good, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to espouse the cause of injured Nature, and remonstrate loudly against this enormous barbarity of killing the sun-

mer. Let cards prevail in winter, and in ci only: too much of them do we see in this g town to desire them elsewhere. Let drinking confined to election dinners and corporation fea and not continue (as it too much does) imperce bly to make havock of our private families. As the ladies, the young ones I mean, that how their mothers may instruct them by example whatever they themselves may think, anxiety disappointment, hope and fear, are no improver their beauty: that Venus never kept her court rout; and that the arrows of Cupid are not wi with cards. Let them take but one walk, and milk-maid that gives them a sillabub at the en it, will convince them that air and exercise are true preservatives of health and beauty, and will more lively bloom and fresher roses to their ch than all the *rouge* of French art, or all the flus English avarice. Inform the men, if they kno not already, that though they may esteem th selves sober when they are not dead drunk, and sibly may never be in a state of intoxication, drinking to any degree of excess will certainly l if not totally ruin their constitutions, and be sure, though perhaps slow, occasions, of rheu tisms, gouts, dropsies, and death itself. Many stances of this will occur in the sphere of ev one's acquaintance; and if some of the dece have lived fifty or sixty years, it is hardly to doubted, that had this barbarous custom never vailed, their lives might have been extended t least seventy or eighty.

In short, while these practices continue, by wl every rural delight is entirely lost, country s may be esteemed an idle expence, and an use burthen. London is certainly the fittest place either the bottle or cards: it is there that the

lemen may pursue the one, and the ladies the other, vithout being interrupted by such troublesome ;uests as myself, who may be now and then desirous if picking a nosegay, or of listening to the nightin- ale. For in vain does Nature lavish her charms, f they are thus neglected; in vain do the birds ing, if no one hears them; and in vain do the lowers blow, if

> ——— *they blow unseen,*
> *And waste their sweetness on the desert air.*

But if these polite persons will continue to reside n the summer at their country seats, merely be- :ause it is the fashion, it would be no unfriendly office to spare them the mortification of continually gazing upon unwelcome objects. In order there- ore to fix their attention to the most important :oncerns, I would humbly propose (and I doubt not ut the proposal would meet with their approba- ion) that immediately after dinner the windows be :losed, and the light of the sun be exchanged for hat of wax candles; by which means the gentle- nen over their bottle, in one room, may uninter- uptedly harangue on hounds and horses, while the adies in another may be shut up till midnight with :ards and counters. And that the latter may be spared the disquiet of having recourse on a SUN- DAY to fields and gardens (I mean if their mammas or husbands should happen to be so enthusias- ically rigid as to forbid gaming upon that day) et it be lawful for them to lie abed and study Mr. HOYLE.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant;

RUSTICUS.

No. 37. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1[3]

THE following letter is written with so n ture and simplicity, that rather than curtai length, I have thought proper (as I once di to extend my paper to another half sheet.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am the widow of a merchant, with whon happily, and in affluence for many years. no children, and when he died he left me all but his affairs were so involved, that the which I received, after having gone throu expence and trouble, was no more than ⁴ sand pounds. This sum I placed in the h friend of my husband's, who was reckone man in the city, and who allowed me an i four per cent. for my capital; and with ⁴ pounds a year I retired, and boarded in ⁴ about a hundred miles from London.

There was an old lady of great fortune neighbourhood, who visited often at the hou I lodged: she pretended, after a short acqu to take a great liking to me: she professed ship for me, and at length persuaded me and live with her.

Between the time of taking this my r and putting it into execution, I was infor this lady, whom I shall call Lady Mary, ⁴ unequal in her humours, and treated her and dependents with that insolence which ⁴ gined her superior fortune gave her a right use of.

But as I was neither her relation nor dependent, and as all that I desired from her was common civility, I thought that whenever her ladyship or her house became disagreeable to me, I could retire to my old quarters, and live in the same manner as I did before I became acquainted with her; and upon the strength of this reasoning I packed up my cloaths, paid off my lodgings, and was conveyed by my Lady Mary in her own coach to her mansion house.

For the first year she treated me with civility and confidence; but in that time I could not help observing that she had no affection for any body. I found out that she did not love her nearest relations, who were highly esteemed by all the rest of the neighbourhood; and therefore I gave but little credit to all the protestations of friendship which she was continually making to me.

She told me all that she knew, and more than she knew; and insinuated to me, that I was to look upon the trust she reposed in me as the strongest proof of the highest friendship. But these insinuations lost their effect; for I knew by experience, that there are many people, of which number her ladyship was one, that often have a need to unbosom themselves, who must have somebody to impart their secrets to, and who, when they know any thing that ought not to be told, are never at ease till they tell it.

But to proceed in my story. One day, when her ladyship had treated me with uncommon kindness, for my having taken her part in a dispute with one of her relations, I received a letter from London, to inform me that the person in whose hands I had placed my fortune, and who till that time had paid my interest money very exactly, was broke, and had fled the kingdom.

Lady Mary, in her fits of friendship, had offered

me; and I was truly sensible of, and blessed heartfelt satisfaction of independence. then, sir, what I felt at the receipt of the mentioned letter. All that I shall say to yo what it produced, is, that I took my resolu mediately. I carried the letter in my hand Mary; but before I gave it to her, I told h I had never doubted the sincerity of her fri and that I was thoroughly sensible of the with which she treated me. I put her in the presents which she had offered me, and that while I was not in want of her assis thought it wrong to accept of them; but time was now come when her friendship wa to become my only support; that it would b in me to suspect that I should not receive that the letter I then gave her would tell and spare my tears.

Her ladyship immediately read it over wit attention than emotion; but after returni me, she embraced me, and assured me, in a ing voice, that however great my misf might be, she could not help feeling some s

id, these words would have afforded matter of great onsolation; but when I retired to my chamber, nd reflected upon my past and present situation, saw that I had every thing to regret in the one, nd very little to hope for from the other; and the ollowing day convinced me of the manner in which was to lead my future life.

Whenever Lady Mary spoke to me, she had hither- o called me Mrs. Truman; but the very next orning at breakfast she left out Mrs.; and upon o greater provocation than breaking a tea-cup, she ade me thoroughly sensible of her superiority and ny dependence. 'Lord, Truman, you are so auk- ard! Pray be more careful for the future, or we hall not live long together. Do you think I can fford to have my china broke at this rate, and main- ain you into the bargain?'

From this moment I was obliged to drop the ame and character of friend, which I had hitherto aintained with a little dignity, and to take up that hich the French call *complaisante*, and the English *umble companion*. But it did not stop here; for in week I was reduced to be as miserable a TOAD- ATER as any in Great Britain, which in the trictest sense of the word is a *servant*; except that he TOAD-EATER has the honour of dining with my ady, and the misfortune of receiving no wages.

The beginning of my servitude was being employed n small business in her ladyship's own presence.— Truman, fetch this; Truman, carry that; Truman, ing the bell; Truman, fill up the pot; Truman, our out the coffee; Truman, stir the fire; Truman, all a servant; Truman, get me a glass of water, nd put me in mind to take my drops.

The second part of my service was harder. I was good housewife; I understood preserving, pickling, nd pastry, perfectly well; I was no bad milliner,

and I was very well skilled in the management of a dairy. All these little talents I had frequently produced, sometimes for my own amusement, and sometimes to make my court to my lady. But now what had been my diversion became my employment: my lady could touch no sweetmeat, pickle, tart, or cheesecake, but what was the work of my hands. I made up all her linen; I mended and sometimes washed her lace; the butter she eats every morning is all of my churning, and I make every slip-coat cheese that is brought to her table; and if any of these my various works miscarry, I am scolded or pouted at, as much as if I was hired and paid for every branch of the different employments to which I am put.

This degradation of mine has not escaped the eye of the quick-sighted servants. The change in my situation has produced a total one in their behaviour. There is hardly a chambermaid that will bring me up a bottle of water into my room, or a footman that will give me a glass of small beer at dinner.

I must now give you an account of certain regulations which I am enjoined to observe at table. I am absolutely forbid to taste any dish that is eatable cold as well as hot, or that may be hashed for supper. By this I am prevented from eating of most dishes that come before us. I must never taste boiled or roast beef; and ham and venison-pasty are equally contraband. Fowls, chicken, and all sorts of game, come under the article of prohibited goods; and though I see brawn and sturgeon served up every day during the whole winter, I am no more the better for them than Tantalus was for his apples; and really sometimes I eat as little as those who dine with duke Humphry, or as Sancho did when he was made governor of Barataria. To this

I may add, that I have not tasted a glass of wine in our house for some years, and that punch, bishop, cool tankard, and negus are equally denied me; and I never must touch any fruit, unless when I am to preserve it.

The rewards I receive for the service I do, and the restraint which I submit to, consist in having the enjoyment of the mere necessaries of life, provided you exclude money out of the number. I am cloathed out of Lady Mary's wardrobe; and I have offended Mrs. Pinup, her ladyship's woman, past all forgiveness, because her ladyship chuses that I should not go naked about the house.

Not being much used to a coach, I am generally sick with sitting backwards in one. This my lady knows perfectly well; but since I entered into my state of dependence, I am constantly obliged to let her sit forwards alone in the daily airings that we take upon the adjacent common.

You have already seen, sir, that I do the work of most of the servants in the house: but I must now descend a little lower, and acquaint you with some abject employments, which I am forced to submit to.

I have already hinted to you, that my lady has no real friendship for either man or woman. Her affections are settled upon the brute creation, for whom she expresses incredible tenderness. You would take her monkey to be her eldest son, by the care she shews of him; and she could not be more indulgent to her favourite daughter than she is to her lap-dog; she has a real friendship for her parrot; and the other day she expressed much more joy at the safe delivery of a beloved cat, than she had done, some months before, at the birth of her grandson.

It is my province to tend, wait upon, and serve this favourite part of the family. I am made an-

swerable for all their faults; and if any of them are sick, it is I that am to blame. It was through my negligence that Pug broke my lady's finest set of china; and my forgetting to give Veny her dinner was the occasion of the dear creature's illness. Poll's silence is often attributed to my ill usage; and the murder of two or three kittens has been most unjustly laid to my charge.

I now come to some grievances of another kind, which I am almost ashamed to own, but which are necessary to be told.

My lady has, for the humour in her eyes (by the bye I make all her eye-water) three issues; one in each arm, and one in her back. Now it happened that her own woman being one day confined to her bed, I was desired to perform the operation of dressing them in her stead; and unfortunately I acquitted myself of the task so much to my lady's satisfaction, that Mrs. Pinup has been turned out of that office, which is given to me, and I am afraid it is a place for life.

There was another thing happened to me last year which deserves to be inserted in this letter, and which, though it made me cry, will, I am afraid, make other people laugh.

Lady Mary, out of the few teeth she had left, had one that had the impudence to ake and keep her ladyship awake for two nights together; upon this, Mr. Mercy, the surgeon, was sent for, who, upon viewing the affected part, declared immediately for extraction. This put my lady into a terrible agony: she declared she never had a tooth drawn in her life, and that she could never be brought to undergo it, unless she saw the same operation performed upon somebody else in her presence. Upon this all the servants were summoned, and she endeavoured to persuade them one after another to have a tooth

drawn, for her service; but they all refused, and chose rather to lose their places than their teeth. Lady Mary addressed herself to me, and conjured me by the long friendship that had subsisted between us; and by all the obligations I had already to her, and those she was determined to confer upon me, to grant her this request. I blush to tell you that I yielded, and parted with a fine white sound tooth: but what will you say when I also tell you, that after I had lost mine, Mr. Mercy was at last sent away without drawing her ladyship's.

Lady Mary takes great quantities of physic, and part of my business is to prepare and make up the doses; but what is still worse, her ladyship will swallow nothing till I have tasted it in her presence. I also make and administer all the water-gruel that she drinks with her physic, and am forced to attend her with camomile tea, when she takes a vomit. This last is hard duty, as it not only makes me constantly sick, but as often stains my only gown and apron.

I have now, sir, done with all my bodily hardships, and shall proceed to a grievance, which lies heavier on me than all I have already mentioned; I mean that perpetual sacrifice of truth, which I am forced to make for her ladyship's service.

Lady Mary is about sixty-five, and labours under a vice, which sometimes persons of the same sex and age are subject to; I mean that of telling long and improbable stories. She has a fine invention, which often carries her beyond the bounds even of possibility. She deals largely in the marvellous, and whenever she perceives that she has made the company stare a little too much, she constantly appeals to me for the truth of a fact which I never heard before; but of which I am declared to have been an eye-witness.

Another grievance is, that my lady being much the richest person in the neighbourhood, is thoroughly convinced that nobody of an inferior fortune can ever be in the right in any dispute which may happen between them; and as her ladyship's arguments are generally very weak, so her passions are very strong; and what she wants in reason she makes up in anger, which sometimes rises to abuse: and in all these disputes, she never fails to apply to me as an equitable judge, for my decision of the contest: which appeal being accompanied with one of Colonel Hernando's looks, sentence is immediately pronounced in her favour; for what can reason or argument do against fear and poverty? These unjust judgments have made all the neighbours my enemies, who imagine also, that, by this behaviour of mine, I must be highly in my lady's good graces, so that they hate what they ought to compassionate, and envy what they should rather pity. It is the same case in every quarrel that happens between her ladyship and her own relations. I am made the witness and judge in every cause; and I own very freely that my testimony is generally false, and my judgment partial: so that upon the whole, my neighbours hate me, the family detest me, and my lady herself does not love, and cannot esteem me.

You are now, sir, fully informed of the wretched life I lead; and as I dare say that there are many who pass their days exactly in the same manner, you will do them and me a singular service by printing this letter. My lady takes in your paper, and lends it about to all the neighbours; and there are some features of my condition too strongly drawn to be mistaken by any of my acquaintance. A common likeness would not have been sufficient: but such a caricatura as I have painted, must strike and be known at first sight, and perhaps may contribute

to change my scene for a better. But one thing I am sure of, which is, that no alteration that can happen to me from the publishing this paper, can be for the worse.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARY TRUMAN.

No. 38. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1753.

Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus.——

HOR.

To MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE is a species of luxury, which though you must often have observed, I do not find that you have hitherto taken notice of. I mean that extravagance of expence, which people of all ranks and conditions are daily running into in the article of furniture. In the houses of the great (not to mention the profusion of French ornament, and costly glitter of every room) the meanest utensils of the kitchen are all of plate. But it is not upon the follies of other people that I am going to descant; it is of myself and my country-house, or rather of my wife and her villa, that I intend to be particular. The house I am speaking of, together with a very considerable estate, was left me by an uncle in the city, with whom I lived from the age of sixteen. As he intended me for trade, you may be sure he gave me no other education (a little school learning excepted) than what was necessary to a compting-house. But

finding myself at his death in possession of a plentiful fortune, I resolved to commence gentleman; and accordingly disposed of my effects in business, and took a house at the other end of the town.

Here I became acquainted with a lady of quality, who, though she had the highest notions of birth, yet from so trifling a circumstance as want of fortune, condescended to give me her hand, notwithstanding the meanness of my family, and the difference of our educations. As I thought myself extremely honoured by an alliance with so great a lady, I gave the management of every thing into her hands, and grew as indolent as if I had really been a man of fashion. My wife was a woman of exceeding FINE TASTE as it is called; or in other words, one who liked to have every thing about her in the newest and most expensive manner. As soon as I brought her to my country-house, I thought she would have fainted away at the sight of my furniture; the whole of it (to use her own words) was so frightful, so odious, and so out of TASTE! Her upholsterer must be sent for that instant! for there was no enduring life in the midst of so much antiquated lumber. I forgot to tell you that I had entirely new-furnished the house about three months before; but though every thing was extremely good and neat, I must do my wife the justice to own, there was very little in it but what was of real use. Early the next day down comes the upholsterer. 'Lord, Mr. Kifang,' says she, 'I am glad you are come. Pray rest yourself a little; but I am afraid you can't find a chair fit for a Christian to sit down upon. Such seats! such backs! such legs! such— but they are so of a piece with the rest of the furniture!—Dear Kifang, I am glad you are come!' So without waiting for his reply, or suffering him to sit down, she conducted him through all the apartments, except the offices,

which indeed she has never once condescended to visit since her becoming mistress of my family.

Mr. Kifang, who is said to be of Chinese extraction, and who must be allowed to understand his business as well as any man alive, agreed perfectly with her la'ship, and observed, 'that such out-of-fashion things might do well enough for a citizen; but that persons of quality and distinction, who had a TASTE and all that, should have something foreign and superb, and quite in another-guess sort of a manner.' In short, sir, by the indefatigable zeal of this Chinese upholsterer, in about four months my house was entirely new furnished; but so disguised and altered, that I hardly knew it again.—There is not a bed, a table, a chair, or even a grate, that is not twisted into so many ridiculous and grotesque figures, and so decorated with the heads, beaks, wings, and claws of birds and beasts, that Milton's

Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire,

are not to be compared with them. Every room is completely covered with a Wilton carpet; I suppose to save the floors, which are all new-laid, and in the most expensive manner. In each of these rooms is a pair or two of stands, supported by different figures of men or beasts, on which are placed branches of Chelsea china; representing lions, bears, and other animals, holding in their mouths or paws sprigs of bay, orange, or myrtle; among the leaves of which are fixed sockets for the reception of wax candles, which by dispersing the light among the foliage, I own, make a very agreeable appearance. But I can see no use for the lions and bears: to say the truth, I cannot help thinking it a little unnatural; for it is well known that all kinds of savages are afraid of fire. But this I submit to you, having observed of

late several wild beasts exhibited on the stage, without their shewing the least surprize at the lamps, or even at the loud shouts of applause which have been bestowed upon them from the galleries. The upper apartments of my house, which were before handsomely wainscoted, are now hung with the richest Chinese and India paper, where all the powers of fancy are exhausted in a thousand fantastic figures of birds, beasts and fishes, which never had existence. And what adds to the curiosity is, that the fishes are seen flying in the air, or perching upon the trees; which puts me in mind of a passage I learnt at school (for I have not absolutely forgot my latin)

Delphinum appingit sylvis——

the oddness of which, I suppose, was the reason of my remembering it.

The best, or, as my wife calls it, the state bedchamber, is furnished in a manner that has half undone me. The hangings are white satin, with French flowers and artificial moss stuck upon it with gum, and interspersed with ten thousand spangles, beads, and shells. The bed stands in an alcove, at the top of which are painted Cupids strewing flowers, and sprinkling perfumes. This is divided from the room by two twisted pillars, adorned with wreaths of flowers, and intermixed with shell-work. In this apartment there is a cabinet of most curious workmanship, highly finished with stones, gems and shells, dispersed in such a manner, as to represent several sorts of flowers. The top of this cabinet is adorned with a prodigious pyramid of china of all colours, shapes, and sizes. At every corner of the room are great jars filled with dried leaves of roses and jessamine. The chimney-piece also (and indeed every one in the house) is covered with immense quantities of

china of various figures; among which are Talapoins and Bonzes, and all the religious orders of the east.

The next room that presents itself is my wife's dressing room; but I will not attempt to describe it to you minutely, it is so full of trinkets. The walls are covered round with looking-glass, interspersed with pictures made of moss, butterflies, and sea-weeds. Under a very magnificent Chinese canopy stands the toilette, furnished with a set of boxes of gilt plate for combs, brushes, paints, pastes, patches, pomatums, powders, white, gray, and blue, bottles of hungary, lavender, and orange-flower water, and, in short, all the apparatus for disguising beauty. Here she constantly pays her devotions two hours every morning; but what kind of divinity she adores, may be safer for you to guess than for me to tell. By this time I imagine you will conceive my house to be much fuller of furniture than my head. Alas! sir, I am but a husband, and my wife is a woman of quality. But I could submit with some degree of patience to all this folly and expence, if my children (and I have two fine boys and a girl) were not either kept close prisoners in the nursery, or driven into the kitchen among the servants, to prevent their playing about the rooms, and making havock of the crockery.

I have a thousand other curiosities in my house, of which I neither know the uses nor the names. But I cannot help mentioning the gravel-walks, rivers, groves, and temples, which on a grand day make their appearance at the dessert. For you are not to suppose that all this profusion of ornament is only to gratify my wife's curiosity; it is meant as a preparative to the greatest happiness of life, that of seeing company. And I assure you she gives above twenty entertainments in a year to people for

whom she has no manner of regard, for no other reason in the world than to shew them her house. In short, sir, it is become so great a sight that I am no longer master of it; being continually driven from room to room, to give opportunity for strangers to admire it. But as we have lately missed a favourite Chinese tumbler, and some other valuable moveables, we have entertained thoughts of confining the show to one day in the week, and of admitting no persons whatsoever without tickets; unless they happen to be acquainted with the names, at least, of some of my wife's relations. For my own part, if every thing in the house was stolen, it would give me less concern than I have felt for many years past at every India sale, or at the shortest visit that she has made at DEARD's: for I find to my sorrow, that as my furniture increases, my acres diminish; and that a new fashion never fails of producing a fresh mortgage.

If you think my case may be of service to any of those husbands who are unhappy enough to be married to wives of TASTE, you have free leave to publish it from,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

SAMUEL SIMPLE.

No. 39. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1753.

I HAVE received no less than four letters from my friend NIC. LIMBERTONGUE, since last Thursday was three weeks, at which time I had the honour of exhibiting his character and history in this paper. But all I dare do with these letters is, to give a short abstract of them to my readers; my friend

ring entered so minutely into family secrets, and he assures me upon his honour) with the strictest ard to truth, that I myself should be the TELL-LE if I gave them to the public in the manner I eived them.

In the first of these letters he gives me the his-y of the third lying-in of a young lady of fashion ar St. James's, who is at present only in her nine-nth year, and who lives with a very pious old nt, and passes for a pattern of modesty and virtue. : also favours me with the names and characters two gentlemen, who have the honour, separately, passing the evening with this young lady, with-t either suspecting the other of being any thing ore than a visiting acquaintance.

The second letter contains the secret memoirs of woman of quality, whose husband is just upon the int of parting with her for INDISCRETION. Till e reading of this letter I confess myself to have d a very inadequate idea of the meaning of this rd. To be INDISCREET, it seems, is for a mar-d woman to listen to the addresses of one, two, half a dozen lovers; to make assignations with em separately; to declare her hatred to her hus-nd, and to admit her said lovers to every liberty t ONE. All this, provided the lady be detected some of her closest familiarities, is to be INDIS-EET: and though the virtue of such a lady is not be called in question, yet every body has a right say, that she has been guilty of INDISCRETIONS.

My friend's third letter is a good deal too wag-h for the sobriety of this paper. It is the history a parson and his two maids, whom he calls Ra-el and Leah. To say the truth, I have another son for suppressing this letter, which is, that the :tor happens to be the rector of my own parish, l (setting Rachel and Leah, and eating and

drinking, out of the question) is really a very continent and abstemious man.

The fourth and last letter is a voyage from Vauxhall to Whitehall, in a dark night under a tilt, performed by persons of distinction of both sexes. All that I shall inform my readers of this voyage, is, that it appears from the journal of it (which was kept by one of the passengers, and communicated to my friend) to have been a very INDISCREET one; and that in the latitude of Westminster-bridge, Miss Kitty, a young country beauty of eighteen, was heard to say with great quickness to a colonel of the guards, who sat next to her, 'Be quiet, sir!' and to accompany her words with so smart a slap on the face, that the centre arch rung again; upon which her aunt, who was one of the party, took occasion to observe, 'That her neice would always be a country girl, and know nothing of the world.'

Having now taken sufficent notice of my friend LIMBERTONGUE's letters, I shall leave my readers to animadvert upon them, and devote the remainder of this paper to a female correspondent.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am a young woman, born to no great fortune but from the indulgence of my parents, am so happy as to enjoy the advantages of a good education. I have really a handsome face, have a natural genteelity about me, walk as well as any body, and am told by my mother, and have heard it whispered a thousand times by the maids, that I am a clever girl.

It was my fortune some time ago when I was upon a visit in the country, to make a hole in a gentleman's heart, as he sat in the next pew to me

church; and as I am above disguises, I shall con- s very freely that I was equally struck. I took a easure in looking at him from the first moment I w him; and it was no trifling satisfaction to me, at as often as I dared squint that way, I found his es to be fixed fully upon mine.

As he was known to the lady at whose house I is entertained, it was matter of no great difficulty · him to introduce himself to my acquaintance. nquired into his character, and was told that he as a gentleman addicted to no kind of vice; that s fortune was a very handsome one; that he had eat sensibility and generosity; but that he was tremely quick-sighted to the foibles of women. I as not much pleased with this last information; but ving a pretty good opinion of myself, I did not ubt that I should so hamper him with discretion id beauty, that he could not possibly escape me.

To be as short as I can, he soon made proposals me in form, which, after the usual hesitations, ere in form accepted. My parents were written to on the occasion, and every thing was preparing r our happiness, when Alphonso (for so I shall ll him) was unfortunately summoned to a distant rt of the country, to attend the last moments of a ar relation. There was no disobeying this cruel mmons; and with a thousand protestations of unterable love, away he went.

During his absence, which happened to be much nger than, I believe, either of us wished, the fa- ion came up among the ladies of wearing their owns off the shoulders; and though my skin was ther of the brownest, and I had also the misfor- ne of having a large scar across my bosom, I im- ediately pared away six inches of my stay before nd behind, and presented myself to him at his re- rn in all the nakedness of the fashion. I was in-

deed greatly astonished, that as he was running int my arms with all the eagerness of a long absent love he stopt of a sudden to survey me, and after givin me only a cold salute, and inquiring how I did, sa himself down for about a quarter of an hour, an then wished me a good night.

It really never occurred to me, to what accident was to attribute so mortifying a change, till earl the next morning I was let into the secret by th following letter:

'MADAM,

'To have but one defect in your whole person and to display it to the world with so much pains is to betray a want of that prudence, without whic the marriage state is generally a state of misery. must therefore take the liberty of telling you, tha my last visit was paid yesterday, and that my las letter waits only till I have subscribed myself,

'MADAM,

'*Your most obedient humble servant,*

'ALPHONSO.

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, into wha aukward confusion and distress this letter threw me At first I reproached the inconstancy of my lover and called him the basest and most perfidious o men; but when my passion was abated, and I begai seriously to reflect upon my incautious behaviour, I could not help allowing that he had reason on hi side; though I hope you will be of opinion, that hi letter is a little too mortifying, and his resolution too hasty.

Some months have elapsed since I have worn the willow; and I have at present hardly any expecta tion of being restored to grace; though if Alphonso had thought it worth his while to make any inqui ries about me, he would have known that ever since

he discovery of that fatal scar (which I can assure him upon my honour was only occasioned by a burn) I have worn my stays as high, and pinned my gown as decently, as his hard heart would desire; and notwithstanding the very warm weather we have had this summer, I have never made a visit, or appeared any where in public, but in a double handkerchief, and that too pinned under my chin.

I have two reasons, sir, for troubling you with this letter, and desiring your publication of it. The first is, that my lover may see how penitent I am for my fault; and the second, to do service to two ladies of my acquaintance; one of which has a most disconsolate length of face, which she makes absolutely frightful by wearing the poke of her cap quite back to her pole; the other, with the feet and legs of a Welch porter, is for ever tripping it along the Mall in white shoes and short petticoats. If I cannot benefit myself, it will be some little satisfaction to have been a warning to my friends.

I am, SIR,
Your most unfortunate humble servant,
CELIMENA.

P. S. Since my writing this letter I have some distant hope that my lover may come about again; having been informed of a saying of his to a friend, 'That in spite of the scar upon my bosom, my appearance that night put him in mind of a book lately published, called *Heaven open to all men*.'

No. 40. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1753.

OF all the eastern stories that have hitherto made their appearance in English, there is not one that conveys so perfect and beautiful a moral as that of

the prince Rozvanschad and the princess Chebestany, in the first volume of the Persian Tales. Rozvanschad was king of China, and Chebestany princess of an island of Genies. They fell desperately in love with each other, and after the usual delays, were married in due form in the island of Cheberistan, where the lady was queen. But before the solemnization of this marriage, the princess of the Genies addressed the king of China in the following manner. 'I am not going,' said she, 'to make your majesty any unreasonable request, though the power I have over you, and the superiority of my nature, claim obedience in all things: I shall only demand a promise from you, that for the honour of your queen, and for our mutual happiness, you will blindly comply with me in every thing I have a mind to do. The Genies are never in the wrong. If therefore at any time my actions should happen to appear unaccountable and extravagant, say within yourself, my wife has reason for what she does: for it is impossible that we should live together in love and harmony, unless you implicitly believe that I am always in the right.' The king, according to the universal custom of lovers, promised very readily to think in all things as his princess would have him; and the marriage was celebrated with all imaginable splendor.

The sequel of the story informs us, that his majesty of China did not absolutely keep his royal promise; for that upon certain trifling occasions, such, for instance, as the queen's flinging her son into the fire, giving her daughter to be devoured by a wild beast, destroying the provisions of his whole army, and the like (which are only allegorical expressions, signifying a mamma's giving up her son to the fire of his passions, carrying her daughter to the masquerade, and consuming the substance of

ıer husband) he not only thought her in the wrong, ıut had the rashness to tell her so. Here begins he misery of this royal and once happy couple; he queen separates herself from her husband, and ıt the end of ten whole years, consents to cohabitaion upon no other terms than a renewal of the old ıromise, ratified by an oath. The story adds, that he king of China, having seen his error, never ailed to acknowledge the wisdom of his queen in ll she did, and that they lived to an extreme old ge, the happiest monarchs of the east.

If every husband in England was to read this tory night and morning till he had got it by heart; nd, in imitation of the king of China, if he would onsider himself as a mere son of Adam, and his ife of the superior nature of the Genies, the hapiness of his life would in all probability be secured; or I am fully persuaded that all the infelicities of he married state are occasioned by men's finding ault with the conduct of their wives, and imagining emselves to be fitter for government than for obeience.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the usband to be the head of his wife, just in the same anner as a fountain is the head of a stream; which nly finds supplies for its wanderings, without diecting the current which way it shall flow. It may ossibly be objected that wives are commanded in a ertain book, called the Bible, to be obedient to eir husbands; but a lady of my acquaintance, ho is a great casuist in divinity, seems to have set is matter in a true light, by observing, that as ost of the commentators upon the New Testaent have agreed that some of its particular comands and prohibitions are merely local and temorary, and intended only as cautions to the chrisans against giving scandal to the jews and hea-

thens, among whom they lived; she makes no manner of doubt that obedience to husbands was among the number of these commands, and that it might be right to observe it in the infancy of christianity, but not now.

Many persons, as well christians as others, are of opinion, that to command is neither the province of the wife nor the husband; and that to advise or intreat is all that either has a right to. But this I take to be wrong policy; for as every private family is a little state within itself, there should be a superior and laws, or all will be anarchy and confusion: and as it is indisputable that the wife knows more of family affairs than the husband, there is no reason in the world for taking the command out of her hands.

Everybody sees that when men keep mistresses they commence subjects under an absolute tyranny and that a wife should have less authority, is, in my own private opinion, a very hard case; especially if it be considered, that she is not only one flesh with her husband, but as the universal phrase is, his BETTER PART. Everybody knows too, that good humour in a wife is the most necessary of all the virtues to secure the happiness of a husband; and how is her good-humour to be preserved, if she is to be under perpetual controul? It is no new discovery, that the first wish of a woman is power; if therefore you give the scepter into her hand, and intreat her to say and do according to her own good pleasure, it would be almost impossible for her to be always out of temper.

But the subordination of husbands will appear to be of greater necessity, if it be considered how unfit almost every man is to govern himself. I have known husbands of hopeful dispositions, who, from being left entirely to their own management, have

run into every excess of riot and debauchery; when it has been obvious, that had their wives exerted the proper authority over them, they would have made the soberest and meekest men alive. How thankful therefore ought we to be, that our wives are inclined to take upon themselves the troublesome office of government, and to leave to their husbands the easy duty of obedience, which a child of six years old is as capable of performing, as his father of forty!

I have indeed heard it objected, that all women are not sufficiently qualified for the government of their husbands. But by whom is this objection made? By some obstinate old batchelor, who, for want of conversing with the sex, has formed very erroneous opinions of their dignity and abilities. To decide this question, I would only appeal to those husbands who have lived in a constant state of subjection to their wives; and if any one of them dare tell me that he has once wished to be his own master, I will be a batchelor in unbelief. It has also been objected, that the tyranny of a wife may sometimes be a little more absolute than the husband may wish it to be: but it has always been a maxim, that an absolute monarchy is the best, provided that we know, and have a right of chusing our ruler; the husband therefore should be satisfied with a small extension of the prerogative, whose monarch is not only of his own chusing, but one whom he has courted to reign over him.

It is matter of no small satisfaction to me, that by vindicating the sovereignty of the ladies, I am doing service to my king and country; for while men are kept under a continued state of subjection at home, they will submit with more alacrity to the laws, and feel a deficiency of those spirits, which, for want of proper controul, might lead them into riots, insurrections, and rebellions. It were to be

wished indeed that the ladies would drop the study of national politics, and confine themselves to family government only: for while a husband is no other than the vassal of his wife, a female jacobite (unless she should happen to be ugly or an old maid) may be a dangerous creature. I shall therefore conclude this paper by recommending it to the administration to have a particular eye to those seminaries of female learning, known by the name of BOARDING-SCHOOLS. It might not be improper if the oaths of allegiance and abjuration were to be administered to the superiors and mademoiselles of such colleges, or if the head of his present majesty king George was to be worked by every pretty miss at the bottom of her sampler.

No. 41. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1753.

As the writers of the two following letters are of a sex for which I have the sincerest regard and veneration, I have made no delay in committing them to the press, not doubting that the evils they complain of will excite the attention of my readers.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am a very hearty old maid of seventy-three; but I have a parcel of impertinent nephews and nieces, who, because I have kept my good-humour, will needs have it that I have parted with something else. Pray Mr. Fitz-Adam, be so kind as to tell these graceless relations of mine, that it is not impossible for a woman to have two virtues at a time; and that she may be merry and CHASTE,

as well as merry and WISE. But as I am always to be teazed upon this subject, I have some thoughts of renouncing my virginity, to secure my good-humour; for I am afraid that by contending with them every day for what they say I have lost, I shall run the hazard of losing in reality what they allow me to possess. I beg your advice in this critical affair, and am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

PRUDENTIA HOLDFAST.

In answer to Miss Holdfast, I shall only say that, if I was to be teazed out of my virginity, it should be by the most impudent fellow living, sooner than by these undutiful relations.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I am a young woman of fashion, and a great admirer of a town life. But it has been my misfortune, for these three months past, to be condemned to the odious country, and the more odious diversions of it; and this in compliance to an old fashioned aunt, who, excepting her two daughters, and the company they keep, is the most odious thing of all. But it is not for the sake of abusing my friends or of ridiculing the country, that I trouble you with this letter; I have really escaped such dangers in this retirement, that I mean it as a caution to my sex against giving up the innocent amusements of a town life, for the destructive pleasures of woods and shades.

I had hardly been a week at my aunt's before I lost all the delicacy of quality; and from the palest complexion in the world, and no appetite (the best proofs of high birth, and of keeping good company) I began to look as rosy as a milk-maid, and to eat like a plough-boy. I shall never forget the auk-

ward compliments that were made me upon those defects; but a new mortification succeeded, which removed me still farther from upper life, and had like to have killed me. I began absolutely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to grow fat. What was to be done now? Why I must walk forsooth! I wondered they did not bid me fly; for to a woman of condition, who had never stirred out of doors but in her chair, flying seemed as easy as walking. But my disease was desperate, and so must be my cure: in short, they taught me how to walk, and in less than a week I verily believe I had travelled a mile.

And now I was teazed upon another account.—My cousins, who were grown quite intimate with me, and who were what they call neat girls, were perpetually finding fault with the looseness of my morning dress. I really pitied their ignorance, but could hardly forbear laughing when I saw them come down as prim to breakfast, as if they were dressed for visitors. It was in vain for me to tell them that women of fashion were above such regards; I was again forced to comply, and to stick pins into my cloaths, as if dressing for a drum.

I am far from denying that air, exercise, and neatness contributed to my health; but I remember with confusion the alteration they produced. I had lived in the polite circle to the age of five-and-twenty without conceiving an idea of the other sex, any farther than what related to their uses in public places, a treat upon the water, or a party at Brag. Indeed the perpetual hurry of a town life puts all other things quite out of one's head. But idleness is the root of all evil. In less than a fortnight my heart told me that I had passions as well as appetites. To deal plainly with you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for want of something to do, I fell desperately in love. With shame I confess it, I was caught I know not how;

or my rustic, though he paid me particular regards, nd was a handsome fellow with a good estate, had o one accomplishment upon earth to recommend im to a woman of fashion. His education had been t the University, where he had pursued nothing but is studies. He knew nobody in town but people hom nobody knows; had been at court but once: etested play, and had no ideas of routs and drums. lis virtues (for my aunt and cousins were continuly talking of them) reached no farther than a little arity to the poor; a vast deal of what they call ood-nature; abundance of duty to the old lady his other, and a ridiculous fondness for a sister, who as one of the plainest women I ever saw. But in fairs of gallantry, or the fashions of the town, he was ignorant as a Hottentot. He would sometimes, ideed, make a party with us at Whist for half-owns, which he called deep play; but as to shufing, fuzzing, changing of seats, hints to a partner, tting up honours without holding them, and the ke, which are the essentials of the game, he was an osolute ideot. He considered cards, he said, only an amusement, and was perfectly indifferent whether he won or lost. Yet in spite of myself, and so ontemptible an animal, I was really in love with im. Nay, so entirely did he possess me, that I conived to be ill, and to keep my chamber three ornings together, to engage him alone. But ould you think it, Mr. Fitz-Adam; if he approached to touch my hand, I had such frights and ars about me, that I hardly knew where I was. I embled at every word he spoke to me; and had he fered at those trifling liberties, which every fine ntleman is admitted to in town, and which the rictest modesty would only cry pish at, I verily beeve I should have died. But his country education as the saving of my life. His intentions, I per-

ceived, were to make a wife of me; a character, which of all characters in the world I had the greatest aversion to; as, in all probability, it would connect me with the cares of a mother, and a thousand ridiculous duties and affections, that a well-bred woman has really no time for. Yet this deplorable creature I had certainly been, if he had not all of a sudden (for what reason I know not, unless he thinks it a crime for a lady to be a little witty upon the Bible) taken a crotchet into his head of treating me like a stranger. The man is most evidently mad; for instead of directing all his discourse to me as usual, he is for ever caballing with my youngest cousin, and talking by the hour in praise of a country education.

But, thanks to my stars, there is a place called London; where, in a very few weeks, the business of play, and the amusements of polite life, shall cure me of my folly, and restore me to my complexion. I shall fly to the Brag-table as to an asylum against the passions. It is there that love is never thought of. The men have no designs, nor the women temptations. It puts me in mind of the state of innocence which our first parents fell from: The sexes may meet naked, and not be ashamed, nor even know that they are naked.

It would take up too much of your paper to enforce the advantages of PLAY, by laying before you the evils it prevents. Scandal was never heard of at a card table: The question when we meet is not who lost her honour last night? but who her money? We need never go to church to ridicule the parsons or stay at home to be the plague of husbands or servants. In short, if women would escape the pursuits of men, the drudgery of wives, the cares of parents, and the plagues of home, their security is PLAY. I know of nothing that can be said against

but that it may possibly lead to ill-nature, quarrels, reating, and ruin.

I am, SIR,

Your constant reader, and most humble servant,

SOPHIA SHUFFLE.

No. 42. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1753.

T is a common phrase, when we speak of a per-n who has nothing remarkably bad in his dispo-tion, that he is a *good sort of a man;* but of these *ood sort of men* there are multitudes to be met ith, who are more troublesome and offensive than swarm of gnats within one's bed-curtains.

A *good sort of a man* is sometimes he, who from allowness of parts, and a narrow education, be-eves every action of mankind, that is not calcu-ated to promote some pious or virtuous end, to be lameable and vicious. He prescribes to himself ales for the conduct of life, and censures those who iffer from him as immoral or irreligious. Walking the fields on a Sunday, or taking up a news-paper, s an offence against Heaven. I have heard a young dy severely reprimanded for reading a Spectator pon that day; and I have known it prophesied of boy of eight years old, that he would certainly be n Athiest, for having written God with a little g, nd Devil with a great D. In the opinion of this *ood sort of a man*, to say, *Lord bless me*, is a breach f the third commandment; and to affirm, *upon ne's word*, that this or that thing is true or false, is ownright swearing.

To such characters as these, the infidelity of thers may in some measure be owing. To avoid ne extreme we are apt to run into another; and

because one man happens to believe a great d
too much, another is determined to believe noth
at all.

During the usurpation of Cromwell, we were
nation of psalm-singers; which is the best reason
can give for the inundation of bawdy songs th
poured in upon us at the restoration: for though t
king and his court were indefatigable in the pro
gation of wantonness (and every body knows h
apt men are to copy the manners of a court) th
would have found it a very hard task to debau
the whole kingdom, if it had not been a kingdom
enthusiasts.

Another, though less mischievous *good sort of
man* is he, who upon every occasion, or upon no o
casion at all, is teazing you with ADVICE. Th
gentleman is generally a very grave personage, wh
happening either to have outlived his passions, or
have been formed without any, regulates all his a
tions by the rule of prudence. He visits you in
morning, and is sorry to hear you call those perso
your friends who kept you at the King's-arms la
night after the clock had struck twelve. He tel
you of an acquaintance of his, of a hundred an
two years old, who was never up after sun-settin
nor a-bed after sun-rising. He informs you of tho
meats which are easiest of digestion, prescribes wa
ter-gruel for your breakfast, and harangues upo
the poison of made dishes. He knows who caugh
a fever by going upon the water, and can tell you
a young lady who had the rheumatism in all h
limbs by wearing an India persian in the middle o
October. If at a jovial meeting of friends, you hap
pen to have drank a single glass too much, he tal
to you of dropsies and inflammations, and wonder
that a man will buy pleasure in an evening, at th
hazard of an head-ach in the morning. That suc

person may really be a *good sort of a man*, and at he may give his advice out of pure humanity, am very ready to allow; but I cannot help thinking nd I am no advocate for intemperance) that if it as not now-and-then for giving prudence the slip, id for a little harmless playing the fool, life would a very insipid thing.

A third *good sort of a man*, is one who calls upon ou every day, and tells you what the people say of ou abroad. As how 'Mr. Nokes was very warm your praises, and that Mr. Stiles agreed with him opinion; but that Mr. Roe and Mrs. Doe, who y the bye pretend to be your friends, were continually coming in with one of their ill-natured IFS. ut they are like the rest of the world. You have thousand enemies, though you do nothing to deerve them. I wonder what could provoke Mr. A. fall upon you with so much violence before lady .: but then to hear Mr. C. and Miss D. who are nder such obligations to you, join in the abuse, as what, I own, I did not expect. But there is no ncerity among us: and I verily believe you have ot a friend in the whole world besides myself.' hus does he run on, not only lessening you in your wn opinion, but robbing you of the most pleasing atisfaction of life, that of thinking yourself esteemd by those with whom you converse. If you happen to be in any public character, the Lord have ercy upon you! for unless you can stop your ears o the croakings of these ravens, you must be miseable indeed. There are very few *good sort of men* hat are more pernicious than these: for as almost very man in the world is curious of knowing what nother thinks of him, he is perpetually listening to buses upon himself, till he grows a hater of his ind. It is for this reason that dissimulation is ften to be ranked among the virtues; for if every

man of your acquaintance, instead of assuring y
of his esteem and regard, was to tell you that he c
not care a straw for you (which twenty to one is t
truth) the motives to benevolence would be entir
destroyed; and though the 'loving those that h
us' be a precept of christianity, it would puzzle
to name a christian of my acquaintance, who h
grace enough to practise it.

A fourth *good sort of a man*, and with whom I sh
conclude this paper, is the man of CEREMONY. B
as this character is drawn from the life by one of m
correspondents who has felt the inconvenience of i
I shall give it to my readers in his own words.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I belong to a club of very honest fellows in t
city, who meet once a week to kill care and be i
nocently merry. Every one of us used to sing h
song or tell his story for the entertainment of h
friends, and to be good-naturedly jocose upon t
foibles of the company. But all our merriment h
been at a stand for some time, by the admission of
new member, who it seems is a person of very FIN
BREEDING. You must know that he is our sup
rior in fortune; from which consideration we sho
him a great deal of respect. At his entrance int
the club room we all rise from our chairs, and it
not till he has paid his compliments to each of u
separately, and kept us standing for near a quarte
of an hour, that he entreats us to be seated. He the
hopes we are all perfectly well, and that we caugh
no colds that day se'nnight by walking home fro
the club; for that the night was foggy, or it we
rainy, or it was cold, or it was something o
other, that gave him a good deal of pain til
he saw us again. After we have all made ou
bows, and assured him of our exceeding goo

healths, the inquiry begins after our ladies and families. He is always so unfortunate as to forget the number and names of our children, for which he most heartily begs pardon, and hopes the dear little creatures, whom he has not the pleasure of knowing, will forgive him for his want of memory. The finishing this ceremony generally takes us up about an hour; after which, as he is the first man of the club, it is necessary, in point of good manners, that he should find us in conversation; and to say the truth, since his admission into our society, we have none of us a word to say, unless it be in answer to his inquiries. And now it is that we are entertained with the history of a dinner at lady Fidfad's, at which were present lord and lady Lavender, Sir Nicholas Picktooth, and a world of polite company. He names every dish to us in the order it was placed, tells us how the company was seated, the compliments that passed, and, in short, every thing that was said; which, though it may be called polite conversation, is certainly the dullest I ever heard in my life. By this time we generally begin to look upon our watches; a bill is called for, and after a contention of about three minutes who shall go out last, we return to our homes.

This, sir, is the true history of our once jovial club; and as it is not impossible that this well-bred gentleman may be a reader of the WORLD, I trouble you with this letter, and entreat your publication of it; for with so much good-manners as he is undoubtedly master of, he will absent himself from our society when he knows how miserable he has made us.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

FRANCIS HEARTY.

No. 43. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1753.

I HAVE devoted to-day's paper to the miscellaneous productions of such of my correspondents as, in my own opinion, are either whimsical enough, or witty enough, to be entertaining to my readers.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am an ENGLISHMAN and a PATRIOT, but neither a FREEHOLDER nor an INDEPENDENT WHIG. I am neither a CRAFTSMAN nor a FOOL, but a FREETHINKER, and a PLAIN-DEALER; a steady CHAMPION for virtue, and a sharp PROTESTER against vice.

I am a daily INSPECTOR of my neighbours actions, and take a MONTHLY REVIEW of my own; yet do not assume the title of CENSOR, or GUARDIAN; being contented with the office of MONITOR or REMEMBRANCER. My enemies nevertheless will call me a TATLER, a BUSYBODY, an IMPERTINENT, &c.

I am a great READER, and a LOVER of polite literature. I am sometimes an ADVENTURER abroad, sometimes a RAMBLER at home, and rove like the BEE from MUSÆUM to MUSÆUM, in quest of knowledge and pleasure.

I am an OCCASIONAL WRITER too; in a fit of gaiety I am an HUMOURIST, in a fit of seriousness a MORALIST; and when I am very angry indeed, I scourge the age with all the spirit of a BUSBY.

To conclude, I am not an idle SPECTATOR, but a

close EXAMINER of what passes in the WORLD, and Mr. Fitz-Adam's

Admirer and humble servant,
PHILOCOSMUS.

This letter puts me in mind of the following advertisement in a late Daily Advertiser. 'Whereas Thomas Toovey, snuffman, who is lately removed from the blackamoor's head in Piccadilly to the shop, late the crown and dagger, three doors lower, and hopes for the continuance of his friends custom' ——And there it ends. I should have been more obliged to my correspondent, if after his WHEREAS that he was an ENGLISHMAN, a PATRIOT, a FREEHOLDER, &c. he had thought proper to inform me to what purpose he was all this. But I have the pleasure of hoping that this epistle is only an introductory discourse to a larger work: and as such I have given it to the public without addition or amendment.

SIR,

IF it would not be meddling with religion (a subject which you have declared against touching upon) I wish you would recommend it to all rectors, vicars, and curates of parishes, to omit the prayer, commonly used in the pulpit before sermon, the petition for JEWS, TURKS, and INFIDELS. For as the JEWS, since a late act of parliament, are justly detested by the whole nation; and as it is shrewdly suspected that a bill is now in agitation for naturalizing the TURKS, wise men are of opinion that it is no business of ours to be continually recommending such people in our prayers. Indeed as for the INFIDELS, who are only our own people, I should make no scruple of praying for them, if I did not know that persons of fashion do not care to hear

themselves named so very particularly in the face of the congregation. I have the honour of an acquaintance with a lady of very fine understanding, who assures me that the above-mentioned prayer is absolutely as terrible to her as being churched in public; for that she never hears the word INFIDEL mentioned from the pulpit, without fancying herself the stare of the whole rabble of believers.

As it is certainly the duty of a clergyman to avoid giving offence to his parishioners; and as our hatred to the JEWS, our alarms about the TURKS, and the modesty of persons of quality, are not to be overcome, I beg that you will not only insert this letter in the WORLD, but that you will also give it as your opinion that the petition should be omitted.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

I. M.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

Now the theatres are open, and the town is in high expectation of seeing PANTOMIMES performed to the greatest advantage, it would not be improper if you would give us a paper upon that subject. Your predecessor the Spectator, and the Tatler before him, used frequently to animadvert upon theatrical entertainments; but as those gentlemen had no talents for PANTOMIME, and were partial to such entertainments as themselves were able to produce, they treated the nobler compositions with unwarrantable freedom. Happy is it for us, that we live in an age of TASTE, when the dumb eloquence, and manual wit and humour of HARLEQUIN is justly preferred to the whining of tragedy or the vulgarity of comedy. But it grieves me, in an entertainment so near perfection, to observe certain indelicacies and indecorums, which, though

they never fail of obtaining the approbation of the galleries, must be extremely offensive to the politeness of the boxes. The indelicacies I mean, are, the frequent and significant wrigglings of HARLEQUIN's tail, and the affront that PIEROT is apt to put upon the modesty of COLUMBINE, by sometimes supposing, in his searches for her lover, that she has hid him under her petticoats. That such a supposition would be allowable in comedy, I am very ready to own; the celebrated Mrs. Behn having given us in reality what is here only supposed. In a play of that delicate lady's, the wife, to conceal the gallant from her husband, not only hides him under her petticoats, but, as Trulla did by Hudibras, straddles over him, and, holding her husband in discourse, walks backwards with her lover to the door; where with a genteel love-kick she dismisses him from his hiding-place. But that the chaste COLUMBINE should be suspected of such an indelicacy, or that PIEROT should be so audacious as to attempt the examination of premises so sacred, is a solecism in PANTOMIME. Another impurity that gives me almost equal offence, is, HARLEQUIN's tapping the neck or bosom of his mistress, and then kissing his fingers. I am apprehensive that this behaviour is a little bordering upon wantonness; which, in the character of HARLEQUIN, who is a foreigner, and a fine gentleman, and every thing agreeable, is as absurd as it is immodest.

When these reformations can be brought about, every body must allow that a PANTOMIME will be a most rational and instructive entertainment; and it is to be hoped that none but principal performers will be suffered to have a part in it. How pleased will the town be this winter to read in one of the articles of news in the Public Advertiser, 'We hear that at each of the theatres royal there is an entire new PANTOMIME now in rehearsal, and the princi-

pal parts are to be performed by Mr. Garrick, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Mossop, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard, at Drury-Lane: and at Covent-Garden by Mr. Quin, Mr. Lun, Mr. Barry, Miss Nossiter, &c.' It is not to be doubted that a PANTOMIME so acted would run through a whole season to the politest as well as most crowded audiences. Indeed, I have often wondered at the good-humour of the town, that they can bear to see night after night so elegant an entertainment with only one performer in it of real reputation.

It was very well observed by a person of quality, 'That if Mr. Addison, Doctor Swift, and Mr. Pope were alive, and were unitedly to write a PANTOMIME every winter, provided Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber were to do the principal parts, he verily believed there would not be a hundred people at any one rout in town, except it was of a Sunday.' If it be from no other consideration than this, I am for having PANTOMIMES exhibited to the best advantage: and though we have no such WITS among us as his lordship was pleased to name, we are reckoned to have as good CARPENTERS as any age has produced; and I take it, that the most striking beauties of PANTOMIMICAL composition are to be ascribed to the CARPENTER, more than to the WIT.

I am, SIR,

Your constant reader and most humble servant,

S. W.

No. 44. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

A JUSTLY-admired poet of our own times, speaking in reference to his art, tells us, that

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

The same, it is presumed, may be said of almost every kind of writing. Europe is at present so much enlightened, that it is hardly possible to strike out a single notion absolutely new, or which has never been touched upon by somebody before us. Religion, philosophy, and morality in particular, have been so thoroughly canvassed, that such as would treat upon those subjects now, have scarce any thing left them, but to set some beaten thought in a different light, and like a skilful cook, endeavour to make the fare of yesterday palatable again to-day, by a various dressing. If it can be got down and digested, there are always hopes of its conveying some nourishment; and whether it be taken for turtle, or venison; pheasant, or moor-game; beef, or mutton, is not a farthing's matter, so it be relished by the guests. Whether I am possessed of any part of this skill, must be left to the decision of each person's taste. All I dare engage for is, that no unwholesome ingredient shall enter into my composition, and if, on the one hand, it should be insipid, on the other, it shall be as harmless as a bit of dry bread.

But to my subject. The comparison of man's life to a journey, and the conclusions usually drawn from thence, are not the less true for being trite and common. When we reflect, that to be excessively anxious for the wealth, honours, and pleasures of this transitory world, is just as ridiculous as it would be to torment ourselves because our accommodations at an inn (which we are to quit the next morning) are not sufficiently sumptuous, the aptness of the allusion stares us in the face: the assent is extorted while the mind dwells upon it; and people of every persuasion, however they may disagree in

other propositions, concur in this, as in a self-evident axiom.

Yet herein do we resemble the case of him, who i said in scripture, *to behold his figure in a glass, b strait forgetteth what manner of man he was;* and, i if a fatality hung over us, our memories are still foo worst, in the matter that concerns us most; namel in the acquisition of TRANQUILLITY, that *summum bonum* on this side the grave. A heathen could te us, that this inestimable treasure lies at our fee but that we giddily stumble over it, in the pursu of bubbles. On these we bestow all our strenuou exertions; the other has only indolent wishes.

But if we are candidates in earnest for this TEM PORAL felicity, and which at the same time leads b the smoothest road to the CÆLESTIAL, the fir step should be to discover what that is, which op poses and excludes it: and as it is utterly impos ble that two contraries should peaceably inhabit th same breast, let us resolve to drive out the a gressor.

That perturbations of every kind are capital en mies to TRANQUILLITY, speaks itself: but it ma require some scrutiny to discern that the commo parent from whence most of these proceed, PRIDE. I say, *most* of these; for if want, pai fear, and intemperance be excepted, it is presum that few obstacles to serenity can be imagine which are not fairly deducible from this sing vice.

The inimitable Mr. Addison, in one of his Spe tators, mentions guilt and atheism, as the only wa rantable precluders of CHEARFULNESS: nor is here intended to controvert his superior judgment this being merely an essay to prove that PRIDE the great source from whence almost every oth species of guilt flows. And as for atheism, it ma

I think, without much torturing the argument, be placed to the same account.

But let us first try the truth of this proposition, upon actual or practical vices, as distinguished from speculative errors; and thence discover to what degree they may be said to *hold of this lady paramount*; consequently, how far we are indebted to her for the miseries which fill the world with complaints.

Sickness, pain, fear, want, and intemperance, have already been excepted, as productive of disorders in the soul, which derive not immediately from this origin: at least, it can hardly with propriety be said, that a person is proud of a disease, of cowardice, or of indigence; though it has been observed, that some have had the preposterous folly to glory in being lewd, a drunkard, or a glutton.

Whether human nature be capable of bearing up with chearfulness and indolence against these evils (from what cause soever arising) is a question foreign to the present business, which is to excite every thinking person strictly to examine the catalogue of vices, one by one; and then to ask his own heart what resemblance they bear to the prolific parent here assigned them; and it is presumed, that nothing more is necessary than the holding up the progeny to view, in order to ascertain their descent.

It may be gathered from the most authentic testimony, that her first-born was AMBITION; brought to light in the days of your namesake Adam, and ever since, whether clad in a red coat, and armed with a scimitar and firebrand, or in the more gentle habit of a statesman, courtier, beau, lawyer, divine, &c. still confesses the kindred in every feature and action. It is not very material in what order the subsequent issue were produced. But that

To enumerate the infinite disorders an
ties that disperse themselves from this ro
into every place, and are incessant plagu
viduals, as well as to society, were an en
Who shall tell the secret pangs of the
which she is planted? But her baleful i
discernible, wherever *two or three are ga
gether*. Even at the altar, and whilst t
in compliance with the ritual, is uttering
humiliating epithets, you shall perceive
sistently tricked out, and by a thousand
airs, attracting the worship of the assista
the DEITY, to herself.

Trace her from the court, into the city;
from the general trader, to the retailer,
and pedlar; thence into the country,
squire, to the farmer and day-labourer: d
low as to the scavenger, chimney-sweeper,
man; still, through all their dirt and filth
occasionally discern her.

Nor is her PARENTAL dominion confi
climates or nations called civilized. Tra

Hottentots, who that reads the accounts of the insolence with which they torment, before they eat their enemies, can doubt whether they are actuated by hunger or haughtiness? In a word, from the feuds that lay waste whole kingdoms, down to the sickly spleen which devours the slighted coquet, or the fine lady superseded in her place, we need look no further for the author of the griefs which poison our peace.

In relation to matters purely speculative, none who are ever so little conversant in them, can be at a loss for numerous instances of the havock made with learning, truth, and religion, by the dogmatical imposition of hypotheses and systems, invented by men of more power than knowledge; and the no less arrogant prohibition of new lights, which might detect the fallacy, or otherwise clash with an assumed all-sufficiency. Hence was the asserter of the Antipodes persecuted in the inquisition. Hence all the mischiefs arising from enthusiasm, hypocrisy, bigotry, and zeal. Hence—but I am entering into a field too wide for the limits of an ordinary epistle. Yet having mentioned the possibility of accounting for atheism by the same way, I shall here only appeal to your readers, whether that man is simply a fool, or if he must not necessarily be a very CONCEITED fool, who says in his heart *there is no* GOD?

And now, sir, should it be asked to what purpose this epistle? or where the remedy? it is answered, that the utility of such a discussion (which for the sake of the WORLD, I could heartily wish had been more accurately handled) must be obvious; for by this means the hydra being reduced to one head, it becomes a more compendious task to cut off that one, than to vanquish a legion successively sprouting out from different stems: or, to change the allusion, the recipe, instead of applying to the infinite

variety of symptoms, might be comprized in two words, BANISH PRIDE: as indeed this disease, pregnant of so many others, is most emphatically cautioned against in six words of Holy Writ——PRIDE *was not made for* MAN.

I am, SIR, &c.

No. 45. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1753.

——— Nocte cavernam
Postibus ——— Jup.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE is hardly a greater instance of ill-nature, or a more certain token of a cruel disposition, than the abuse of dumb creatures; especially of those who contribute to our advantage and conveniency. The doing an ill office to one who has intended us no harm, is a strong proof of inhumanity: but unkindness to a benefactor is both inhuman and ungrateful.

But it is not my intention at present to animadvert upon our barbarity to the animal creation: if you will accept of so unworthy a correspondent, I may take another opportunity of sending you my thoughts upon that subject: the business of this letter is only to vindicate from reproach a poor inanimate being, vulgarly called a POST, which every body knows is held in the lowest contempt, yet whose services to mankind entitle it to a very high degree of regard and veneration.

'As stupid as a POST,' is a phrase perpetually made use of. If we want to characterize a fool, or a man absolutely without an idea, the expression is,

'as stupid as a POST.' 'As dull as a Beetle,' is a term I have no dislike to; nor have I any great objection to 'as grave as a Judge,' which I have considered as a synonymous phrase, ever since I saw an old gentleman in company extremely angry at being told he looked grave; when it was observed by a third person, that GRAVE in the dictionary was *vide* DULL. But though it is admitted that the idea of dulness may be illustrated by a Beetle, and the idea of gravity by a Judge, I positively deny that stupidity and a POST have any similitude whatsoever.

It is well known, that the ancients, and more especially the Egyptians, the wisest nation of them all, paid the greatest degree of veneration to several inanimate things. Almost all vegetables were considered us gods, and consequently worshipped as such. Leeks and onions were particularly esteemed; and there was hardly a garden to be seen that was not overrun with deities. Now I own that I have no such superstitious regard for a POST, as to recommend its deification; nor am I for making it minister of state, as Caligula did his horse; I only think, that when it is undeservedly branded into a proverb of contempt, common justice requires its vindication.

In former ages, how much POSTS were esteemed, appears from what Juvenal says of them:

Ornentur POSTES, *et grandi janua lauro:*

where we see that they were crowned with laurel. Virgil likewise, in describing the destruction of Troy, says, that the women in the height of despair,

Amplexæque tenent POSTES, *atque oscula figunt;*

without doubt to take an affectionate leave of them. And old Ennius, knowing that they were in some measure sacred, employs no less a person than the Goddess Discord herself to demolish them:

——— Discordia tetra
Belli ferratos Postes, *portasque refregit.*

But before I consider the service of Posts to mankind in general, I shall take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation which I have personally received from one of them, and which may very possibly bias me in favour of the whole fraternity.

I was travelling very lately, where I was entirely ignorant of the road, in a part of England too far from town for the common people to give that rational direction to a stranger, which they do in and about London; and too near it, as I afterwards found, not to relish strongly of its vices. Coming at last to a place, where the road branched out into different paths, I was quite at a stand, till seeing a country fellow passing by, I enquired the road to Bisley. 'To Bisley!' says he scratching his head, and looking up in my face—'Where did you come from, sir?' I was nettled a good deal at the fellow's useless and impertinent question, especially as it began to grow dusk; however, that I might get what instruction from him I could, I satisfied him. He then, after having attentively looked round the country, and informed me I might have come a nearer way, gave me to understand, 'That he could not well tell, but that I was not above two miles from it.' P—x take the fellow! says I, he is as stupid as a Post, and rode on: but I had hardly gone a hundred yards before I discovered a Post, which very good-naturedly held out his finger to shew me the road, and informed me in a few words that I had still three miles to go. I followed the advice of this intelligent friend, and soon arrived at the end of my journey, ashamed and vexed at the ingratitude I had been guilty of, in abusing so serviceable a guide.

If a man reflects seriously with himself, as I did

then, he will find that Posts are very far from being so stupid as they are imagined to be. I may safely venture to assert, that they have all negative wisdom. They neither ruin their fortunes by gaming, nor their constitutions by drinking. They keep no bad company; they never interfere either in matters of party or religion, and seem entirely unconcerned about who is in favour at court, or who out. Though I cannot say that their courage is great, they never suffer themselves to be affronted unrevenged; for they are always upon the defensive, though they seldom give the challenge. Drunkards they have a particular aversion to; nor is it uncommon for a man, though the fumes of wine may have made him insensible at night, to feel the effects of their resentment in the morning. In short, they seem devoted to the service of mankind; sleeping neither day nor night, nor ever deserting the station which is assigned them. One thing I own may be justly laid to their charge, which is, that they are often guilty of cruel behaviour to the blind; though I think they amply repay it, by lending support to the lame.

I could enumerate several sorts of Posts, which are of infinite service; such as the Mill-post, the Whipping-post, the Sign-post, and many others: I shall at present content myself with making a few observations on the two last, the Whipping-post, and the Sign-post.

If to put in execution the laws of the land, be of any service to the nation, which few I think will deny, the benefit of the Whipping-post must be very apparent, as being a necessary instrument of such an execution. Indeed the service it does to a country place is inconceivable. I myself knew a man who had proceeded so far as to lay his hand upon a silver spoon, with a design to make it his

own; but, upon looking round, and seeing a WHIPPING-POST in his way, he desisted from the theft. Whether he suspected that the POST would impeach him or not, I will not pretend to determine; some folks were of opinion, that he was afraid of a Habeas Corpus. It is likewise an infallible remedy for all lewd and disorderly behaviour, which the chairman at sessions generally employs it to restrain. nor is it less beneficial to the honest part of mankind, than the dishonest: for though it lies immediately in the high road to the gallows, it has stopped many an adventurous young man in his progress thither.

But of the whole family of the POSTS, I know none more serviceable than the SIGN-POST, which, like a bill of fare to an entertainment, always stands ready without door, to inform you what you are to expect within. The intent of this has been very much perverted, and accordingly taken notice of by your predecessor the Spectator. He was for prohibiting the carpenter the use of any sign but his saw; and the shoe-maker but his boot; and with great propriety; for the proverb says, *ne sutor ultrà crepidam*. And indeed it is reasonable 'every shop should have a sign that bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals:' for otherwise, a stranger may call for a yard of cloth at a bookseller's, or the last WORLD at a linen-draper's. But when these things are adjusted, nothing can be of greater service than a SIGN-POST; inasmuch as it instructs a man, provided he has money in his pocket, how he may supply all his wants; and often directs the hungry traveller to the agreeable perfumes of a savoury kitchen: from whence it is imagined that the common expression comes, of smelling a POST.

Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you see how much we are indebted to these serviceable things, called POSTS:

and I think it would be a great instance of your goodness, to endeavour to correct the world's ingratitude to them; since it is grown so very notorious, that I have known several, who owe all they have to a Post, industrious to undervalue its dignity, and make its character appear ridiculous.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

W. R.

N. B. All Posts of honour, Posts in war, letter Posts, and Post the Latin preposition, though they spell their names in the same manner, are of a quite different family; nor do I undertake to plead in their behalf, knowing that most of them are in too flourishing a condition to stand in need of an advocate.

No. 46. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1753.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

'When a rich man speaketh,' says the son of Sirach, 'every man holdeth his tongue; and lo! what he sayeth is extolled to the clouds: but if a poor man speak, they say, What fellow is this?' I had a mortifying opportunity yesterday, of experiencing the truth of this observation.

It is not material that I should tell you who or what I am; it will be enough to say, that though I dine every day, and always make my appearance in a clean shirt, I have no thoughts of offering myself as a candidate for a borough at the next general election, nor am I quite so rich as a certain man of fashion, who took such a fancy to me this summer in the country, as hardly to be easy out of my company.

This great person came to town last week for the winter; whither I was called upon business soon after; and having received a general invitation to his table, I went yesterday to dine with him. Upon my being shewn into the parlour, I found him sitting with two young gentlemen, who, as I afterwards learnt, were persons of great quality, and who, before I was bid to sit down, entered into a short whisper with my friend, which concluded with a broad stare in my face, and the words 'I thought so,' uttered with a careless contempt, loud enough for me to hear.

I was a little disconcerted at this behaviour, but was in some measure relieved by a message a few minutes after, that dinner was upon the table. We were soon seated according to form; and as the conversation was upon general subjects, or rather upon no subject at all, and as the having something to say enables a man to sit easier in his chair, I now-and-then attempted to put in a word, but I found I had not the good fortune to make myself heard. The play-houses happening to be mentioned, I asked very respectfully if any thing new was to be exhibited this season? Upon which it was observed, 'that the winter was come in upon us all at once, and that there had been ice in Hyde-park of near half an inch thick!' Upon my friend's taking notice that there had been a very great court that morning, I took occasion to inquire how the king did? when it was immediately remarked 'that the opera this season would certainly be a very grand one.' As I was a proficient in music, and a friend to the Italian opera, I hoped to be attended to, by saying something in favour of so elegant an entertainment: but before I had proceeded through half a sentence, the conversation took another turn, and it was unanimously agreed, 'that my

lord Somebody's Greenland dog was the finest of the kind ever seen in England.' It was now high time for me to have done; I therefore contented myself with playing the dumb man till the cloth was removed, and then took my leave.

At my return to my lodgings, I could not help thinking that it was not absolutely impossible for great men to be very ill-bred; but however that matter may be, I shall eat my dinner at the chop-house to-day, notwithstanding I have just received a card from my friend, to tell me, 'that he dines alone, and shall be quite unhappy without me.'

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

F. B.

BATH, *October* the 29th, 1753.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

Among the many inventions of this wise and polite age, I look upon the *art of not knowing people* to be one of the greatest. But for fear the term should be a little too technical for many of your readers, I shall explain it at large. What I mean is, that persons of distinction shall meet their inferiors in public places, and either walk, sit, or stand close at their elbows, without having the least recollection of them; whom, but a week or a day before, they have been particularly intimate with, and for whom they have professed the most affectionate regard. As you have taken no notice of this art, in all probability the professors of it have escaped you; but as I have lately been the subject of its fullest exertion, I beg leave to trouble you with a few words upon the occasion.

I am a clergyman of some fortune, though no preferment; and knowing that I had many friends at

the Bath this season, I came hither last week to enjoy the pleasure of their conversation. The morning after my arrival I took a walk to the pump-room, where I had the honour of seeing a noble lord, a baronet, and some ladies of quality, with whom I am very well acquainted: but to my great surprize, though I stood at the distance of only two or three yards from them, I did not perceive that any one of them knew me. I have dined several times with his lordship, have frequently drank tea with the ladies, and spent two months this summer with the baronet, and yet am throwing myself in their way every morning, am sitting next them in the rooms every evening, nay, playing at cards with them at the same table, without their having the least remembrance of me. There is also a very genteel family in the place, in which I have been so extremely intimate, that according to the song,

I have drank with the father, have talk'd with the mother,
Have romp'd with the sister, and gam'd with the brother;

but, for what reason, I know not, unless it be in imitation of the lords and ladies above mentioned, with whom they happened to be acquainted, I do not find that any one of them has the least knowledge of me.

I have looked in the glass above a hundred times, from a suspicion that my face must have undergone some extraordinary change, to occasion this total want of recollection in my friends; but I have the satisfaction to find that my eyes, nose, and mouth are not only remaining, but they stand as near as I can guess, in the very individual places, as when my friends knew me; and that their forgetfulness is altogether owing to this new-invented art; an art, which it seems none but persons of fashion, or a few very genteel people who have studied under them, can make themselves masters of. But it is an art

that will undo me, if a living which my friend the noble lord has been so good as to assure me of, should happen to become void while I am in this place: for how can I suppose that his lordship will give that to an entire stranger, which he has so long ago promised to an intimate acquaintance?

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

I have taken the first opportunity of publishing these letters, not from a conviction that the writers of them have any cause of complaint, but from a desire of removing false prejudices, and of doing justice to the character of great people. As for the son of Sirach, whom the first of my corrspondents has thought proper to quote, every body knows that his writings are apocryphal; and as to the matter complained of, namely, that a private man cannot make himself heard among lords and great folks, it is the fault of nature, who it is well known has formed the ears of persons of quality only for hearing one another. My other correspondent, who is piqued at not being known, is equally unreasonable; for he cannot but have observed at the play-houses and other public places, from the number of glasses used by people of fashion, that they are naturally short-sighted. It is from this visual defect, that a great man is apt to mistake fortune for honour, a service of plate for a good name, and his neighbour's wife for his own. His memory is in many instances as defective as his sight. Benefits, promises, and payment of debts, are things that he is extremely liable to forget. How then is it to be wondered at, that he should forget an acquaintance? But I have always observed that there is a propensity in little

people to speak evil of dignities! and that where real errors are wanting (which is the case at present) they will throw out their invectives against natural defects, and quarrel with the deaf for not hearing them, and with the blind for not seeing them.

I could go near to write a whole paragraph in praise of great men, if I was not restrained by the consideration, that of all things in the world, they hate flattery.

No. 47. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1753.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

Dim-sighted as I am, my spectacles have assisted me sufficiently to read your papers. Permit me, as a recompence for the pleasure I have received from them, to send you an anecdote in my family, which till now has never appeared in print.

I am the widow of Mr. Solomon Muzzy; I am the daughter of Ralph Pumpkin, Esq; and I am the grand-daughter of Sir Josiah Pumpkin, Pumpkin-hall in South-Wales. I was educated, with my two elder sisters, under the care and tuition my honoured grandfather and grandmother, at hall-house of our ancestors. It was the cons custom of my grandfather, when he was toler free from the gout, to summon his three gr daughters to his bed-side, and amuse us with most important transactions of his life. I particular delight in hearing the good old m lustrate his own character, which he did, pe not without some degree of vanity, but alway a strict adherence to truth. He told us, he

we would have children, to whom some of his adventures might prove useful and important.

Sir JOSIAH was scarce nineteen years old, when he was introduced at the court of Charles the second, by his uncle Sir SIMON SPARROWGRASS, who was at that time Lancaster herald at arms, and in great favour at Whitehall. As soon as he had kissed the king's hand, he was presented to the duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the ministers, and the mistresses. His fortune, which was considerable, and his manners, which were extremely elegant, made him so very acceptable in all companies, that he had the honour to be plunged at once into every polite party of wit, pleasure, and expence, that the courtiers could possibly display. He danced with the ladies; he drank with the gentlemen; he sung loyal catches, and broke bottles and glasses in every tavern throughout London. But still he was by no means a perfect fine gentleman. He had not fought a DUEL. He was so extremely unfortunate, as never to have had even the happiness of a RENCOUNTER. The want of opportunity, not of courage, had occasioned this inglorious chasm in his character. He appeared not only to the whole court, but even in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate PUMPKIN, till he had shewn himself as expert in opening a vein with a sword, as any surgeon in England could be with a lancet. Things remained in this unhappy situation till he was near two-and-twenty years of age. At length his better stars prevailed, and he received a most egregious affront from Mr. CUCUMBER, one of the gentlemen-ushers of the Privy-chamber. CUCUMBER, who was in waiting at court, spit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he stood next to Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN, part of the spittle rested upon Sir JOSIAH's shoe. It was then that the true PUMPKIN honour arose in blushes

upon his cheeks. He turned upon his heel, we home immediately, and sent Mr. CUCUMBER a cha lenge. Captain DAISY, a friend to each party, n only carried the challenge, but adjusted the pre minaries. The heroes were to fight in Moor-fiel and to bring fifteen seconds on a side. Punctuali is a strong instance of valour upon these occasion The clock of St. Paul's struck seven, just when th combatants were marking out their ground, and eac of the two-and-thirty gentlemen was adjusting hin self into a posture of defence against his adversar It happened to be the hour for breakfast in the ho pital of Bedlam. A small bell had rung to summo the Bedlamites into the great gallery. The keepe had already unlocked the cells, and were bringin forth their mad folks, when the porter of Bedlar OWEN MACDUFFY, standing at the iron gate, ar beholding such a number of armed men in the mid of the fields, immediately roared out, 'fire, murde swords, daggers, bloodshed!' OWEN'S voice wa always remarkably loud, but his fears had render it still louder and more tremendous. His wor struck a panic into the keepers; they lost all pr sence of mind; they forgot their prisoners, and has tened most precipitately down stairs to the scene o action. At the sight of naked swords, their fea increased, and at once they stood open-mouthe and motionless. Not so the lunatics; freedom t madmen, and light to the blind, are equally raptu rous. RALPH ROGERS the tinker began the alarm His brains had been turned with joy at the Restora tion, and the poor wretch imagined that this gloriou set of combatants were Roundheads and Fanatics and accordingly he cried out, 'Liberty and pro perty, my boys! down with the Rump! CROMWELL and IRETON are come from Hell to destroy us Come, my Cavalier lads, follow me, and let us

knock out their brains.' The Bedlamites immediately obeyed, and with the tinker at their head, leaped over the balisters of the stair-case, and ran wildly into the fields. In their way they picked up some staves and cudgels, which the porters and the keepers had inadvertently left behind, and rushing forward with amazing fury, they forced themselves outrageously into the midst of the combatants, and in one unlucky moment, destroyed all the decency and order with which this most illustrious duel had begun.

It seemed, according to my grandfather's observation, a very untoward fate, that two-and-thirty gentlemen of courage, honour, fortune and quality, should meet together in hopes of killing each other, with all that resolution and politeness which belonged to their stations, and should at once be routed, dispersed, and even wounded, by a set of madmen, without sword, pistol, or any other more honourable weapon than a cudgel.

The madmen were not only superior in strength, but numbers. Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN and Mr. CUCUMBER stood their ground as long as possible, and they both endeavoured to make the lunatics the sole objects of their mutual revenge, but the two FRIENDS were soon overpowered, and no person daring to come to their assistance, each of them made as proper a retreat as the place and circumstances would admit.

Many of the other gentlemen were knocked down and trampled under foot. Some of them, who as my grandfather's generosity would never name, betook themselves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An earl's son was spied clinging submissively round the feet of mad POCKLINGTON the taylor. A young baronet, although naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal himself at the bottom of PIPPIN KATE'S

apple-stall. A Shropshire squire of three thousand pounds a year, was discovered chin deep, and almost stifled in Fleet-ditch. Even Captain DAISY himself was found in a milk-cellar, with visible marks of fear and consternation. Thus ended this inauspicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all retaken and chained down in their cells. During that interval of liberty, they committed many offensive pranks throughout the cities of London and Westminster; and my grandfather himself had the misfortune to see mad ROGERS come into the Queen's drawing room, and spit in a duchess's face.

Such unforeseen disasters occasioned some prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted that from that time, six combatants (three on a side) might be allowed and acknowledged to contain such a quantity of blood in their veins, as should be sufficient to satisfy the highest affront that could be offered.

Afterwards, upon the maturest deliberation, as my grandfather assured me, the number six was reduced to four; two principals and two seconds; each second was to be the truest and best-beloved friend that his principal had in the world: and these seconds were to fight, provided they declared upon oath, that they had no manner of quarrel to each other: for the canons of honour ordained, that in case the two seconds had the least heat or animosity one against the other, they must naturally become principals, and therefore ought to seek out for seconds to themselves.

Having told you a very remarkable event in my grandfather's life, almost in his own words, and finding that the story has carried me perhaps into too great a length of letter, I shall not mention some

curious facts relating to my father, and to poor dear Mr. SOLOMON MUZZY, of whom I am the unfortunate and mournful relict. But I have at least the honour and consolation to be,

SIR,

Your constant reader, and
most humble servant,
MARY MUZZY.

No. 48. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1753.

THOUGH the demand for this paper has more than answered my expectations, yet the profits arising from it have not been so immense as to enable me, at this present time, to set up the one-horse chair which I promised myself at first setting out. For which reason, and for certain private objections, which I cannot help making to a post-chaise or a hired chariot, when I am inclined to make an excursion into the country, I either travel on foot, or, if the distance or the weather should make it necessary, I take my place in that sociable and communicative vehicle, called a stage-coach. Happy is the man, who without any laboured designs of his own, finds his very wants to be productive of his conveniencies! This man am I; having met with certain characters and adventures upon these rambles, that have contributed more to the enriching my stock of hints towards carrying on this work, than would have ever presented themselves had I drove along the road admiring the splendor of my own equipage, or lolled at my ease in the hired one of another.

Many of these characters and adventures had appeared before now in these essays, if the desire of obliging my correspondents, assisted by a modesty peculiar to myself, That of thinking the productions of others to be almost as valuable as my own, had not inclined me (if I may speak the language of traffic) to turn factor for my friends, and to trade by commission rather than to do business entirely on my own account. And in carrying on this commerce, I have consulted the satisfaction of my customers, as well as my own interest: for though I do not pretend to so much humility as absolutely to allow that any other trader can send such goods to market as my own, or, to drop the allusion, that there is a man now living who can write so wittily, so wisely, and so learnedly as myself; yet the productions of many will probably have more variety than those of a single person, even though that single person should be myself. But I have still a stronger reason for giving place to correspondents; it is the strong propensity which I have always found in my nature to communicate happiness. Every body knows, at least every writer, with what infinite satisfaction a man sees himself in print. For my own part, I shall never forget the flutterings and heart-beatings I felt upon the honour that was done me many years ago by the author of the Gentleman's Magazine, in publishing a song to Cælia, which was the first of my compositions. Indeed there was a small inconvenience attending the pleasure at that particular time; for as my finances were a little low, I almost ruined myself by the many repeated half-dozens which I bought of that magazine to distribute among my friends for their wonder and admiration. And hence, if I was in haste to set up an equipage, would arise another motive to the inserting the letters of correspondents; but as every pe-

cuniary consideration is of small weight, when compared with the pleasure of communicating happiness, I have given it but little of my attention. One thing I must request of my readers before I have done entirely with this subject, which is, that if it should enter into their heads that I have laid before them a dull paper, they will please to impute it to the abundance of my good nature, and not to any laziness in my disposition, or deficiency in my judgment.

But to return to my country excursions. I was coming to town from one of them this week in the Windsor stage-coach, which, as we passed through Brentford, stopped to take up two of the fair-sex, inhabitants of that genteel place, one of them at a collar-maker's, and the other at a breeches-maker's. The collar-maker's lady, who was a person of very fine breeding, wished the breeches-maker's lady joy of her coming abroad after her lying-in, and excused herself by illness for not having waited upon her on the occasion: to which the breeches-maker's lady answered, in the politest manner imaginable, 'that she should have been extremely glad to have seen her, but that she sent cards to none of her acquaintance, as indeed there was no occasion; for that, excepting herself (meaning the collar-maker's lady) she had been visited at her sitting up by all the QUALITY of BRENTFORD.'

The QUALITY of BRENTFORD fixed my attention to these ladies; and during so short a journey as to Hyde-park corner, where I made my compliments of departure, I acquired so much knowledge in the affairs of Child-birth, in Thrushes, Red-gums, and the management of the mouth, that I shall hardly decline a debate upon those subjects with the most experienced nurse at the lying-in hospital in Brownlow-street.

As there are few circumstances too trivial to furnish useful hints to a considerate mind, at my return to my lodgings I could not help looking upon this boast of the breeches-maker's wife, concerning the number and grandeur of her visitors, namely, that they were ALL the QUALITY of BRENTFORD, to be exactly of a piece with the vanity that possesses almost every individual of mankind.

To mention a stage-coach once more; who is there that has travelled in one, but must have heard it observed by the most ordinary of the passengers, that this was the first time in their lives that they had ever suffered themselves to be crowded into so mean a carriage? For my own part, I have always remarked it, that within half a dozen miles of the end of our journey, if there has been a fine-spoken lady in the coach, though but a country shopkeeper's wife, who imagined herself a stranger to the company, she has expressed great anger and astonishment at not seeing the chaise, the chariot, or the coach coming to meet her on the road. To what is this vanity owing, but to the desire of being thought in her own person, one of the QUALITY of BRENTFORD?

If we look into the city, and observe the eating and drinking of almost every common tradesman; the strut of the husband in his gown and hood upon a lord-mayor's day; the extravagance of the wife in dress, furniture, and servants; their parties to Vauxhall and Sadler's Wells; their visits and entertainments; the question will occur, whence are all these vanities, but to see and be seen by the QUALITY of BRENTFORD?

The fine gentleman, whose lodgings no one is acquainted with; whose dinner is served up under cover of a pewter plate from the cook's shop in Porridge Island; and whose annuity of a hundred

pounds is made to supply a laced suit every year, and a chair every evening to a rout; returns to his bed-room on foot, and goes shivering and supperless to rest, for the pleasure of appearing among people of equal importance with the QUALITY of BRENTFORD.

The confectioner's wife, who lights up her rooms with wax candles, and pays for them with the card money; who borrows chairs, tables, and servants of her neighbours; who sweats under the fatigue of doing the honours of her house, and who is almost stifled to death by the mob she has invited; has no other gratification from her folly, than the idle boast of having brought together to her rout, ALL the QUALITY of BRENTFORD.

But to take characters in the group, why is every ordinary mechanic, every pettifogging attorney, every clerk in an office, every painter, player, poet, and musician, or, in short, why is almost every man one knows making a show beyond his income, but from a desire of being ranked among the QUALITY of BRENTFORD.

I shall conclude this paper with a short letter, which I received two days ago from a correspondent, who, if I can form any judgment of his rank by his manner of writing, must be one of the QUALITY of BRENTFORD.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I am no enemy to humour and irony and all that, but I cannot help thinking that you must have spent the chief part of your time among low people; and this is not only my own opinion, but the opinion of most of the persons of quality with whom I converse. If you are really acquainted with the manners of upper life, be so good as to convince us of it, by copying its language, and drawing your fu-

ture characters from that inexhaustible source of politeness and entertainment.

I am,

Your friend and well-wisher,

Z.

No. 49. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1753.

THOUGH I am an old fellow, I am neither sour nor silly enough yet, to be a snarling *laudator temporis acti*, and to hate or despise the present age because it *is* the present. I cannot, like many of my contemporaries, rail at the *wonderful degeneracy* and *corruption of these times*, nor, by sneering compliments to the *ingenious*, the *sagacious*, MODERNS, intimate that they have not common sense. I really do not think that the present age is marked out by any new and distinguished vices and follies, unknown to former ages. On the contrary, I am apt to suspect that human nature was always very like what it is at this day, and that men, from the time of my great progenitors down to this moment, have always had in them the same seeds of virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, of which only the modes have varied, from climate, education, and a thousand other conspiring causes.

Perhaps this uncommon good-humour and indulgence of mine to my contemporaries may be owing to the natural benignity of my constitution, in which I can discover no particles of envy or ill-nature, even to my rivals both in fame and profit, the weekly writers; or perhaps to the superiority of my parts, which every body must acknowledge, and which places me infinitely above the mean sentiments of envy and jealousy. But whatever may be the true cause, which probably neither my readers

nor I shall ever discover with precision, this at least is certain, that the present age has not only the honour and pleasure of being extremely well with me, but if I dare say so, better than any that I have yet either heard or read of. Both vices and virtues are smoothed and softened by manners; and though they exist as they ever have done, yet the former are become less barbarous, and the latter less rough. Insomuch that I am as glad as Mr. Voltaire can be, that I have the good fortune to live in this age; independently of that interested consideration, that it is rather better to be still alive, than only to have lived.

This my benevolence to my countrymen and contemporaries ought to be esteemed still the more meritorious in me, when I shall make it appear that no man's merit has been less attended to, or rewarded, than mine: and nothing produces ill-humour, rancour, and malevolence so much as neglected and unrewarded merit.

The utility of my weekly labours is evident, and their effects, wherever they are read, prodigious. They are equally calculated, I may say it without vanity, to form the heart, improve the understanding, and please the fancy. Notwithstanding all which, the ungrateful public does not take above three thousand of them a week. Though, according to Mr. Maitland's calculation of the number of the inhabitants in this great metropolis, they ought to take two hundred thousand of them, supposing only five persons, and one paper to each family; and allowing seven millions of souls in the rest of the kingdom, I may modestly say, that one million more of them ought to be taken and circulated in the country. The profit arising from the sale of twelve hundred thousand papers, would be some en-

courageement to me to continue these my labours for the benefit of mankind.

I have not yet had the least intimation from the ministers, that they have any thoughts of calling me to their assistance, and giving me some considerable employment of honour and profit: and having had no such intimations, I am justly apprehensive that They have no such intentions. Such intimations being always long previous to the performance, often to the intentions.

Nor have I been invited, as I confess I expected to be, by any considerable borough or county to represent them in the next parliament, and to defend their liberties, and the Christian religion, against the ministers and the Jews. But I think I can account for this seeming slight, without mortification to my vanity and self-love; my name being a pentateuch name, which, in these suspicious and doubtful times, savours too strongly of Judaism; though, upon the faith of a Christian, I have not the least tendency to it; and I must do Mrs. Fitz-Adam (who I own has some influence over me) the justice to say, that she has the utmost horror for those sanguinary rites and ceremonies.

Notwithstanding all this ill usage (for every man may be justly said to be ill used, who is not rewarded according to his own estimation of his own merit) which I feel and lament, I cannot however call the present age names, and brand it with degeneracy. Nature, as I have already observed, being always the same, modes only varying. With modes, the signification of words also varies, and in the course of those variations, convey ideas very different from those which they were originally intended to express. I could give numberless instances of this kind, but at present I shall content myself with this single one.

The word HONOUR, in its proper signification, doubtless implies, the united sentiments of virtue, truth, and justice, carried by a generous mind beyond those mere moral obligations which the laws require, or can punish the violation of. A TRUE MAN OF HONOUR will not content himself with the literal discharge of the duties of a man and a citizen; he raises and dignifies them into magnanimity. He gives where he may with justice refuse; he forgives where he may with justice resent; and his whole conduct is directed by the noble sentiments of his own unvitiated heart; surer and more scrupulous guides than the laws of the land, which being calculated for the generality of mankind, must necessarily be more a restraint upon vices in general, than an invitation and reward of particular virtues. But these extensive and compound notions of HONOUR have been long contracted, and reduced to the single one of personal courage. Among the Romans, HONOUR meant no more than contempt of dangers and death in the service, whether just or unjust, of their country. Their successors and conquerors, the Goths and Vandals, who did not deal much in complex ideas, simplified those of HONOUR, and reduced them to this plain and single one, of fighting for fighting's sake, upon any, or all, no matter what, occasions.

Our present mode of HONOUR is something more compounded, as will appear by the true character which I shall now give of a fashionable MAN of HONOUR.

* A GENTLEMAN, which is now the genteel sy-

* A Gentleman, is every man, who with a tolerable suit of cloaths, a sword by his side, and a watch and snuff-box in his pockets, asserts himself to be a gentleman, swears with energy that he will be treated as such, and that he will cut the throat of any man who presumes to say the contrary.

nonymous term for a MAN of HONOUR, must, like his Gothic ancestors, be ready for and rather desirous of a single combat. And if by a proper degree of wrongheadedness he provokes it, he is only so much the more jealous of his HONOUR, and more of a GENTLEMAN.

He may lie with impunity, if he is neither detected nor accused of it: for it is not the lie he tells, but the lie he is told of, that dishonours him. In that case he demonstrates his veracity by his sword, or his pistol, and either kills or is killed with the greatest HONOUR.

He may abuse and starve his own wife, daughters, or sisters, and he may seduce those of other men, particularly his friends, with inviolate HONOUR, because, as Sir John Brute very justly observes, *he wears a sword.*

By the laws of HONOUR he is not obliged to pay his servants or his tradesmen; for as they are a pack of scoundrels, they cannot without insolence demand their due of a gentleman: but he must punctually pay his gaming-debts to the sharpers who have cheated him; for those debts are really debts of HONOUR.

He lies under one disagreeable restraint: for he must not cheat at play, unless in a horse-match: but then he may with great HONOUR defraud in an office, or betray a trust.

In public affairs, he may, not only with HONOUR, but even with some degree of LUSTRE, be in the same session a turbulent patriot, opposing the best measures, and a servile courtier, promoting the worst; provided a very lucrative consideration be known to be the motive of his conversion; for in that case the point of HONOUR turns singly upon the *quantum.*

From these premises, which the more they are

considered the truer they will be found, it appears, that there are but two things, which a man of the nicest HONOUR may not do, which are declining single combat, and cheating at play. Strange! that VIRTUE should be so difficult, and HONOUR, its superior, so easy to attain to.

The uninformed herd of mankind are governed by words and names, which they implicitly receive without either knowing or asking their meaning. Even the philosophical and religious controversies, for the last three or four hundred years, have turned much more upon words and names, unascertained and misunderstood, than upon things fairly stated. The polite world, to save time and trouble, receive, adapt, and use words, in the signification of the day; not having leisure nor inclination to examine and analyse them: and thus often misled by sounds, and not always secured by sense, they are hurried into fatal errors, which they do not give their understandings fair play enough to prevent.

In explaining words, therefore, and bringing them back to their true signification, one may sometimes happen to expose and explode those errors, which the abuse of them both occasions and protects. May that be the good fortune of this day's paper! How many unthinking and unhappy men really take themselves to be MEN of HONOUR, upon these mistaken ideas of that word! And how fatal to others, especially to the young and unexperienced, is their example and success in the world! I could heartily wish that some good dramatic poet would exhibit at full length and in lively colours upon the stage, this modish character of a MAN of HONOUR, of which I have but slightly and hastily chalked the outlines. Upon such a subject I am apt to think that a good poet might be more useful than a good preacher, as perhaps his audiences would be more

numerous, and his matter more attended to. Besides,

Segnius irritant animos, demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

P. S. To prevent mistakes, I must observe that there is a great difference between a MAN of HONOUR, and a PERSON of HONOUR. By PERSONS of HONOUR were meant in the latter end of the last century, bad authors and poets of noble birth, who were but just not fools enough to prefix their names in great letters to the prologues, epilogues, and sometimes even the plays with which they entertained the public. But now that our nobility are too generous to interfere in the trade of us poor professed authors, or to eclipse our performances by the distinguished and superior excellency and lustre of their's; the meaning at present of a PERSON of HONOUR, is reduced to the SIMPLE idea of a PERSON of ILLUSTRIOUS BIRTH.

No. 50. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1753.

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?
VIRG.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THOUGH I am a constant inhabitant of this town, which is daily producing some new improvement in the polite and elegant arts, in which I interest myself, perhaps to a degree of enthusiasm, and have always a thousand reasons for not leaving it a single day; yet I cannot help still accosting my friends, upon their first arrival from the country, with the

usual question at this time of the year, 'Well, sir, what brings you to town?' The answer has always varied according to the circumstances of the person asked: 'To see the new bridge; to put a son to Westminster; the inns of court, the army, &c. To hear the new opera; to look out for a wife; to be in fortune's way at the drawing of the lottery; to print a sermon; a novel; the state of the nation, &c. &c.; to kiss hands for an employment; to be elected fellow of the Royal Society; to consult Doctor Ward; to be witness for Mrs. Squires.' In short, the reasons given are infinite, and I am afraid the detail has been already tedious. But I must observe, that the most general motive of the men has been to buy something they wanted, and of the ladies to buy something they did not want.

This year, indeed, that general reason has given place to another, which is not only general but universal; for now, ask whom you will what he is come up for, he draws up all his muscles into a most devout gravity, and with an important solemnity answers you, 'To repeal the Jew bill.' This religious anxiety brings to my mind the political zeal, no less warm or universal, in the year ten. I remember I then met with a Welch collier who asked me for a halfpenny, telling me he was starving here, as were his wife and children two hundred miles off. As I knew him by his dialect to be of a good family, I expressed to him my surprize that he would leave his principality to come into a country where they paid so little regard to the antiquity of his house, or the length of his pedigree; and desired that he would tell me why he came to London. He immediately swelled with all the pride of his ancestors, put his arms a kimbow, and answered, 'To pull down the French king.'

But the worst reason for coming to London that

I ever heard in my life, was given me last night at a visit by a young lady of the most graceful figure I ever beheld; it was, 'to have her shape altered to the modern fashion.' That is to say, to have her breasts compressed by a flat, strait line, which is to extend cross-wise from shoulder to shoulder, and also to descend, still in a strait line, in such a manner, that you shall not be able to pronounce what it is that prevents the usual tapering of the waist. I protest when I saw the beautiful figure that was to be so deformed by the stay-maker, I was as much shocked, as if I had been told that she was come to deliver up those animated KNOWLS of beauty to the surgeon.—I borrow my terms from gardening, which now indeed furnishes the most pregnant and exalted expressions of any science in being——And this brings to my mind the only instance that can give an adequate idea of my concern. Let us suppose Mr. Browne should, in any one of the many Elysiums he has made, see the old terrasses rise again and mask his undulating knowls, or straight rows of cut trees obscure his noblest configurations of scenery. When lord Burlington saw the rebuilding of St. Paul's by Sir C. Wren, the remembrance of the front which had been destroyed, and his partiality to the work of his admired Inigo Jones, drew from him the following citation. 'When the Jews saw the second temple, they wept.' I own (though no Jew) I did the same, when I heard that the most beauteous remain of nature's architecture was so soon to be destroyed; and could not help reciting those once admired lines in the Henry and Emma,

No longer shall the BODDICE, *aptly lac'd,*
From thy FULL BOSOM *to thy* SLENDER WAIST,
That air and HARMONY *of* SHAPE *express,*
FINI *by* DEGREES, *and* BEAUTIFULLY LESS;
——— *An horseman's coat shall hide*
Thy TAPER *shape and* COMELINESS *of* SIDE.

Observe the force of every word; and as a testimony that this excellent writer was peculiarly happy in the expression, COMELINESS of SIDE, the nicest observer of our times, who is now publishing a most rational Analysis of Beauty, has chosen for the principal illustration of it, a pair of stays, such as would fit the shape described by the judicious poet; and has also shewn by drawings of other stays, that every minute deviation from the first pattern is a diminution of beauty, and every grosser alteration a deformity.

I hear that an ingenious gentleman is going within these few days to publish a treatise on Deformity. If he means artificial as well as natural deformity, he may make his work as voluminous as he pleases. A few books of travels will furnish him with abundant instances of head-moulders, face-squeezers, nose-parers, ear-stretchers, eye-painters, lip-borers, tooth-stainers, breast-cutters, foot-swathers, &c. &c. all modelled by fashion, none by taste. Whenever taste or sense shall interpose to amend, by a slight improvement, the mere deficiencies in the human figure, we may see by a single instance how it is likely to be received.

A country family, whose *reason for coming to London*, was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneller. That skilful artist, soon discovering that a little converse with the world might, one day or other, wear off the block, which to a common observer obscured the man, instead of drawing him in a green coat with spaniels, or, in the more contemptible livery of a fop, playing with a lap-dog

Os homini sublime dedit.

He gave him a soul darting with a proper spirit through the rusticity of his features. I met the

mother and sisters coming down stairs the day it was finished, and I found Sir Godfrey in a most violent rage above. 'Look there,' says he, pointing to the picture, 'There is a fellow! I have put some sense in him, and none of his family know him.'

Sir Godfrey's consciousness of his own skill was so well known, that it exposed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, said to him, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted, 'It is pity, Sir Godfrey, that you had not been consulted at the creation.' Sir Godfrey threw his eyes strong upon Pope's shoulders, and answered, 'Really I should have made SOME things better.' But the punishment for this profaneness pursued our wit still further.

It is remarkable that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was, 'God mend me!' One day, in a dispute with a hackney coachman, he used this expression:—'Mend YOU!' says the coachman; 'it would not be half the trouble to make a new one.' If it may be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous story, I could heartily wish that the ladies would every morning seriously address to their Maker this invocation of Mr. Pope; and, after devout meditation on the Divine patronage to which they have recommended their charms, apply themselves properly to pursue all human means for the due accomplishment of their prayer. I flatter myself that this advice may be palatable, in as much as it comprehends that celebrated example of uniting religion and politeness, delivered down to us from the ancients in these few words, 'Sacrifice to the Graces.' And I hope the sex will consider how great a blemish it will be to the present age, if the painter or historian should declare to posterity

that the ladies of these times were never known to sacrifice to any god but FASHION.

To conclude the history of my unhappy visit. I must confess I was provoked beyond all patience, reserve, or good breeding; and very rudely flung out of the room, having first told the lady she need not have given herself the trouble of *a journey to London*, for I would answer for him, the talents of Mr. Square, her Somersetshire staymaker, were sufficient to dress her in the most elegant taste of the modern fashion, or indeed (if he was not an old man) to put her in a way that she could not possibly dress out of it.

I am, *as a lover of elegance*,

Your admirer and humble servant.

No. 51. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1753.

Quod medicorum est,
Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilia fabri.

HOR.

THOUGH there is nothing more pleasing to the mind of man than variety, yet it may be pursued in such a manner as to make the most active and varied life a tiresome sameness. To illustrate this seeming paradox, I shall relate what I learnt from an humble companion of a gentleman of vast spirits (as he is called by his acquaintance) who thinks he has shewn his value for time by never having yet enjoyed one moment of it. The active gentleman, it seems, proposed to the other to make the tour of England, and ride daily from house to house, and from garden to garden: which indeed they did in so expeditious a manner, *not to lose time*, that they did not allow the least portion of it for the objects they

saw to make any impression on their memories. In the hottest weather they never walked under the shade of the plantations they so much admired, and came on purpose to see; but crossed the scorching lawn for the nearest way to the building they would not rest in, or the water they refused to be rowed upon. Thus they FLEW through the countries and gardens they went to SEE, with as much fatigue, and not more observation, than a post horse in his stage; and this for the pleasure of VARIETY, and the advantage of IMPROVEMENT.

In what respect does this gentleman's conduct differ from his who seeks a VARIETY of ACQUAINTANCE? The consequence must be exactly the same; viz. use and enjoyment of none. An unexperienced man, who has happened to see one of this turn eagerly following, or boasting of his acquaintance with the builder, the planter, the poet, the politician, the seaman, the soldier, the musician, the jockey, would naturally suppose he was generally talking with those gentlemen in the several sciences they respectively excelled in. No, this is the only discourse which he studies to avoid.

Before I endeavour to account for this strange absurdity, I would just observe, that the persons I am speaking of are of a very different character from those who from a mere principle of vanity are continually numbering among their friends, though upon the slightest grounds, men of high birth and station, and who always bring to my mind justice Shallow's acquaintance with John of Gaunt, who never saw him but once, and then he broke his head. Equally wide of the question is that character, who from a love of talking avoids the company where his news has been already published, and dreads the man who is better heard than himself on general topics.

IGNORANCE and an IMBECILITY OF ATTENTION,

if I may be allowed the expression, are the most probable causes of this inconsistent behaviour. To avoid metaphysical disquisitions, let us try if we can set our judgments by comparison. Men of the weakest stomachs are very solicitous of the greatest variety of dishes and the highest sauces, which they constantly reject upon tasting, being as they confess, too strong for them, though the objects of their desire and expectation before they were brought upon the table. It is also observable, that when gentlemen after a certain age devote themselves to the fair-sex, they generally pursue with more fervor, and always express themselves with more warmth, than when in the heat of youth, so long as the game is out of reach; but a nearer prospect of success soon discovers the difference between natural heat, and the delusion of false desire and imaginary passion. The sportsman cannot be more apprehensive and concerned for the death of the hare he wishes to save, than the old gallant is at the approaching opportunity of accomplishing his desires; which if he obtain, I am afraid he will sing no other *Te Deum* than that of Pyrrhus—*Such another victory will ruin me.*

——— *Animasque in vulnere ponunt*

was a famous quotation of Dr. Bentley's on the sudden death of an old bridegroom.

To avoid a dry argument, and as I do not remember to have seen this subject touched upon by any writer ancient or modern, I have endeavoured to throw it into measure.

Ye sages say, who know mankind,
Whence, to their real profit blind,
All leave those fields which might produce
Fit game for pastime or for use?

The well-stor'd warren they forsake,
And love to beat the barren brake;
Sooner their pleasures will avoid,
Than run the chance of being cloy'd.
—DAMOETAS ever is afraid
Lest merchants should discourse on trade:
And yet of commerce will inquire,
When drinking with a country squire.
Of ladies he will ask how soon
They think count Saxe can take a town,
Or whether France or Spain will grant.
But if the brigadier he meet,
He questions him about the rain
He won or lost at last night's drum.
Or if some minister of state
Will deign to talk of Europe's fate,
Th' important topic he declines,
To prate of soups, ragouts and wines.
Yet he, at Helluo's board, can fix
On no discourse but politics.

Once were the linguist, and the bard,
The objects of his chief regard;
Now with expressive shrugs and looks
He flies the haunts of men of books:
Yet o'er his cups will condescend
To toast the prebend for his friend:
For depth of reading tell his merit,
Extol his style for force and spirit:
Ask where he preach'd, or what his text,
Inquire what work he'll publish next:
What depth of matter, how he treats it—
He can't be easy till he gets it.
Wet from the press 'tis sent him down,
Three days before 'tis on the town:
The title read (for never more is)
Next having writ *ex don. authoris*,

He spends at least the time in finding,
A place to suit its size and binding,
As might have serv'd, if well directed,
To read the volume thus neglected.
When last with Atticus I din'd,
Damœtas there I chanc'd to find,
Who strait address'd me with complaint
How Pollio talk'd of the Levant;
And how he teaz'd him near an hour
With the Grand Signior and his pow'r:
Then Athens' ruin'd domes explain'd,
And what in Egypt still remain'd.
This talk Damœtas could not bear,
For Pollio had himself been there;
But from some fellow of a college
Would think the subjects worth his knowledge.
The table now remov'd, again
Began Damœtas to complain;
'I knew Eugenius in his prime,
'The best companion of his time;
'But since he's got to yonder board,
'You never hear him speak a word,
'But tiresome schemes of navigation,
'The built of vessels and their station—
'Such stuff as spoils all conversation.'
'Good Atticus, repeat the verses,
'You lately said were made by Thyrsis.'
John at that instant introduces
This very servant of the muses;
Damœtas starts, and in confusion,
Cursing the d—d ill-tim'd intrusion,
Whispers the servant in his ear,
'John, be so good to call a chair;'
And flies the spot, alarm'd with dread,
Lest Thyrsis should begin to read.
And yet, for all he holds this rule,
Damœtas is in fact no fool:

Fetch her Sir Thomas for Sir Hans;
Nor bid his coachman drive o' nights
To parish-church instead of White's;
Nor make his party or his bets
With those who never pay their debts;
Nor at dessert of wax and china
Neglect the eatables, if any,
To smell the chaplet in the middle,
Or taste the Chelsea-china fiddle.

No. 52. THURSDAY, DECEMBER

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE been betrayed and ruined by th
mankind. My father was a merchant o
able note in this town; but by unavoidabl
misfortunes, he died two years ago, brol
and insolvent. I was his only child and
of his life. My education, my dress, and

I was ignorant of his circumstances, and therefore felt not my misfortune in its full force till a month after his death: at which time his creditors entered upon his house, sold all his furniture and effects, and left me nothing but my clothes and trinkets, which they had no right to take from me.

In the days of my prosperity I had a maid-servant, of whom I was extremely fond; and to whom, upon her marriage with a reputable tradesman, I gave a little portion of fifty pounds, which were left me by a relation. This young woman was lately become a widow; and being left in but indifferent circumstances, she hired a large house near the Exchange, and let lodgings for her support. It was to this woman that I flew for shelter; being no more than eighteen years of age, and as my father used often to tell me, too handsome to have friends.

I do not mention this circumstance, indeed I do not, as any thing to be vain of: Heaven knows that I am humbled by it to the very dust: I only introduced it as the best excuse I could think of for the unkindness of my acquaintance.

I was received by this favourite servant with great appearance of gratitude and esteem. She seemed to pity my misfortunes, and to take every opportunity of comforting and obliging me.

Among the gentlemen that lodged at her house, there was one whom she used to talk of with great pleasure. One day, after I had lived with her about a week, she told me that this gentleman had a great inclination to be known to me, and that if I had no objection to company, he would drink tea with me that afternoon. She had hardly done speaking, when the gentleman entered the room. I was angry in my heart at this freedom; but his genteel appearance and behaviour soon got the bet-

ter of my resentment, and made me listen to his conversation with more than common attention.—To be as short as I can, this first visit made me desirous of a second, that second of a third, and the third of a thousand more: all of which he seemed as eager to pay as I was willing to receive.

The house was so crouded with lodgers, that the mistress of it had only one parlour for herself and me; and as she had almost constant employment at home, my lover had very few opportunities of entertaining me alone. But the presence of a third person did not hinder him from declaring the most tender and unalterable love for me, nor did it awe me from discovering how pleasing and happy I was at the conquest I had made.

In this delightful situation near a twelvemonth passed away; during which time he would often lament his dependence upon an old uncle, who, he said, would most assuredly disinherit him, if he married a woman without a fortune.

I wanted no better reason for this delay; and was waiting for an event that promised me the possession of all I wished for, when my happiness was interrupted by the most villainous contrivance that ever was heard of.

I had walked out one morning to buy some shades of silk, in order to finish the covering of a settee which I was working for my benefactress; and was returning home through a by-court, when to my inexpressible surprise, I found myself stopt by two men, who, producing what they called a writ against me, hurried me into a coach, and conveyed me, half dead with terror, to a wretched house whose windows were guarded with iron bars.

As soon as I had power to speak, I desired to know by whom and for what crime I was thus

cruelly insulted. They shewed me without hesitation their authority; by which it appeared that the woman with whom I lived had ordered me to be arrested for a debt of thirty pounds, which she had sworn I owed her for board and lodgings. 'It is impossible!' cried I; 'she cannot have served me so! There must be some mistake in this! Send for her this moment! I am sure it is a mistake!' 'Very possible, madam,' answered one of the fellows with a smile; 'but if you would take my advice, it should be to send for a gentleman instead of the plaintiff. A young lady like you, madam, need not stay here for a debt of thirty pounds.' 'Go where I send you, sir,' said I; 'tell her what has happened to me, and bid her hasten to me, if she would save my life.' The fellow shook his head as he went out, but promised to do as I directed. His companion asked me what I pleased to call for, and explained his meaning by telling me I was in a public house. I bid him call for what he liked, and charge it to me; he thanked me very civilly and locking the door after him, left me to myself.

I had now a little leisure to reflect upon this adventure; but the more I thought of it, the greater was my perplexity. I remained in this uncomfortable suspense for near an hour, when I heard the door open with some precipitation, and saw my lover enter the room with an astonishment not to be imagined. 'Good God!' said he, snatching me to his arms, 'is this an apartment for my charmer?—That inhuman woman!'—'What woman?' said I, interrupting him; 'can it be possible?'—'She owns it herself,' answered he; 'this professing friend, this grateful servant, owns that she has arrested you.' I was ready to faint at what I heard; but recovering myself as well as I could, I inquired

into the motives of this woman's cruelty. 'Her motive,' he replied, 'was avarice; I had some words with her two days ago, and threatened her in jest that I would leave her lodgings. She thought me in earnest; and believing I was soon to marry the angel whom I doated on, she determined to make what money she could of Me, by arresting my sweet girl. She was not mistaken when she guessed with what haste I should discharge the debt. Here, sir,' continued he, turning to the bailiff, 'is the full sum, and a gratuity for yourself. Come, madam, let us exchange this detested place, for apartments more worthy of you.'

The coach that brought him to my prison was at the door. He immediately put me into it, and conducted me to a lace-shop upon Ludgate-hill. I remained in the coach while he stept into the shop, and continued for a minute or two in conversation with the mistress of it; when returning to me with great cheerfulness, he gave me joy of his success, and handed me up stairs into pleasant and convenient apartments. The exact order in which I found every thing in these apartments put me upon observing that the owner of them was a prophetess, and knew that I should have need of them that very morning. My lover made no answer to my remark, but straining me in his arms, and almost pressing me to death, he called them my bridal apartments, and bid me welcome to them as such. He then went down to order dinner and a bottle of champaign from the tavern, and returned to me with so much love and joy in his looks, that I was charmed with him beyond expression. When dinner was removed, and the servant who attended us withdrawn, he said and looked so many fond and endearing things, and mingled such caresses with

his words and looks; forcing upon me at the same time three or four glasses of a wine I was not used to, that my heart, warm as it was before with love and gratitude, consented to his desires, and in one fatal moment betrayed me to a villain.

I lived in this guilty commerce till the effects of it made me apprehensive of being a mother in a few weeks. I had often pressed him for the performance of his promises; and was now resolved to be more particularly urgent with him upon that subject; but instead of listening to me as I hoped he would, he called hastily for his sword, and took leave of me till the evening.

I expected his return with the utmost impatience. The evening came; another, and another after that; but I neither saw him nor heard from him. Upon the fourth day of his leaving me, I received a visit from the mistress of the house, who, to my great astonishment, addressed me in these words.

'I thought, madam, at your entrance into this house, that you were a married woman. The lady who hired the lodgings for you two days before, gave me assurance that you were married.' 'What lady!' cried I. 'You amaze me! I heard not of these lodgings till I had taken possession of them. Be quick and tell me who was this lady?' 'Alas!' answered my visitor, 'I knew not till this morning that you were fallen into the snares of the worst of women, and the most artful of men.' She saw my amazement; but desiring my attention, proceeded thus: 'As for the gentleman (if he deserves the name of one) you will never see him more.' 'How, madam, never see him more!' interrupted I.—My voice failed me as I uttered these words; and leaning backwards in my chair, I fainted away. She recovered me from my swoon, and then went on.

'He has just now sent his servant to discharge the lodgings; of whom when I inquired how you were to be taken care of in your approaching hour, his answer was, that he had no commission to speak to such questions. Pray, madam,' continued she, 'is it true that you were arrested in the street the morning of your entrance into these lodgings?' I told her yes. 'The servant then is honest,' she replied; 'he has given me your whole history. The contrivers of that arrest were the woman where you lodged, and the villain whom you trusted. Their design was to fling you entirely into his power, that he might use it to your destruction. But do not despair, madam,' added she, seeing me in the utmost affliction; 'all women are not monsters. I have compassion upon your youth, and will assist you in your distresses. These apartments are your's, till you desire to resign them: nor shall any thing be wanting that your situation shall require, or that a lady in happier circumstances would wish to be provided with. And hereafter, if you should chuse to continue with me, and assist me in my business, I will look upon you as my daughter, and forget every thing which has befallen you.'

Oppressed as I was with grief and shame, my heart bounded at this proposal, I fell upon the neck of my benefactress, and bedewed it with my tears; telling her, as well as those tears would permit me, that I was bound to her for ever, and would wish for no other happiness than to love and please her.

Three months are past since I have been the mother of a sweet boy; in all which time I have never seen (and I pray heartily that I never may see) his inhuman father. The generous woman, who supports me, is even kinder to me than her promise. She pays herself, she says, in the comfortable

ıght that she has been an instrument in the hand ıeaven to save me from destruction. She told yesterday, that the stratagem by which this mon- got me into his power, with every particular of behaviour to me before and after it, is his fa- rite subject in all companies. To deprive him efore of his principal pleasure, I have thought ›er to take the story out of his hands by telling ıyself.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

AMANDA.

END OF VOL. XXVI.

Printed by Luke Hanfard & Sons,
near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.